

























1695

THE CAMP REUNION, April 10, 1920.

We had a feeling that it might be a big reunion; and as the acceptances came in, we saw that we were right. A whale of a reunion!

Every acceptance is delightful, but perhaps the following is the most perfect pearl:

Where the horn blows, there blow I--

Camp Reunion takes my eye;

I'm no slouch where doughnuts fly.

To Expression's School I'll hie

With good Campers, merrily.

Merrily, Merrily I'll hop a freight

And just give me a groan if it gets me there late.

W.S.  
(per L.C.Z.)

He wasn't late--and she wasn't either. Strange coincidence!

Well, every year was represented down to 1919. Sam Bennett headed the list; a bit bigger than when he arrived in 1900, but very much the same old Sam. There were four Bennetts, two Stevenses, two Batchelders, two Fosses, two Thorndikes, two Davises, two Hendersons; the rest were in groups of one each, except of course the Richardses, who added up to six. Our grand total, the grandest that ever was, numbered sixty-two.

Some of us are stouter than we used to be, some are thinner. Some of us are getting more intellectual as to the height of our foreheads, to put it delicately. But we are all Merryweathers, which is the main point.

The horn blew in due course, and we had a merry supper. Then came smoking, talk, and signatures. It takes time to get

60-25

sixty-two people to sign their names on one piece of paper.

Then came "The Feet of the Young Men", followed by our regular trip to Andy Coggin's. Two Ivernelles were present, one William, one poet, one villain, one Sud Lanigan. If I have omitted anyone who has taken part in the immortal drama, I apologize.

Then came a wildround of "Going to Jerusalem", won by Buster Chapin, with Jimmy Thayer a spirited second.

After much good singing, as it was evident from their garments that some brethren were leaving us for fresh woods and pastures new, we attended to a little business.

Abe Stevens took the chair, and reported on what had been done so far by the graduates' committee. Out of the sixty of sixty-five who had been heard from in regard to the memorial, all but four or five were in favour of the beacon-light. ("Not a granite shaft, that would look as if we'd swiped it from a neighboring graveyard." S.C.B.)

We have at present a mailing list of about two hundred, of whom it looks as if about one hundred and fifty would be active.

He proposed that the present committee serve till next fall, when a new one should be appointed.

After the dressy and the studious had left us, to dance or cram, we settled down to more singing. Then we joined hands, with a moment of silence, in memory of Edmund Graves and Allen Ashburn, who left us this year. Then came Taps, and "The Merryweather Light"; and the biggest of all reunions was over.



Harry Richards

Laurie Richards

Alice M. Richards

Rosalind Richards

Julia W. Shaw

John Richards

R. F. Johnson. 1911

Amory Gardner 1902

W. H. Kay 1912

R. H. Thorndike 1913

F. T. Hammond Jr 1916.

W. G. Rice Jr. 1909

J. F. Veach 1917

Barbara Brewster 1908

C. W. Hubbard Jr. 1901

Twining Lynne 1912

Chas. E. Allen Jr. 1911

Granville S. Fors 1909

Alden S. Fors 1907

Joe' C. Harris 1907

Grace B. Davis 1912

Theodore G. Holcombe 1913

E. H. Bennett 1901

T. J. Curtis 1913

Marcy Eager 1917

F. J. Bonis 1915

Mary Peabody 1914

Russell Chapin 1911

Roger W. Bennett 1903

Samuel Bennett 1900

Stephen Wheeland 1910

Philip S. Perry Jr 1909.

H. Maynard Wells 1906

Frank R. Smith 1918

"Mike" Carter 1902

Oakes J. Ames 1909

Russell P. Chase 1907.

Clarence H. Combs 1912.

William A. Dwyer 1911

James R. Reynolds 1915

Henry W. Minor 1910

Philip Batchelder 1911

Edward Harding 1905

R. G. Hurler 1904

Francis Morton Jr. 1905

Asner E. Hinds 1905

Robert Zahner 1911

John R. Abbot 1904

Prescott H. Willman 1911

Leung J. Swain 1909

Hallowell Davis 1910

Wm. C. Lawrence 1910

Chas. Thorndike 1912

J. A. Lowell, Jr. 1912

E. L. Wren, 2<sup>d</sup> 1907

J. G. Coolidge 2<sup>d</sup> 1915

Arthur Leving 1904

Caroline Stevens 1904

Lucy Gregory Henderson 1911

Abbot Stevens 1902

Charles F. Batchelder, Jr. 1911

Oliver S. Leland. 1910.

GRADUATE AND OTHER NOTES.

George Harding is engaged to Miss Alice Cunningham.

They are to be married in the fall.

Bill Rice is engaged to Miss Rosamund Eliot.

Bill Chisholm is engaged to Miss Marguerite Hussey.

Edmund Billings, who is doing chemical research work at Hastings-on-Hudson, N.Y., is engaged to Miss Elise Garceau.

Oliver Beebe is engaged to Miss Alice Milliken, of Milton.

Ruth Batchelder is engaged to Norman Luscombe.

Anna Draper was married last September to Henry Shepley.

Russell Chase was married last November to Miss Nanciebel Rodgers.

Harry Parkman was married in October, to Mrs. Lawrence Roche.

Marjorie Parks was married in April, to W.E. Weston.

Tom Cabot was married May fifteenth to Miss Virginia Wellington.

Dr. Andrew MacAusland was married June 2 to Miss Katharine Brayton. They will spend their honeymoon abroad.

Rad Abbot was married June 5, to Miss Helen Maxwell. They spent part of their honeymoon at Camp, and left most delightful letters behind them.

Samuel S. Hall was married June 19, to Miss Charlotte Pudney.

Louis Zahner and Barbara Bennett were married June 26, and will spend their honeymoon at Fourway Lodge.

Edward Harding is to be married July 17 to Miss Geraldine Lawrence.



F.M.Barton was married June 22,to Miss Marjorie Smith.

Dr.H.M.N.Wynne was married June 21,to Miss Ethel Nichols of Everett,Mass.They are to live in Minneapolis.

Eleanor Gallishaw has a second son,Roger,born December 9.Owing to Mr.Gallishaw's poor health,they have moved to Caribou Ridge Farm,Plymouth,N.H.,where they are raising poultry and Jersey cows.

Philip Carter has a daughter,Margaret,born Dec.11.He is now employment and service manager of the Roxbury Carpet Co., Somerville,Mass.

Dr.O.H.Robertson has a son,Allen Morley,born Feb.13. He is going to China in September with his family,on work for the Rockefeller foundation.

Arthur Sweeney has a daughter,Martha,born in April.

Tudor Gardiner has a second son,Thomas,born in May.The Gardiners have been living in Gardiner all the year,and Tudor is now a candidate for the Maine legislature.

---

Jack Dwight died Jan.20.He fell from a window,it is supposed while walking in his sleep,and lay for hours in the snow,unconscious.The fall resulted in concussion of the brain and the exposure in pneumonia.He was a junior at Yale,and one of the editors of the Yale News.

It is some years since we had seen Jack at camp,but our memories of him,the little red-haired squirrel of a boy who spent half his time in the trees,are very pleasant ones.

---

Edmund Graves was killed in Lumburg,Nov.8,during the great celebration in honor of the freeing of Lumburg the year before.He was flying down the street,doing the "double



roll, when the right wing of his machine broke. He jumped with his parachute, but the height was not sufficient, and he was instantly killed.

He had gone to Poland for service after being discharged from the A.E.F., and was a member of the Kosciuszko squadron. He was in no active service, and had been on patrol duty against the Bolsheviks.

The account of the funeral, with the great honors paid to the dead lieutenant, was most stirring. Unfortunately we have not a copy, but it made those of us who saw it very proud to think that this was one of our boys.

And now, only a few days ago, we hear from a Newburyport friend that Edmund was engaged to an English girl, Dorothy Huntington. The letter telling his family never reached them, and the first word Mrs. Graves had was letter from Miss Huntington, and a book which she had copied, made up of letters and newspaper cuttings, about Edmund. Mrs. Graves hopes for a visit from her in the course of the year.

-----  
The death of Allen Ashburn, coming as it did only a couple of months after he left us, full of life and spirits, was an even greater shock. Perhaps the best thing to do is to put in the brief account of the accident, taken from the New York Times, and then the memorial notice that was sent to all Merryweathers who knew and loved him. Though he was with us only the one summer, he was a very real part of the Camp, and it hardly seems possible, even now, that we shall not see him again.

### ALLAN D. ASHBURN KILLED.

Cornelius V. Whitney Is Hurt Also  
When Auto Hits Wagon.

Special to The New York Times.

STAMFORD, Conn., Nov. 24.—Allan D. Ashburn, son of Colonel P. M. Ashburn of Washington, D. C., was killed and Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney, son of Harry Payne Whitney of New York City, was injured seriously at 6:30 this morning when a high-powered Stutz runabout in which they were riding hit a horse and wagon and skidded against the stone abutment beneath the viaduct of the New Haven Railroad in Darien, Conn.

William S. Cowles, Jr., son of Admiral W. S. Cowles of Farmington, Conn., who was in the car with the other boys, escaped injury. Ashburn died at 5 P. M. in the Stamford Hospital.

The three young men were juniors at Yale. They had been spending the weekend in New York and were returning early to New Haven. According to their own statement and that of a witness, their automobile was not running faster than twenty-five miles an hour when it hit the horse. The Boston Post Road dips sharply from both approaches at the place of the accident. Whitney, owner of the Stutz Bearcat, was driving it. Ashburn sat at his left. Cowles sat on the floor of the single-seat car beneath the windshield. In the early morning gloom the horse and wagon were not seen by the boys until they were thirty feet away. Then the horse shied directly in front of the car. The Stutz hit the animal on the side, wounding it severely, and skidded against the stone abutment.

A shaft of the wagon smashed through the windshield and apparently crushed the edge of the windshield down on Ashburn's head with force sufficient to fracture his skull. He was unconscious when a physician arrived a short time later, and he never regained consciousness. The physician sent him to the Stamford Hospital.

Whitney's injuries consisted of cuts in the cheek, nose, and hand. Whitney did not have an operator's license and he was arrested, but was released on his own recognizance and accompanied Ashburn to the Stamford Hospital.



# CAMP MERRYWEATHER

---

## IN MEMORIAM

---

ALLEN D. ASHBURN

Allen D. Ashburn, elder son of Col. and Mrs. P. M. Ashburn of Batavia, Ohio, was killed in an automobile accident, on Monday, November twenty-fourth.

He attended Baguio School in the Philippines, and afterwards went to Groton, where he distinguished himself notably, both on the playing fields and in the class-room. He won his school letter in football and baseball, was Captain and pitcher of the baseball team, and Senior Prefect of the School, when he graduated in 1917. Entering Yale that fall, he enlisted in the regular army before the college year was ended, and was sent over-seas to join the A. E. F. He was transferred to the O. T. C. at Saumur, and received his commission before the end of the war. On his discharge from the army, early in 1919, he returned to Yale, and was a member of the Merryweather Faculty during the summer of 1919. He was a Junior at Yale at the time of his death.

In the first shock of grief, it is hard to think of anything but our deep sympathy with his family in their grievous loss. But as the shadows lift, and we see more clearly, our next thought is that our country has lost a son whom she could ill spare. Allen had that to give her which is beyond all price: a loyalty, an unshakeable sense of duty, a shining and transparent faith, and a sterling quality of character--these, with his deep-rooted happiness and sweetness of nature fitted him to render service as true and lasting as it was spontaneous and loving.

In our grief for the loss of this dear comrade, we find comfort in the certainty that he had already learned life's best lessons, and that the full span could hardly have taught him more of all that is honourable and manly, brave and fine-purposed, than he already knew.

For us, who knew and loved him, it remains to cherish the thought of him as a living influence, a help toward courage and purpose like his own, so long as life shall last.

Rex Carey is Secretary of the U.S. Legation, at Montevideo.

Griswold Webb is in the New York State Assembly, and is also Chairman of the American Legion for Dutchess County.

Oliver Leland and Dick Greenwood are with Dr. Grenfell for the summer.

H.B. Barton is with the Near-East Relief, in Constantinople and Tiflis.

Dr. L.J. Henderson is going abroad for the summer, for work and study. Cecil Murray is going with him as his secretary.

Dr. L.M. Van Stone is practising in Denver.

Horace Davis is going to England to study and get material for a thesis which he is planning.

Henry Parkman is with the Luckenbach Line of tugs, New York.

Dr. Lewis W. Hackett is associate regional director for Brazil on the International Health Board of the Rockefeller Foundation. He and Mrs. Hackett have adopted two boys, and are now looking for a little girl, preferably with red hair.

Philip Means is doing special scientific work in Lima, Peru. for the Wonalancet Co., of Boston, Nashua, and Lima. His address is 64 Veracruz.

Edmund M. Wheelwright is with T.A. Francis & Co., cotton brokers, 10 Post Office Square, Boston.

Charles Wiggins has been elected head master of Noble and Greenough's school. The family are to be in Milton this year.

J.G. Wiggins is giving up teaching, and going into wood-carving. Will he make nice green dragons, like the one on the wall?

Arthur H. Hayden is with the International Mercantile Marine Co., shipping, New York.

Charles E. Ames is with the American International Corporation, foreign commerce, New York.



J.P.Hartt, after serving in the navy, with the rank of lieutenant (j.g.), is now living in Charles River Village, and has an office at 72 Kilby St.

James J.Storow Jr.is in the generating department of the Edison Electric Illuminating Co., Boston.

Henry H.Fay is with Curtis & Sanger, brokers, 33 Congress St. Boston.

José Harris is with Logan, Johnson & Co., bakers' supplies, 201 State St., Boston.

Remsen B.Ogilby has been elected president of Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut.

Conrad Chapman is a naval officer, stationed on the U.S.S Helena.

Oakes I.Ames is with the Hood Rubber Co., Watertown, Mass.

John B.Marsh is with the Foreign Commerce Corporation of America, 15 Broad St., New York. He was married last fall to Miss Isabel Stettinius of New York.

Eliot Bacon has been admitted to the firm of J.P.Morgan & Co., New York.

Sumner Roberts is on an expedition to Hudson's Bay this summer.

Prescott Wellman is with the American Felt Co., 100 Summer St., Boston.

Russell Chase is with Peter Gray & Sons, lanterns etc., Cambridge.

Francis Parkman is with the First National Corporation, Boston.

J.A.Jeffries is in the Boston office of the National City Co. He and Francis Parkman have gone to Henley in the

Union Boat Club crew.

Oliver Wolcott has been elected employment officer of the Milton Post of the American Legion.

There were one or two military honors that did not reach us in time for last year's notes. Jack Ladd has the Croix de Guerre, and De Witt Peltz the Etoile Noir.

R.G. Henderson, major in the 14th Railway Engineers, has the Distinguished Service Order. He and Mrs. Henderson have moved to Cambridge.

We have had news of Chester Ladd. He was badly gassed during the war, and has been in poor health ever since. He is now at a sanitarium in Switzerland, and his brother Bill has been telegraphed for. We fear that his chance of recovery is slight, but we hope for better news.

R.T. Paine Jr. is going to Oxford, hoping to graduate in '22.

The following entered Harvard last fall: Christopher Emmet, G.C. Fearing 3rd., Henry Howard, Bill Payson, Duncan Thayer, Arthur Train, Tom Curtis, Philip Kunhardt. Phil rowed on the freshman crew.

The following graduated from Harvard this June: Philip Batchelder, Foster Batchelder, Clarence Corning, Dick Hallowell, Henry Harris, Frederick Lawrence, Norman Walker, George Wrenn, Theodore Holcombe, J.A. Lowell, Jimmy Thayer. Jimmy is going to Cambridge to study.

Dick Hallowell played on the baseball team, and Foster Batchelder rowed on the second crew.

Pepperell Wheeler entered Cornell last fall, and stroked the freshman crew this spring.

Arthur Terry graduated from Princeton this June, and rowed on the crew.

Terry  
Lawrence<sub>A</sub> rowed on the Harvard crew.

Charlie Thorndike was on the Harvard football squad last fall,



and went on the trip to California.

Henry Minot was on the B.A.A. relay team at the mid-winter meet.

Francis Willett entered the Harvard Graduate School of Business last fall.

Billy Scott and Harry Eldridge graduated from Groton in June.

Dick Dwight is president of the Country Day School Dramatic Association for next year, and John Houghton secretary-treasurer.

Lea S. Luquer is a student at Columbia.

Asher Hinds was studying at Harvard for his Ph.D. this year, and we suppose he has it by now, though we have not heard yet.

Hallowell Davis had the highest rank in his class at the Harvard Medical School this year. He holds a John Harvard Fellowship, the diploma recording that the award was made "in recognition of notable diligence and scholarly attainment in medical studies."

H.H. Richards spent the winter and spring in Bermuda with his family. It was his sabbatical year.

Mr. and Mrs. Twining Lynes and their son Loring are sailing for Europe this summer, to visit Mrs. Lynes's mother, and show her her grandson.

Raoul Pantaleoni has graduated from Milton.

Harry Mali rowed on the Yale second crew.



Last Spring, the day after the reunion, Skipper and the executive committee had a meeting, chiefly to talk over the matter of the memorial. The idea of a memorial flag-pole was talked, of, and a design made; but the final feeling of the committee is given in the letters that follow. I shall copy the round robin, partly for the sake of clearness, and partly in case it comes out of the book, as sometimes happens to inserts.

Pomfret School,  
June 2, 1920.

Dear Skipper:

As a committee we want to report on the Memorial.

The sketch which showed a proposed base and flagpole to take the place of the present flagpole and act as a beacon-light has been carefully considered by the members of the committee and has been discussed with a good many old campers. The general opinion seems to be that the original suggestion of having a beacon, pure and simple, in place of the present "Jumbo" would be more appropriate for Camp than a flagpole with memorial base. The beacon idea appeals in the sense that it is the light of the Camp at night—not the masthead light, which one is not particularly conscious of when on shore—something that is constantly in the life of the camp, and which will be more intimately useful than the night light at the masthead. And in addition to this the beacon appeals as being more unusual and more fitting to Camp.

Now all this is simply a report and is modified in every case by the thought and word that if the Skipper thinks the flag pole more befitting and a better memorial then it is the very earnest wish that the scheme of the flag-pole be carried out. For when all is said and done it is the thing that will please you and Mrs. Richards that will be most satisfactory to all the campers who are most interested.

Please let us have your honest-to-goodness-right-hand-up-cross-my-heart-and-hope-to-die opinion on this matter.

Dear Skipper—Although my comments head this page, they were the last to be set down; and, upon reading the other comments, the situation is presented to me in a new light, and I agree with J.N.A. exactly. But Peter's words below say it for all of us.

Dome.

Dear Skipper—I can't add any more, but you can bet that everyone will be behind whichever scheme is finally chosen.

Abe.

Dear Skipper—I think Camp could do a flagpole better than any other place; but I'd find it hard to disassociate any flagpole, I'm afraid, with city parks and colleges. I opine that a beacon would be more unusual and characteristic of Camp. Maybe it's because I'm only a poor little Eli. Ask any Eli about the flagpole on the New Haven Green.

L.C.Z.



Montfret School

Montfret, Conn.

June 2nd 1920

Dear Skipper:

As a committee we want to report on the Memorial.  
The sketch which showed a proposed base and flagpole to take the place of the present flagpole and act as a beacon light has been carefully considered by the members of the committee and has been discussed with a good many old campers. The general opinion seems to be that the original suggestion of having a beacon, pure and simple, in place of the present 'Jumbo' would be more appropriate for Camp than a flagpole with memorial base. The beacon idea appeals in the sense that it is the light of the dawn at night - not the artificial light which one is not particularly conscious of when on shore - something that is constantly in the life of camp and which will be more intimately useful than the night light at the masthead. And in addition to this the beacon appeals as being more unusual and more fitting to Camp.

Now all this is simply a report and is modified in every case by the thought and word that if the Skipper thinks the flagpole more befitting and a better memorial when it is the very earnest wish that the scheme of the flagpole be carried out. For when all is said and done it is the thing that will please you and Mrs. Richards that will be most satisfactory to all the campers who are most interested.

Please let us have your honest-to-goodness-right-hand-uncross-my-heart-and-hope-to-see opinion on this matter. (over)





Dear Skipper: On thinking this whole matter over since our meeting at the Harvard Club, the memorial idea that to me seems the most fitting is that of a beacon light in Camp, or rather a light that will take the place of the present Jumbo and more nearly symbolize to all Campers the idea of the "Merryweather Light."

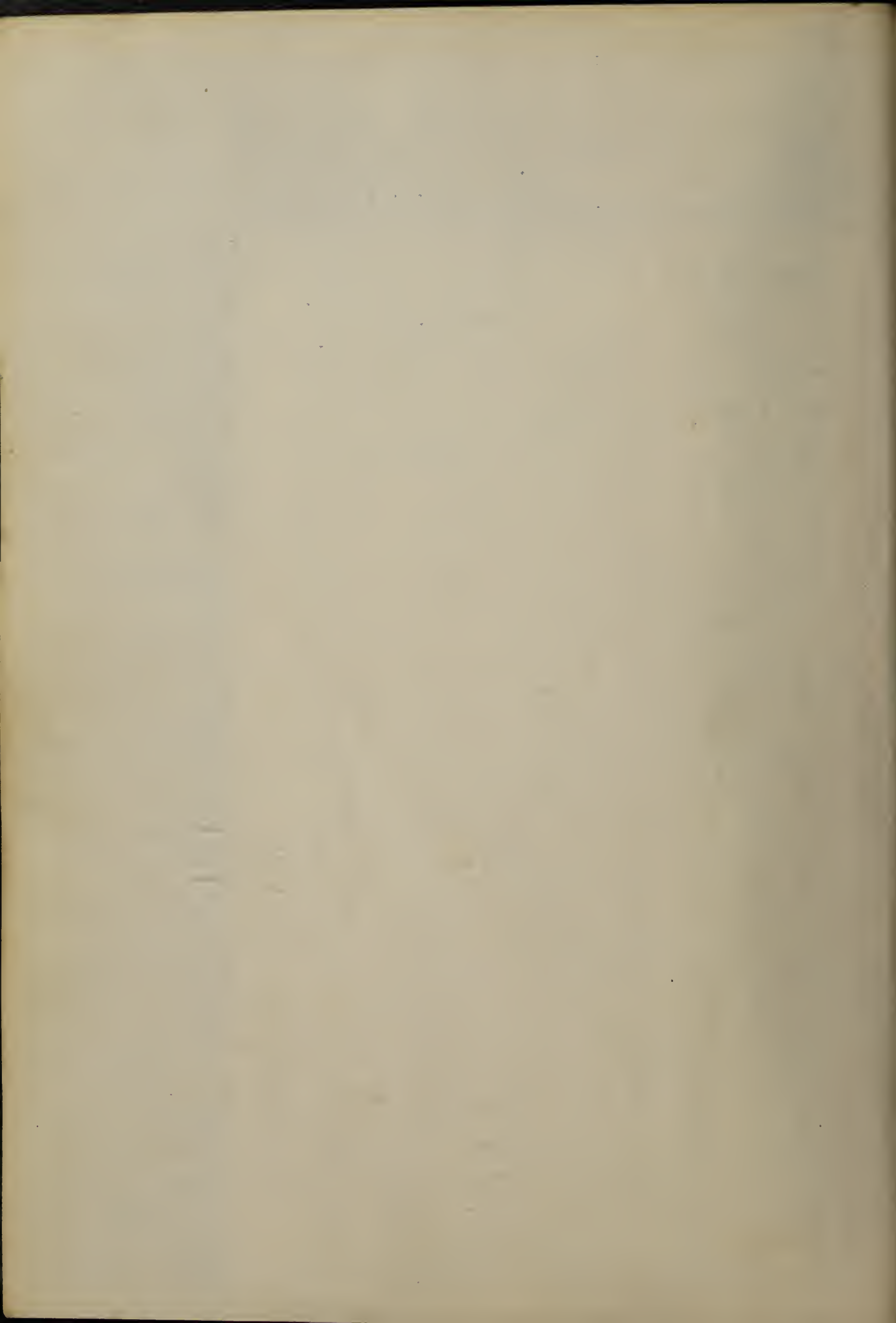
J.R.A.

Dear Skipper:

This job of wording was wished on me. I ain't much at slinging a line of talk but I do hope you will understand that the best way of tickling this crowd is to "tell" what you would like to see most as a memorial.

Affect.,

Peter Wig.



NORTH ANDOVER  
MASSACHUSETTS

June 16, 1920.

Mr. Henry Richards,  
Camp Merryweather,  
North Belgrade, Maine.

Dear Skipper:

Since our last meeting in Boston and since receiving from you the design of the memorial flag-pole drawn by Peter, I have carefully considered the memorial and have talked and written to the other members of the committee and also to other campers hereabouts with the object of finding out from them exactly what their ideas were in regard to the form of memorial. I know exactly what my feeling is, but as chairman of the Graduate Committee I wanted to be sure that you would get the opinion of the committee as a whole, with the opinion of other campers whom we met from time to time.

About two weeks ago, I had a long talk with Peter in Boston and we decided to send you the enclosed letter in order that you might know our ideas on the relative merits of a flag-pole or a so-called beacon light on a field stone base, to take the place of the present "Jumbo." In sending you this letter, I appreciate that we are objecting to the idea of a memorial flag-pole, but on the other hand, I believe that it is only right and fair to the Richards family that the Graduate Committee should - in a frank and open manner - tell them what they think of the two proposed schemes. As you will see by the enclosed letter, it appears to us as if a beacon light would be much more fitting and unique in Camp than a large flag-pole which is a form of memorial very common on village greens and public places. In a nutshell, that is our only objection to the flag-pole idea, and it is only offered as an objection in order that we may express to you what we believe to be the majority of the graduate opinion. At the same time, it has been expressed in all our talks that what we want at Camp as a memorial was something that would be most pleasing to you and Mrs. Richards. That is the main thing. Our purpose of a memorial is fulfilled by either scheme and the one that you and your family would prefer to



NORTH ANDOVER

MASSACHUSETTS

Page 2. (Continued.)

have at Camp is the one that we want to have there.  
I hope that Rad and Helen will see you this week on their honeymoon, and Rad promised - just before he left - to make a sketch of a beacon light which he would show to you.

We have all been very frank in our discussions and we know that you will tell us exactly what you and Mrs. Richards think of the two schemes. Whichever scheme is finally chosen, will have the full support of everybody.

Please tell Rosalind that I received her letter and will make every effort to visit Camp as soon as possible. I can't make any definite date now, but if the woolen business keeps on slumping, I may be looking for a job in Maine.

Skipper, please be as frank as I have been and tell us what you really want and we will put it across.

Love to all

Abe.

1920.

By a special providence, Skipper noticed last summer that the roof was settling, and had some iron rods put in. Had it not been for that, we should have found Camp flat as a pancake when spring came, the weight of snow was so great. Barns, ice-houses, and even churches went down last winter all over the state. Trolley lines were blocked for weeks, and one line spent a quarter of a million dollars on clearing snow, and then had to appeal to the towns for volunteer diggers.

In the middle of the winter Walter Gleason got worried and thought he would come down to see how things were. It took him two days to dig himself down from the road, and when he finally got here, the whole building was buried except the east end of the south dormitory ridge-pole! He had to dig down six feet to get to the eaves.

Early in the spring Skipper decided to make additions and alterations, as follows:

1. Throw the North Dormitory into the main room.
2. Turn the Short Dormitory into an Infirmary.
3. Build a new big dormitory, to take the place of North and Short.
4. Shift the Dingery and the Prawlery to make room for the aforesaid dormitory.

Work began, under direction of Walter Gleason, with Skipper and R.R. coming out a couple of times to oversee.

The summer really began Saturday, July 19, when Skipper came out in the Water District's truck, with the following baggage:

Three large chests.

*Henry Richard*

Three assorted trunks.

Two dress-suit cases.



One hand-bag.

Six brooms.

One type-writer.

Six cans herring.

Two large baskets of food.

It was close packing, and a wet day, but all went well, and they arrived safely.

Somewhat later arrived C.A.S., on his motorcycle, for a couple of days of Camp and carpentering; his usual June combination.

They found things far from finished, and a good deal of a mess, but as Skipper said, what is the use of worrying?

Sunday, Arrived this day R.R., in Anderson's car. With her came  
June 20,  
Fair. our three cookees, Richard Anketell, Joe McNamara, and Cyril

Ward, all Gardiner High boys. As for the luggage, it was varied and multifarious. *Rosalind Richards*

Monday, One arrival to-day, to wit our new chef, Thomas Tear. His  
June 21.  
Rain. nature is evidently more cheerful than his name; and he is recommended by Aaron Small, which is good enough for any man.

Tuesday, C.A.S. left this morning, stopping in Gardiner for  
June 22.  
Showers. lunch.

Late in the afternoon arrived L.E.R., A.M.R., and Miss Ruth Weeks, who is going to help us for a few days. *Laurel Richards*

*Alice M. Richards*

As for our luggage, it included a card-table, six dust-pans, three suit-cases, three mop-handles, a large roll of cloth from the Hallowell sand-paper factory, and a basket of fir-trees.

I thought J.G. arrived this morning, but it appears now that

*J. G. Anderson*



TUESDAY, he arrived yesterday. Sorry, but it is hard to  
(Cont'd.)  
be accurate when you don't come till late. He is here, that is  
the main point, and shingling mightily.

In the evening, just as we were sitting down to supper,  
John Sherburne blew in; the first of our prefects. He didn't  
begin shingling, but will start tomorrow.

*John H. Sherburne Jr.*

WEDNESDAY, The robin, who has rather thoughtlessly built  
June 23,

Fair, her nest in the frame of the Great Tent, out in  
warm.

Sunshine Alley, began hatching her brood to-day. We hope  
they will learn to fly as soon as may be, for it is sad living  
in a strange tent.

A bob-cat went howling by last night. Any candidates to  
sleep on the bone-yard?

Much strawberry picking, both morning and afternoon, also  
carpentering. Then in the middle of the morning the float,  
Captain Gleason commanding, hove in sight round the Point.

Also in the middle of the morning hove in sight, in an  
automobile, Francis Monaghan, who is going to give us a hand  
through the first rush, and the head-master of Noble's!

*Charles Wiggins 2nd*

It wasn't long before he had joined Walter on the float, and  
the two of them got her moored in good style. It is the first  
time the job has ever been <sup>done</sup> by two men.

J.G. ran the shingle crew all day, and the work goes  
merrily. The two professional carpenters floored, and alto-  
gether things look well. Here is the list of work done:

Float put out.

Floor more than half done.

West side of roof advanced well.

Large quantity of strawberries for both meals.

Spinach plants set out.

Fir trees set out.

Devil weed begun on.

And A.M.R. swam to the Point, by way of starting the season.



THURSDAY,            A heavenly day, full of work. Strawberry picking went  
June 24,  
Fair, S            on as usual, and besides a good lot for supper, there was  
Warm.

making of jam; six pots, of assorted sizes.

The shinglers finished all but the north end of the new dormitory, and the carpenters got to the last two boards of the floor.

In the course of the day the six eggs were laid, and by night the boats were at their moorings. We begin to feel like a camp.

Three arrivals this afternoon; we can still manage with two joints of the table, but it is as much as ever.

*Hallowell Davis*  
*Dan V. Thompson Jr.*

More devil weed pulled up after supper. It looks like a losing fight, but we don't mean to give up without a struggle.

Sometime in the night a beast came snuffing out behind the last tent in Sunshine Alley. He wouldn't go away when asked politely to do so, but finally took to a tree. Opinions differed at first as to what he was, but it seems pretty plain that he was a common or garden porcupine. We don't see them very often.

The robin family is doing well. As for the lawful inmates of the great tent, they are wondering how old young robins have to be before they fly.

If we have rain in the right quantity, and at proper intervals, there will be so many raspberries that instead of regular meals, we shall just turn the crowd into the patch three times a day.

FRIDAY, . The biggest job of the day was the repairing of  
June 25,  
Warm, the Ouananiche slip. It was in a bad way, as the  
Showers.

in-shore piece, which has always been left in place,  
was carried away by the ice. Luckily it landed just inside the  
Point, and was retrieved, though in rather dilapidated condi-  
tion. A big crew went to work, and by dinner-time it was ready  
for business.

The float was refloored-or redecked-and now is ready to  
stand any reasonable weight.

Showers prevented the finishing of the north end of the  
roof of the new dormitory, but floor and steps were finished,  
and by night the beds were in. The screens have not come, so  
the windows have been screened with plain wire-both, nailed  
to the wall. . .

Strawberry picking went on as usual.

The showers were all in the afternoon or evening. One of  
them gave us a glorious rainbow. There were two complete bows,  
and in the brighter one the colours were repeated four times.

There were three arrivals to-day. The two ladies were  
expected. One is to be here for July, the other rather longer.  
We wish we could keep them both all summer, but their families  
have some claim.

Margery Peabody

The third arrival deserves a space to himself. He got to  
Boston a day ahead of time, found out his mistake, and very  
wisely decided to come right along. His drum is on the road,  
but his crash cymbal, as we can testify, is right on the spot.

Frederick Reynolds.



SATURDAY, We began the day with two departures. The mighty  
June 26, Fair, shingler, J.G., feeling that we were pretty nearly shingled,  
Warm.

went home to his family. The roof of the Copley-Plaza bears witness to his ability and his devotion.

Miss Weeks went home to Gardiner, by way of Winthrop. We shall miss her very much, especially on berry-picking squads.

It was a busy day. We knew we could not get really tidy, with the north wall of the main building looking like a cubist stencil pattern, and the partitions of the Copley-Plaza still to put in. But we wanted to be as tidy as we could. Also there were berries to pick, and berries to hull. (The intelligence of a person who will pick six quarts of berries without hulling them leaves much to be desired.)

Much progress was made in every direction. H.D. made a wonderful arrangement at the end of the Ouananiche slip, whereby the end is held down, without any great boulder sticking up to damage boat and shins.

The bathing-suit pegs were repaired and extended, and much lumber was taken out of the main room. The new Infirmary, late the short dormitory, is at present lumber room and general dump, so we must be very careful not to be sick till it is cleared out.

The ladies picked berries, and A.M.R. made jam.

The train was about an hour late, but in the course of time the watcher on the hill saw a car come round the corner of the farm. Then after an interval appeared a truck, packed tighter than any sardine box ever thought of being packed. We didn't count them, but there would not have been room for another creature, even a mosquito.

Two are still to arrive, besides Mr. Lawrance, our other tutor, and J.R., but there was a large crowd and a merry one in the pond in a very few minutes, and a cleaner crowd emerged.

Clarence H. Comings  
Edward S. Emery Jr.  
William B. Furbush Ed.  
Isaac Osgood Jr.  
George W. Rodbridge Jr.  
Arthur Lehon Hill Jr.  
Charles H. Colby  
Richard Thierman  
Henry W. Putnam  
Poter Thompson  
Philip L. Leman  
Reginald S. Cury  
William L. Leman  
Samuel B. Faxon  
W. H. Leman  
William H. Mann  
Charles William Leather  
John W. Sves.  
Henry L. Leman  
Horace Fuller  
Laurence B. Leman  
Ralph Williams  
Howard O. Sturgis  
Donald Hope Miller  
Garland, Miller, Lassater  
Kimberly Cheney  
Alfred Rockwell Semmer

Charles Chauncy Gray  
John Wiggins  
Louis M. Gaur  
Donald E. MacLeod,  
H. F. Richardson, Jr.  
Henry Sewall Woodbridge '20  
James A. Hutchinson, Jr.  
Francis Fay Miller  
John W. Hutchinson  
John F. Hines Jr.  
J. F. Hines  
Arthur L. Hill Jr.  
A. N. Dabney.  
William L. Mann  
Donald E. MacLeod  
Charles Leather  
John Bennett, Jr.  
John Alden Degen Jr.



SATURDAY      We are an assorted crowd as to size, with Ives, Dabney,  
(Cont'd.)  
and Hitchcock<sup>c</sup> at one end, and Hill and Wiggins at the other.

The division between old boys and new is very even; practically half and half. In August the old boys will be in the majority.

There are various younger brothers of old boys. Louis Gourd's brother Marcel was about Louis's size when he was here in 1902. Now he is six feet two, and has a large black moustache.

Reginald Cary doesn't look much like Andrew. We hope he will have better luck than Andrew, who used to get dislocated and broken in all sorts of ways.

Howard Sturgis looks a good deal like George, especially when you get a side view.

As the train was late, the trunks were also late; in fact some of them didn't come at all. We had time for only one round of Going to Jerusalem, but that was a wonder. Pirate Bill Tower won, amid the plaudits of the multitude.

As it was pretty hot, the half-past niners went down on the float and had a ghost story.

So we have started, and it looks like a good summer.

SUNDAY, It is always satisfactory to have our first  
 July 7,  
 B.29.10 Sunday a pleasant one, and our weatherman did a  
 T.? good job. The thermometer isn't up yet, which accounts  
 N.W. Clear. for the uncertainty about the temperature, but it  
 Later, was a warm day.  
 S.W.

Thirteen passed the swimming; thirteen boys, that is. The  
 list is as follows: Cheney, Dabney, Fuller, Gourd, Gray,  
 Hitchcock, Ives, Lasater, Leatherbee, Osgood, Storey, Sturgis,  
 Thurber, Dr. Emery, and Mr. Thompson passed, also Gerald Ives.

The non-swimmers are at present twelve, but Colby and  
 Bennett, at least, ought to pass in a few days. Can we have a  
 clear record by August first? Here's hoping.

At afternoon reading we began "Midsummer Night's Dream."  
 It is about time to have "Pyramus and Thisbe" again for the  
 fancy-dress party.

#### PICNIC TO HEMLOCK POINT.

TOGUS.	EREN.	ABOL.	CORKER.	EREBUS.
N.S.W.	H.D.	C.H.C.	W.R.S.	E.S.E.
L. Tower	G. Woodbridge	Reynolds	Hines	Colby
Sturgis	Gray	Williams	Cheney	Carey (c)
A.M.R.	Jim Hutchinson	M.P.	Jackson	Hill
TERROR	WILLIWAW.	YAMMERSCHOONER.	PANTASOTE.	IDENTICAL.
D.V.T.	J.H.S.	G.M.I.	Dabney	Farnsworth
Storey	Hitchcock	Thurber	Osgood	Ives
Leatherbee	D. Miller (c)	Mann	Richardson	Sumner

#### OUANANICHE.

##### C.W.

F. Miller	Batchelder
Degen	H. Woodbridge
W. Tower	Jack Hutchinson
Fuller	Lasater
Gourd	Putnam

L.E.R.

A.S.N.

MacLeod

Thompson

We had a light head wind, but in spite of some wild  
 coxing we reached our beach in good order. The water is not



SUNDAY quite so high as it was last year, but plenty high enough.  
(Cold)

We walked to Belgrade Hill, and made our usual call on the cheerful gentleman who owns the good well. We had drinks all round, with much cheerful talk, and then we came down along to the shore. Of course some of us got lost, but that is a matter of custom. We should think something was wrong if we all came right along the trail.

We had good supper, and jolly singing, and then came home before a strong southwest breeze.

And there we found not only R.R., who had gone in to Gardiner, but J.R., all ready to step into the South Dormitory.

Per contra, we lost C.W., by the night train. But he will be out again, as Gardiner is not far, and he and the family are planning to spend most of the summer there.

Hymns were good, and after the juniors had scattered we had "The Feet of the Young Men", and "007."

MONDAY, It wasn't very warm at breakfast time, in fact we  
June 28,  
B.28.90 distinctly enjoyed our fire. But by squad time the  
Clear  
S.W. sun was hard at work.  
Warm.

This morning Skipper began explaining scouting. There are so many new boys this year that it will need more explaining than the usual talk on the day of the first game.

For morning reading we are having a little of "Pilgrim's Progress", and "The Voyage of the Discovery." There have been more successful explorers than Captain Scott and his crew, but never more gallant fellows.

#### Squad Notes.

The mail prefect has a peculiar time, till the summer train schedule goes into effect. He leaves after a short swim, and gets back more or less late to dinner, according to luck.

Much clearing up this morning, in front of the shop and round the buildings. We are accumulating a fine bonfire.

No hornet squad was appointed, but for a few painful moments one was on duty. Ask Osgood about it.

A berry squad picked energetically, and there are rumors of strawberry shortcake.

Our friends the carpenters hardly count as a squad, but they got most of the partitions up in the Copley-Plaza.

-----  
At afternoon reading we began "David Copperfield", which we have not read for several years.

#### BASEBALL PRACTICE, AND EXHIBITION GAME. AYES VS. BEES.

This game does not count in the regular series, but gave a fine chance to try out the new players. It was rather loosely played, as may be seen by a glance at the score card.

The Ayes outbatted their opponents, making thirteen hits, three of them two-baggers. The Bees, though at times they scored



MONDAY fairly heavily, got only five real hits.  
(Cont'd.)

Thurber's fielding at center for the Bees was a feature of the game; he has three flies to his credit.

W.R.S. made a good catch in the second inning, robbing Putnam of what looked like a safe hit.

Colby pulled off a double play in the second, catching E.S.E.'s fly, and throwing to second before G.M.I. could get back to the bag.

He also took part in a double play in the third, getting the ball across to first in time to catch Gourd, and let N.S.W. throw it back to the plate, putting out J.R.

Batting Averages.	
W.R.S.	.666
Colby	.666
Ives	.600
Dabney	.500
Jim Hutchinson	.500
J.R.	.250
J.H.S.	.250
Putnam	.250

It is a pity that the game did not count in the series, for it would have given some batters a fine start on the season's averages.

The Bug League did so much shifting that we will not put in the score card this time. The first game, of four innings, ended 13-4.

The second game lasted only two innings, but was even more one-sided, the score being 9-0. Next time we hope for more evenly matched forces.

Just as all hands were swimming, who should appear but Mr. and Mrs. Zahner? They arrived at Fourway some time in the middle of the night, and came down partly to see the folks, and partly to arrange about milk, mail, and all that sort of thing. It is good to see them, and to know that they are so near.

After supper came Digestion Club, at which we began "Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine."

Towel was the next diversion, with two circles. It is a much



larged, two circles are perfectly possible.

Ayer vs. Bass of June 28 at \_\_\_\_\_ 1

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.
2	2		1 Colby	5				2									3	3	2	
0	2		2 J. H. S.	4				2									4	3	1	
1	1		3 Dabney	6				2									4	3	2	
5	1		4 H. D.	2													3	4	7	
1	2		5 Ives	1													5	4	3	
5	1		6 W. S. W.	3													5	3	2	
1	0		7 Putnam	8													4	1	1	
0	0		8 Orsmond	7													2	0	1	
0	0		9 Gray	9													1	0	0	
0	0		10 H. Woodbridge	9													2	0	0	
0	0		11 Farmer	7													2	1	1	
15	9		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.												35	20	12	
Balks.	Hit by pite. b.	Miswed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.											Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
	1			9	4													3		

[illegible]



TUESDAY,                There was some rain during the night, and spatters  
 June 29,  
 8.28.70'    at intervals all day, but nothing to keep us in doors. We  
 Cloudy  
 Light    did not even have to go into "leather or rubber boots."  
 showers:  
 S.W.                This morning skipper read us the far-famed Scouting

Letter from the Log, besides telling us more about the game.

The partitions are up all down one side of the Copley-Plaza.  
 The rest ought to be done by Thursday, when the windows for the  
 north side of the main building are due.

To-day J.R. and a competent squad rebuilt Pomander Walk, and  
 the Ladies' Slip. Teeth may now be brushed with convenience by those  
 living far from the float.

A brown thrasher has a nest up near the shop. Probably the  
 same bird that lived in the woodpile last year.

The robins in the tent-frame are coming on well. They have  
 real wings, which we hope they will use before long.

H.D. took out the first hog-frame squad to-day. Two of the  
 tents in Bachelors' Row were wholly unframed.

The good ship Pie-plant is riding at her accustomed moorings,  
 and is extremely popular.

Good work among the non-swimmers this morning, in spite of more  
 or less rough water. Donald Miller swam farther than he has ever  
 swum before, and John Bennett is going gaily off the float. Charlie  
 Colby is working for distance along the shore. It looks like more  
 tests in a few days.

#### FIRST FISHING AFTERNOON.

EREBUS.	WILLIWAW.	PANTASOTE.	IDENTICAL.	YAMMERSCHOONER.	ARKLET.
J.R.	D.V.T.	E.S.E.	N.S.W.	W.R.S.	H.D.
W. Tower	Lasater	Hitchcock	Sturgis	Fuller	Leatherbee
Mann	Hill	Bennett	Cheney	McLeod	Wrenn
1 bass		2 bass	1 bass	1 bass	3 chub
				1 pickerel(!)	



TUESDAY	TERROR.	HORNPOUT.	WORBLER.	CHUB.
(Cont'd.)	Farnsworth	G.M.I.	Osgood	F. Miller
	Thurber	Batchelder	Jim Hutchinson	Gourd
	L. Tower	Sumner	Gray	G. Woodbridge
	3 bass	1 pickerel		
	1 perch			

Total number of fish, 14.

The prize fish was McLeod's pickerel, a splendid three-pounder.

Twinkle, twinkle, Don McLeod,  
 You've good reason to be proud.  
 Caught a monstrous pickerel;  
 Wish the rest could do as well!

Sumner did very nearly as well. At least, his pickerel was well over two pounds.

The non-fishers went "northeast on foot," as the list put it, along the underground railway and across what used to be Alexander's field. The strawberries were so thick and large that we fairly tripped over them, but in spite of the difficulties we finally reached the road, and headed for Goose Beach. There we threw stones into the water, and for a wonder refrained from getting in ourselves.

Our next point was the Abbot tree, where C.M.C. broke the record. As someone said, he has a long start for it. Putnam also set a very fine half-past eight mark. We came home by Pine Beach and the path.

After supper came Games on the Hill. We won, of course.

I should mention one extraordinary thing that happened at supper. That was the appearance of an ice-cream cow at the big table. It looked like an ordinary milk-pitcher, but it was full of a wonderful compound that tasted like melted ice-cream. Some have suggested that we buy this cow, and make our



TUESDAY fortunes by selling ready-made ice-cream sodas; but  
(Cont'd.)  
others have an idea that it was the cream left over from the wonderful strawberry shortcake that we had at dinner.

Spin the Platter went finely, though some of us need to take lessons in spinning. We did not have time to redeem all the forfeits, but those that were redeemed gave us a fine show.

D.V.T. and Fuller distinguished themselves in the Russian Ballet.

Dabney and Wrenn gave us a nasal piano duett that was all too short.

G.M.I. beat Osgood by nearly his whole length in the spider race; and Gerard's length is considerable.

Degen as the cat, Hines as the dog, Hitchcock as the pig, and Fuller as the rooster, gave us a thrilling barnyard scene.

The match race was slow, but exciting. Carey led more than half the way, as Sumner mostly went backwards. Then it occurred to Sumner that by crawling backward he might succeed in going forward; and he actually won in this way, in a very close finish.

Hill and Leatherbee sang "Keep the Home Fires Burning." Hill did most of the singing, but Leatherbee looked very impressive.

The one-legged race, down the room forward, and back backward, was very fine. W.R.S. won by a good margin, Cheney second, Gray third.

The evening ended with blackboard relay; a "quiet" game. We cannot give the score, as we have not the record of it, but we can give some of the results:

I am a big nice boy.	A dog blew the hill up.
A hat is in the haymow.	It was a big red cow.
We are two big to fight.	It was my chief ambition here.
A dog is a nice beast.	Go to the dickens, you fool!
The last heat was a slow one, done for humor.	
A team like C beats me!	
Beer and whiskey seem to go.	
Oh for a jolly carousal betimes!	



WEDNESDAY      This morning Skipper began to tell us about  
June 30,  
B.28.55      the weather, and why it is the way it is. We have a  
Warm  
Cloudy      good chance to observe it here, with the wide horizon.  
S.W.

The Crow's Nest went up to-day, and the Crows, J.H.S. and  
Showers  
G.M.I., moved in.

The strawberry squad kept on picking till it got too  
wet. Then they adjourned to the woods, and did a bit of amateur  
Prometheanism.

Sometime during the morning, Thurber caught a bass.

Total number of fish, 1.

The order of events for the afternoon was as follows:  
senior scrub and junior soccer till 4-30, senior soccer and  
junior go-as-you-please till supper time.

We have no particulars as to the scrub game. Junior  
soccer was close and lively, with a final score of 0-0. Then  
came a lively swim, and more or less going out in boats.

#### SENIOR SOCCER.

SCANDALS VS. HITCHY-KOOS.

E.S.E.	D.V.T.
J.H.S.	W.R.S.
Ives	G.M.I.
Dabney	Kitchcock
Farnsworth	Jackson
Gourd	Sturgis
Lasater	Colby
Osgood	Gray
Putnam	Hines
Thurber	H. Woodbridge
	and
N.S.W.	C.H.C.

I didn't see the names of the two captains till the list  
was almost done, but I rather fancy this play-bill style. It is  
so dramatic.

The game was a very good one, and close all the way  
through. The two goals were shot in the last four minutes of  
play, the second in the last minute.



WEDNESDAY      There was a noticeable amount of good team work, as  
(Cont'd.)  
well as individual brilliancy of performance.

Just before supper a guest arrived, whom we have not seen at  
camp for a couple of years. He used to play for us then, and it is a  
great pleasure to hear him again.

*Raymond Monaghan*

FIRST SING-SONG PROGRAMME.

1. Overture, "Chopsticks".....Jackson, Hines.
2. Piano Solo, "L'Arlesienne".....A.M.R.
3. Violin Solo.....Mr. Monaghan.
4. Choruses.....The Voice of the Bell, Camp Chantey,  
Camptown Races.
5. Stunt, "Hop when the Horn Blows".....A.M.R., C.H.C., W.R.S.,  
Farnsworth, Hines, L. Tower.
6. Stunt, "Villikins and his Dinah", ....L.E.R., Ives, F. Miller,  
Dabney.
7. Violin Solo.....Mr. Monaghan.
8. Stunt, "Heinrich und Lise".....Mr. & Mrs. L.C.Z.

Camp Song.

Jackson and Hines rendered our good old overture with their  
accustomed dash.

A.M.R. did not play the whole of "L'Arlesienne", which would  
take time, but the delightful Pastorale which forms part of the suite.

I have said violin solo, but it was really three each time, for  
we were greedy, and our soloist was generous in the matter of encores.  
Those of us who heard him play as a boy enjoyed his playing particu-  
larly, for it is always satisfactory to have your prophecies fulfilled.  
Mr. Monaghan is playing in Washington all through the year, except in  
summer, and studying too, so we feel that he is likely to go far.

It is a question which knows "Hop when the Horn Blows" best,  
Bud or A.M.R.. Frog is also fairly familiar with it, having hopped  
three times. The rest of the cast were new at it, but sang and danced  
with ease and elegance.

WEDNESDAY.        The tragic ballad of "Villikens and Dinah"  
(Cont'd.)  
is painful to witness, but these deep emotions are good for us  
if not indulged in too often. Jack Ives as the hero was enough  
to command the affections of any lady; and F. Miller as Dinah  
was certainly "an uncommon fine young gal." One wonders how  
any "parent" could be stern to such a charmer. But Tom Dabney  
was certainly very severe.

"Heinrich und Lise" has been one of our delights ever  
since Miss Barbara Bennett, as she was then, introduced us to  
it, several years ago. She made a delightfully exasperating  
Lise, and L.C.Z. as Heinrich reached such a point of annoyance  
that he seemed positively dangerous. Do you suppose that is  
the way they behave up at Fourway? It is a painful thought.

After the half-past eighters had gone to bed, and we had  
cleared the decks a bit, we began "Prester John." It is by the  
man who wrote "The Thirty-nine Steps", and "Greenmantle", so it  
ought to be a thriller.

We had had little showers off and on all day, but by bed  
time the lightning and thunder began to get lively. Some of  
us got to bed before the deluge began, but some of the faculty  
were marooned in the big room, and didn't get to bed till a  
very late hour. It really looked as if Uncle Noah would have  
to build an ark.



THURSDAY  
July 1.  
B. 28.60  
Clear,  
Warm,  
N.W.

Regular inspection began to-day. The first inspectors  
are Jackson and Hines.

### Squad Notes.

The Little Tent was put up to-day, and M.P. and A.S.M.  
moved in.

The Bow-boys barked three pine logs, that had to come down to  
make room for the Copley-Plaza.

The Firemen burned brush up behind Fourway, and watched the  
fire till it was wholly out, putting on some water to make sure. We  
don't <sup>want</sup> any forest fires here.

A new fence is being built by the Pine Parlour.

The Infirmary steps are also being rebuilt. The bottom step  
is under water two or three times every summer, so no wonder it has  
finally rotted to pieces.

The door has been cut from the Dispensary into the new Infirmary.

-----  
A woodchuck came to call this morning, and then retired under  
the Doctor's tent. Does he mean to stay there?

Mr. Carney came over to-day to see about fishing licences for  
all campers over fourteen.

After dinner we had some more delightful music from Mr. Monaghan.  
Then he left, on the afternoon train.

### EXPEDITION TO BLUEBERRY HILL.

TOGUS.	ABOL.	EBEN.	CORKER.	WILLIWAW.	EREBUS.
W.F.S.	N.S.W.	J.H.S.	H.D.	D.V.T.	E.S.E.
Hines	Cheney	Jack Hutch	G.Wood.	Hitchcock	Jackson
H.Wood.	L.Tower	Williams	Degen	Richardson	Thompson
Gourd	A.H.R.	M.P.	Gray	Mann	

TERROR.	YAMMERSCHOONER.	IDENTICAL.	PANTASOTE.	OUANANICHE.	
G.M.I.	C.H.C.	Dabney	Ives	J.R.	
Farnsworth	Thurber	Putnam	Osgood	Batchelder	Jim Hutch.
Symer	Carey	Bennett	Wrenn	Lasater	Fuller
				Storey	F. Miller
				Sturgis	W. Tower
				Leatherbee	D. Miller
					Macleod, Wiggins

THURSDAY  
(Cont'd.)

We had a head wind up, but not a bad one, and made our landing in forty minutes. The walk up the hill was pretty hot, but there were strawberries on the way, and the view from the northwest field was glorious. The only signs now of the old house, besides the cellar-hole, are the cinnamon roses, and one or two plants of rhubarb, very much run out.

The walk down was quicker than the walk up, and with a good following breeze, we bettered our time from beach to float by ten minutes. The only casualty was the leaving behind of Perter Thompson's coat. Let's hope that it will be found in the morning.

After supper it was Games on the Hill. And just as the crowd had gone up, in came Charlie Leland, taller than ever. He is six feet one; and in filling out his fishing-licence we put him down five feet eight! Will he be arrested for obtaining fish under false pretenses?

*Charles H Leland*

Quiet Games were about as quiet as usual, and then we went on with "Prester John."



FRIDAY,  
July 2,  
B.28.75'  
Clear  
N.W.

Rein  
late  
p.m.

Another glorious day, which Bennett celebrated by swimming to the Point. Who will be the next man?

Oh, Johnny Bennett's bathing-suits are wonderfully gay,

One blue and white, the other black and gold.

They came from merry Texas, three thousand miles away,

Where its always very hot or very <sup>cold</sup> ~~hot~~.

But he said" A gorgeous bathing-suit is surely not enough.

A better claim to notice do I seek."

And he showed that folks from Texas are made of sterling stuff,  
For he passed his swimming-test within the week.

-----  
The First Tent went up to-day, so Skipper and L.E.R. will no longer have to live in the Rest House. As for the robins, they are beginning to look like real birds, and A.M.R. and R.R. have hopes.

The first navigation squad went out this morning, under J.R., and circumnavigated Oak and the Mouse-trap.

A retrieving squad brought back Porter Thompson's coat from the head of the pond.

Just before dinner our other tutor arrived, so the tutoring squad can now proceed at full speed.

*Blake S. Lawrence*

Early in the afternoon L.E.R. went in to Gardiner for the night.

FIRST JUNIOR LEAGUE GAME.  
STAND-PATTERS VS. OLD GUARDS.

This was a real game, from every point of view. The first inning looked bad, as the Stand-patters romped through their batting order to the tune of five runs, while the Old Guards retired, one, two, three. The end of the third saw a score of 6-1. Then the Guards, with a splendid rally, brought up their total to five. From that time it was anybody's game, and the final score was 8-7. It looks as if junior ball were going to be a thrilling sport this summer.

FRIDAY . Among the sensations of the game were Gourd's  
(Cont'd.)  
fine catch of a high fly in the sixth inning, and Jim Hutch's  
catch in the eighth at centre, with two men on bases.

Putnam struck out more men than Colby; on the other hand he gave more passes.

### Batting Averages.

Dabney	.500
Ives	.500
G. M. I.	.400
Putnam	.400

## BUG LEAGUE GAME.

McADDOOS VS. PALMERS.

the same

This was also a hot game, with the score exactly as the junior league. Again and again the Palmers tied their opponents, and once they passed them. The first half on the ninth tied the score again, but in the second half Richardson's hit scored Fuller, ending the game.

vs. <i>St. Louis</i> of <i>June 2</i> at																				
PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	
2	1		1 <i>Hines</i>	4	<i>K</i>	<i>K</i>		<i>K</i>		<i>6-3</i>		<i>1</i>					5	1	1	
2	3		2 <i>Putnam</i>	1	<i>K</i>	<i>K</i>		<i>1-3</i>		<i>K</i>		<i>2-8</i>					5	2	2	
11	4		3 <i>W. R. S.</i>	2	<i>K</i>	<i>K</i>		<i>K</i>		<i>K</i>							3	2	0	
10	0		4 <i>Dabney</i>	3	<i>K</i>	<i>K</i>		<i>3-6</i>			<i>1-3</i>						4	1	2	
1	1		5 <i>Hitchcock</i>	5	<i>2-7</i>	<i>K</i>		<i>K</i>		<i>K</i>							4	1	1	
0	0		6 <i>Osgood</i>	7	<i>K</i>	<i>1-3</i>		<i>K</i>		<i>K</i>							4	0	1	
1	0		7 <i>David</i>	6	<i>K</i>		<i>K</i>		<i>0-3</i>			<i>1-3</i>					4	1	1	
0	0		8 <i>Jackson*</i>	8	<i>2-3</i>		<i>1-2</i>		<i>1-3</i>			<i>1-3</i>					4	0	1	
0	0		9 <i>Parater</i>	9	<i>K</i>		<i>0-3</i>		<i>4-3</i>			<i>1-3</i>					4	0	1	
			10																	
			11																	
			TIME OF GAME.		Runs total.															
			Hours..... Mins.....																	
Balks.	Hit by pito. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out.													Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				4	13															
					1-b. on base															



vs.					of										at					
PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	
0	0		1 <i>Trinidad</i>	6	K		K		(K) 2-3				K				4	0	0	
0	6		2 <i>Colly</i>	1	2-1			2-3	K		(K) 3-3						5	0	0	
2	1		3 <i>H. S.</i>	5	1-3					K		K					3	1	0	
8	2		4 <i>S. M. J.</i>	2						2-6			2-3				5	3	2	
12	1		5 <i>Beland</i>	3		2-3				K							4	1	1	
1	1		6 <i>J. ves</i>	7		2-3						2-3					4	2	2	
0	1		7 <i>Gray</i>	4		2-4		2-5			K		2-4				2	0	0	
1	0		8 <i>Trinidad</i>	8			1-3	0-1									4	0	0	
0	0		9 <i>Samuel</i>	9			K		1-3		K		K				4	0	0	
			10																	
			11																	
24	12		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.												35	7	5	
Balks.	Hit by pito. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out.	1-base hits.												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				1	9	1-b. on errors.													1	

vs. <u>Palmer</u> of <u>Marion</u>											vs. <u>McAdams</u> of <u>Marion</u>												
Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
1	Towers H.				K			K			K	1	Wood G.			K		K				K	
2	Miller		K						2-3			2	Miller D.			K							
3	Stearns		K		K		K		4-3		K	3	Towers W.		K								1-3
4	R. L. J.						K		4-3			4	Stearns										
5	H. L. J.			0-5						3-1		5	Williams		K		K		K				1-3
6	Wood H.						K					6	Barnes								2-3		K
7	Marion									K		7	Wright								2-3		
8	Towers			K		K						8	Deegan					K		2-3		K	
9	Thompson				K			K		K		9	Hill			K				K		1-3	
10												10											
11												11											
TIME OF GAME.		Runs	0	2	2	0	1	3	0	6	1	TIME OF GAME.		Runs	1	1	0	2	4	1	5	1	6
Hours..... Mins.....		total.	0	2	2	0	1	3	0	6	1	Hours..... Mins.....		total.	1	2	2	4	5	5	1	6	1

FRIDAY            Meantime the Sleaths and the Gunmen were having  
(Cont'd.)  
three wild games of Skowhegan, north of the scouting field,  
under direction of J.R. The Sleaths won all three games on  
runs, 3-0, 6-3, 4-0. Leatherherbee made the only runs for their  
side.

E.S.E. heads the column of runs, with seven for the series,  
four of them in one game. F. Miller ranks highest for marksman-  
ship, though his total of seven shots for the series includes  
one murder. E.S.E., Leatherherbee, McLeod, each made two shots in  
one game.

After supper we had "Digestion Club", and then the Voice  
Game, followed by Indoor Wolf. People persisted in getting  
Wiggins and Hill mixed, also Hitchcock and F. Miller. As for H.D.  
he seemed to be as puzzling as Proteus.

The half-past-niners ended the evening with "Prester  
John."

Skipper abandoned us at supper, a thing he seldom does,  
and spent the evening with the Zahners, at Fourway, but he  
got home in time to send us to bed.



SATURDAY      The weather report must have blown away, for I found  
 July 3,  
 Cool,      no sign of it.  
 S.E.  
 Rain      As it was Donald Miller's birthday, we observed it in the  
 p.m.

usual manner at dinner, with good wishes from the crowd, and a  
 speech from him.

This morning Skipper omitted his talk, to give time for the  
 ordering of fireworks, which is a lengthy process.

We had to read in the shop, as the carpenters were putting in  
 windows at the north end. They got in all but one, so we feel better.

This morning Class A had their first "O'Grady" exercises. Many  
 made mistakes, and the accumulation of four-forties ought to keep  
 them exercised for some time.

Just before dinner L.E.R. came back, after a most successful  
 trip to Gardiner.

#### FISHING.

WILLIWAW.	VAMMERSCHOONER.	IDENTICAL.	PANTASOTH.	TERROR.	EREBUS.
B.H.L.	D.V.T.	G.M.I.	Dabney	Ives	Leland
Leatherbee	Hitchcock	W. Tower	Batchelder	Thurber	Jack Hutch.
Richardson	Hill	Wiggins	Storey	Lasater	Gray
				1 pickerel	
				1 bass	

ARKLET.	WOBLER.	CHUB.
Osgood	Farnsworth	Gourd
Jim Hutch.	Putnam	F. Miller
Cheney	L. Tower	Bennett

Total number of fish, 2.

??	MILLS.	??
ABOL.	OUANANICHE.	TOGUS.
H.D.	C.H.C.	J.R.
Hines	N.S.W.	J.H.S.
H. Woodbridge	W.R.S.	A.S.M.
A.M.R.	E.S.E.	Carey
	Colby	Mann
	Jackson	D. Miller
	McLeod	
	Sumner	
	Thompson	
	G. Woodbridge	
	Wrenn	

AT HOME.  
 Sturgis  
 Reynolds

SATURDAY  
(Cont'd.)

The fishermen did not have much luck, but most of them came in early, when it began to rain. The two fish caught were good ones, especially the pickerel, which weighed two pounds.

The Millers were more successful. The ice-cream crop was good, and they purchased other things, both edible and explosive. They got wet on the way home, but nobody minded.

The Questionable Canoes went up Bog Brook; a delightful thing to do when the water is high, in spite of the hungry hordes of mosquitoes. We went up to a point where a big log lay across the stream, with half a mile more or less of crooked length in the bog. It was a clear case for an axe, and we had none. We got out and prospected a bit; but as there were plenty more obstacles ahead, we turned and came down to the pond, still pursued by the mosquitoes.

We then turned east and coasted the bog, in hopes that along the east shore, where there is a bed of reeds, we might find a channel. And sure enough, when we broke through the reed bed we found a channel running south, which we christened Mosquito Right. With the water at its present height, we could land a whole picnic there.

Then <sup>we</sup> cut through between the point and the island, and came home to the east of Pine Island, in what J.R. called "friendly, cheerful rain", and got in just before the Ouananiche.

The natural result of so many people getting wet was a general change of clothes; and the appearance at supper of a gorgeous white duck nrigade: Farnsworth, Richardson, Hines, H. Woodbridge, and last but by no means least, Pirate Bill. It was a fine sight.



SATURDAY  
(Cont'd.)  
HEMLOCK.

CHARADES.

The first scene was in the dressmaking establishment of Madame Putnam, with an able corps of assistants, headed by Miss Degen. Jackson, wonderfully attired, came in, and was measured; waist a yard and a half, neck three quarters of a yard, hem nine inches. The next scene was less peaceful. A band of masked bandits came in, and after murdering the watchman, L. Tower, cracked the safe and escaped with their booty. The whole word was superb. C.H.C. as Socrates was accused by N.S.W. of being an anarchist, a Red, and even a Bolshevik, and was given the fatal cup of hemlock; whereupon he died with <sup>a</sup> full-length fall that shook the building.

DRAMATIC. The first scene, dram, was shocking one. G.M.I., W.R.S., Osgood, and Leland, sat roistering round a table, drinking out of huge tankards, and showing very plainly by their conduct that it was not grape juice that they were drinking. The second and third syllables were acted together. D. Miller, masked and ruffianly, came in first, and climbed to the attic. Then entered A.M.R., with a lovely little family of seven nephews, whom she promptly put to bed on the floor, where they snored in seven different keys. After hiding her jewel box in plain sight, Auntie also slept. Then the thief came down from his lurking-place, and made off with the box. In his haste he stumbled, and the noise waked the lady, who roused the children, and summoned the police, Osgood and Leatherbee. The whole word was very nearly tragic. W.R.S. and his band of vigilantes were on the point of lynching Leland for horse-stealing, when G.M.I. came in, and convinced them not only that they no sufficient evidence for hanging a man, but that he had seen the real culprit down the road with the horse. They rushed off, and then it appeared that Leland was really guilty after all, and that G.M.I. was a confederate.



SATURDAY  
(Cont'd.)

ALTERATIONS.

The first two syllables,

acted together, were a splendid piece of scenic effect. On a scarlet altar was seated Sumner, as the great god Buddh. His priests, in robes and turbans, marched solemnly round, and then, after an invocation by the high priest (H.D.) the holy pig (Wiggins) was sacrificed. The next two syllables also made one scene, and a harrowing scene it was. H.D. and his crew, on a raft in mid-ocean, shared their last meagre meal; and one by one rolled off into the waves. H. Woodbridge's pathetic reference to his wife and family added to the poignancy of the situation. For the whole word, H.D., Dr. Avogadro, the inventor of a wonderful machine for transforming people, was visited by various clients. Each went into the machine on all fours, with instructions to follow the green light and hold his breath. Gray turned the crank, there was a crash of brass, and the patient reappeared, so changed that one would not have known him. D.V.T. wanted to be made smaller; and out came Wiggins. Bud wanted to grow a moustache, and look older; E.S.E. appeared in his place. Henry Woodbridge, looking as tough as old shoe-leather, wanted to be made a gentleman; and was replaced by Colby, dressed up to the nines. Dabney wanted to be a lady. This was an expensive process, costing nearly twice what the rest had had to pay, but it was highly successful; for A.S.M. appeared. Leatherbee, borrowed for the occasion, was too fat; and retired to make place for Frog.

PORTENT.

The first two syllables were acted in one scene,

J.E. and his camping party tried to pitch their tent in the worst downpour we have ever met on the stage. The rain and wind were frightful, and the constant crash of the thunder added to the excitement. Finally they gave up, and lay down,



SATURDAY            using the tent for a blanket. The whole word was very  
(Cont'd.)  
shivery. J. B. sat in the dark, surrounded by his friends, telling  
them the story of a harrowing murder that had taken place years ago  
near that very spot. As he came to the point where the ghost walked,  
suddenly a sheeted figure glided in, whereupon the party fled, with  
wild shrieks.

Altogether it was most successful evening, and the new arrange-  
ments are a great improvement.

Then, by common consent, we went on with "Prester John." Drums are  
beating, and we are on the edge of something bad.

SUNDAY,  
July 4,  
R. 28.40  
Cool,  
Clear,  
S.W.

The morning was lovely. But you know what the proverb says about new brooms. Evidently our new clerk of the weather, Charlie Leatherbee, wanted to show us what he could do, for soon after swim a big Showers. shower began to pile up in the west. It looked for a while as if the whole of it might go down Long Pond, but soon it changed its mind, and headed straight for us. It was a wonderful williwaw, with hailstones as big as the biggest peas flying all about. The steps from the Mammoth poured down a torrent, the Infirmary puddle rose to freshet height, and the puddle by the boat-house was barely fordable. It was so dark that we had to light the lamps, and so wet that three broken upper windows had to be stuffed with whatever came to hand. The west side of the Copley-Plaza, got a soaking, as the wind and rain <sup>were</sup> practically horizontal.

And all this time Dabney and Leland were missing, having gone over to the post-office in the Rob Roy to get a Sunday paper. They came back in time, just as we finished dinner, undamaged, in spite of wind and rain, and the hailstones beating one their devoted heads.

I must now go back a little. While the morning was still young and fair, Mrs. Bennett came over from Runoia to see John, bringing with her his three sisters. We hope to see them again before long.

The shell made her first trip this morning, manned by N.S.W., and B.L.L.

To-day is Freddy Reynolds's birthday, so we wished him many happy returns at dinner, to which he responded in a neat speech.



SUNDAY  
(Cont'd.)

PICNIC ON PIAZZA.  
AFTERNOON DIVERSIONS AT 3-45.  
PROMETHEANISM.

H.D. judge.	H.S.E. judge.	D.V.T. judge.	W.R.S. judge.	J.H.S. judge.
Ives	Jackson	Farnsworth	W. Miller	Leland
Jim Hutchinson	Hines	Jack Hutchinson	D. Miller	Gray
Lesterbee	W. Tower	Reynolds	Fuller	Thurber
L. Tower	Degen	Williams	Carey	Cheney
24 m.	29 m.	39 m.	35 m.	30 m.

OUANANICHE.

J.R.

B.L.L.	G.M.I.
Hitchcock	Dabney
Osgood	Colby
Putnam	H. Woodbridge
Gourd	Sturgis
MsLeod	
Wiggins	

WANDERERS.

N.S.W.

M.P.

Bennett	Batchelder
Lasater	Mann
Richardson	Storey
Sumner	Thompson
Wrenn	G. Woodbridge
Hill	

It was not a very severe test for Prometheanism, as it was not raining, but the woods were thoroughly soaked. We take the teams in the order in which they finished.

Ives chose a place up the bank, in the lee of a big red pine. They got smoke in 4 1/2 minutes, and were really going in nine. Ives held the kettle over the fire, hanging it in a stick. They got a dead birch log, and L. Tower discovered a dead white pine, which they pulled down for fuel. Time, 24 minutes.

Jackson built close to a dead stump, and used much dead birch and popple. The kettle hung on a horizontal stick, one end of which was supported by a crotch, the other held by hand. There was much blowing. Time 29 minutes.

Leland started his fire in the old hole near the top of the bank. Cheney skinned a dead white pine and pulled off the small branches within reach. Someone else did the same with a red pine, which was not such a good idea. They hung their kettle on a green stick supported by the edges of the hole. Time, 20 minutes.

Miller pitched his camp in the path, near C.F.B.'s original bank. The crew had a dead birch all picked out before starting, and got right at it, though wasting time on pine needles. They had a very good rig for their kettle, with two sticks supporting it firmly.

SUNDAY      Some of the bunch were slow in collecting fuel.  
(Cont'd.)      Time, 35 minutes.

Farnsworth also camped in the path, but farther along in the woods, against a red pine. They were hindered by the head coming off their axe. Two of the party held a horizontal stick over the fire as support for the kettle. Time, 39 minutes.

No one used more than two matches, and some used only one. When it is raining the tale will be different.

All Prometheans then assembled in the big room for a talk on fire-building.

The Ouananiche went round Hoyt's Island, coming home in fine style. It is a good afternoon's paddle.

The Wanderers went up Bickford Hill, which is always a satisfactory walk, even when it is too cloudy for a big view.

By supper-time it was raining again, so we supped inside instead of on the piazza, with a fire for cheerfulness. We didn't spill so much as we sometimes do, but it might be a good plan to keep milk off the piano.

After a good practice on Rounds, we had The Pit and the Pendulum; a pretty story.

Then came hymns. And we ended the evening with "The Lost Legion", and "Moti Guj".

The real adventurers of the day were Dick Anketell and Cyril Ward. They paddled to the Mills in the Rob Roy, went to a birthday party, and paddled home again in the rain.



MONDAY

JULY 5

8.28.50

Overcast,

W.

Light shower,

Clearing.

The morning did not look very promising, and a

queer little fog shower that came drifting over from

Howland Hill sent a good many of us into rubber coats.

But the sun soon came out, and most of the day was

fine.

The lamp squad did its duty, and there was a Mexican expedition, consisting of J.R. and H.D. Why Mexican? Wait till you get on that squad, and you will see.

Right after breakfast the stor<sup>e</sup><sub>A</sub>-room gave up its treasures, and the noise began. We had all the usual things, and a good many snake's eggs besides. They make no noise, but they are great fun. Cans were sent skyward, and some were blown almost to pieces. But the people who wanted bottles to explode were not encouraged. Just imagine four-forties in bare feet over broken glass.

At half past nine we came down to hear the Declaration of Independence, and have our singing. Then we adjourned to the hill again, to bang till swim time.

By eleven the wind was getting up, and there was much good canoe practice. Oh for a canoe test day!

After dinner, for the first time in years, we did not read Zadoc Pine, for the simple reason that we could not find him. So we went on with David Copperfield. But as soon as Zadoc appears we will have him; better late than never.

#### MAJOR LEAGUE GAME.

#### CONTINENTALS VS. MINUTEMEN.

This game was pretty loosely played, with more errors than one cares to see, but it was full of excitement. The Continentals led from the start, running through their batting order in the first inning, and scoring six runs. As the Minutemen had retired without a score it looked like a very one-sided game. But the Minutemen crept

MONDAY up, inch by inch, or rather run by run, and finally,  
(Cont'd.)  
in the fifth, ran round their batting order and two over, tying the score.

The Continentals rallied mightily in the seventh, hitting Colby hard, and brought in five runs. The final score was 18-14.

Gourd did well at centre, catching three flies, including the catch which ended the game. He was less fortunate running bases, for he was hit on the head by a pitched ball, and had to have a runner for one inning.

In the third, J.R. at first made a spectacular one-hand catch, on a throw from short.

In the other half of the same inning, the Minutemen pulled off a sensational double play, pitcher to first, first to third, putting out H.D. and B.L.L., and nipping many hopes in the bud.

Putnam fanned more men than Colby, but gave more passes. Each pitcher hit one player.

#### Batting Averages.

H.D.	.800
E.S.E.	.666
B.L.L.	.500
Dabney	.500
J.R.	.400
N.S.W.	.400
Hitchcock	.400

#### BUG LEAGUE GAME.

#### BUNKER HILLS VS. BRANDYWINES.

This game was not quite so close as might have been desired, but was exciting all the way through. The Bunker Hills led after the first inning, but there was no piling up of many runs, and their lead was never so long as to make it a hopeless stern chase.

Batteries, Sturgis & Jack Hutchinson,  
Farnsworth & Gray



1

Wheat vs. Combination of Land at

vs. of the Northwest vs. of the Northwest

Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
1										
2										
3										
4										
5										
6										
7										
8										
9										
10										
11										
TIME OF GAME.										
Hours.....	Mins.....									

Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
1										
2										
3										
4										
5										
6										
7										
8										
9										
10										
11										
TIME OF GAME.										
Hours.....	Mins.....									



MONDAY      We have no detailed report of the Flea League (Cont'd.) game, but it was a lively one. Neither team had the regulation nine men, but they made up in energy what they lacked in numbers. The score, as reported to us was 16-6. We hope for more details next time.

After supper, which was fifteen minutes late on account of the length of the senior game, we mostly went up on the field, to pass ball or fire torpedoes till it was dark enough for the evening's doings. The bonfire came first. It is several years since we have had a bonfire on the Fourth, as it has so often been too dry. This was a beauty, especially after a pail of "water" had been put on. (Some people were a good deal puzzled by this. But if they had smelled the pail, they would have understood.)

When the bonfire was going well, the sparklers began; not only the usual silver, but pink and green ones. They were thrown high, or planted in a hedge, and looked very pretty.

There were also big sparklers, with which N.S.W. had a fine drill.

We have not had so many rockets for years. They were of several kinds and sizes, and all were fine.

The wheels also distinguished themselves and the committee, and the mines were worth their weight in gold. The only thing that went wrong was the Star Battery. This refused to go off, even when drenched with kerosene, and had to be put in the bonfire before it would do anything. But in spite of this one failure, it was a lovely show.

Then came a three-ring Taps, and the company dispersed, cheerfully aware that breakfast was to be an hour late.



TUESDAY, JULY 6, 1880  
 B. 28.80 short, and we started squads almost on time.  
 Fair,  
 Warm,  
 W. The robins flew to-day, and the Great Tent can go up tomorrow.

The brown thrasher's nest has been robbed, by skunk or squirrel. Too bad, as we hoped to have the eggs hatch, as they did last year.

There was much doping this morning, and no one got it right.

#### BOAT AND CANOE PRACTICE.

ABOL.	EBEN.	CORKER.	TOGUS.
Dabney (cap.)	Ives (cap.)	Hitchcock (cap.)	Leland (cap.)
Gray	Jack Hutch.	Reynolds	Sturgis
Bennett	Cheney	Degen	Leatherbee
Jim Hutch.	Hines	H Woodbridge	

WILLIWAW.	IDENTICAL.	YAMMERSCHOONER.	EREBUS.
Farnsworth (cap.)	Jackson (cap.)	Gourd (cap.)	Osgood (cap.)
Thurber	L. Tower	Williams	Fuller
Lasater	Storey	G. Woodbridge	Putnam
Batchelder	F. Miller	W. Tower	

CANOE COACHES.		ROWING COACHES.		TERROR.	
HECUBA.	BIRCH.	ROB ROY.	SANDPEEP.	CREW A.	CREW B.
H.D.	J.R.	B.L.H.	N.S.W.	Colby (cap)	D. Miller (cap)
W.R.S.	G.H.J.			Richardson	Carey
				MacLeod	Wrenn
				Sumner	Thompson
				Sub-coxswains.	
				Hill	
				Wiggins	

TERROR coached and supervised by PANTASOTE.  
 E.S.E.  
 J.H.S.  
 Mann (cox)

There was a shift after the first hour, the four canoe crews taking the rangeleys, and vice versa. In the same way Crew A gave place to Crew B. There was also constant shifting of positions in the different boats, to give everyone as much experience as possible.

There was much manoeuvring, and J.R. played follow-my-leader with two canoes, in and out among eggs, boats, and Pie-plant. The only race, so far as we know, was that between the second crews of the Eben and the Abol, from Pickerel in, in which the Eben won, by a well-timed sprint.

After supper came "Games on the Hill", and then Dumb-crambo.

TUESDAY The words were chink, wail, and shin.  
(Cont'd.)

Our first game of half-past nine Boston was a wild one.  
B.L.L. was called N.S.W., and Hitchcock. Farnsworth was also  
called Hitchcock, and Hitchcock himself was mistaken for W.R.S.

-----  
After this the north side of the slip, between float and  
shore, is reserved for non-swimmers. Swimmers, divers, Moabites,  
and others will please keep out, so as to give the class a  
chance.

Class B Chinning.

Jim Hutchinson	9
Sumner	9
Wrenn	8
Cheney	7
D. Miller	7
Fuller	6
Storey	6
Williams	6
Carey	5
Reynolds	5
G. Woodbridge	5
L. Tower	4

There were a number of singles, and some that could not  
get up at all. We hope to hear from Class A soon.



WEDNESDAY,      The first tooth-brush raid of the season caught a  
July 7,  
B.28.80      big number of delinquents. Why not brush them every morn-  
Overcast,  
Cool.      ing? It will be better for your teeth, and save you trouble  
Southerly.      besides.

Shower

p.m.

A squad of bush-whackers went to work on the scout-  
ing field this morning. The growth beyond the middle fence,  
on the east side, is altogether too heavy. As for the raspberries, they  
are spreading fast.

Great doing at swim this morning. Colby passed the test, and D.  
Miller not only dived off the float but jumped off the springboard.  
Great rivalry exists between Wrenn and MacLeod, both going strong.

#### TRIAL SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

It had been rather muggy in the morning, but when the wind  
rose it cooled off, and no one was much surprised when Skipper broke  
up reading early.

After the usual explanations, Senecas and Mohawks went to their  
posts, the Senecas at the north end, the Mohawks at the south.

Just before the towel waved there came rain, and for a few min-  
utes we feared we should get only one game; but the weather was  
kind, and the shower soon passed over.

All three games went to the Senecas on runs, their lead increa-  
sing in each game. They also fared better in shots in the last two  
games. The first was a tie on shots. In the last every Mohawk was  
killed; a thing which does not often happen.

We always expect some murders when the old players are mixed,  
but five is more than usual.

F. Miller heads the list for shots, with seven, four in one game.  
J.H.S. and W.R.S. each made six. The former shot five in the last  
game, and made two runs besides; good working.

Among the new players, E.S.W. made two runs, killed one, and was

# Mohawks

	I		II		III	
	Killed	Shots	Killed	Shots	Killed	Shots
	Runs	Runs	Runs	Runs	Runs	Runs
H.D.	X		X		X	
W.R.S.		••••		••••		••••
A.M.R.	0	0	0	0	0	0
B.L.L.	X		X	•	X	
D.V.T.	X		X	•	X	
G.M.I.	X		X	•	X	
Bennet	X		X	•	X	
Cheney	X		X	•	X	
Dabney	X	•	X	•	X	
Farnsworth	X	••	X	•	X	
Gourd	X		X	•	X	
Hill	X		X		X	
Hidneck	X		X		X	
Hutchinson, Jno.	X		X	••	X	
Jackson	X	••	X		X	
Leatherbee	X		X		X	
MacLeod	X		X	••	X	
Miller, D.	X	••	X		X	
Osgood	X		X		X	
Reynolds		••	X		X	
Storey	X		X		X	
Summer	X		X		X	
Thurber	X		X		X	
Tower, W.	X		X	•	X	
Williams	X	••	X	•	X	
Woodbridge, H.	X	••	X		X	

# Senecas

	I		II		III	
	Killed	Shots	Killed	Shots	Killed	Shots
	Runs	Runs	Runs	Runs	Runs	Runs
C.H.C.		••••		••••		••••
N.S.W.	X		X	••	X	
J.R.	X	••	X	•	X	
J.H.S.	X		X	•	X	
E.S.E.	X	•	X		X	
Batchelder	X		X		X	
Carey	X		X		X	
Colby	X	•	X		X	
Degen	X		X		X	
Fuller	X	••	X	•	X	
Gray	X		X	•	X	
Hines	X	•	X	•••	X	
Hutchinson, J.	X	•	X		X	
Ives	X		X		X	
Lasater	X	•	X		X	
Leland	X		X	•	X	
Mam	X		X		X	
MacLeod						
Miller, T.		•	X	••	X	••••
Putnam			X	•	X	
Richardson	X	•	X		X	
Sturgis	X	•••	X		X	
Thompson	X		X		X	
Tower, L.	X		X		X	
Wiggins	X		X		X	
Woodbridge, G.	X	•	X	•••	X	
Wyenn	X		X		X	



WEDNESDAY killed only once. Sturgis killed five, and made a run,  
(Cont'd.)  
but was killed in every game.

Altogether it was a very good beginning, and we hope for a  
splendid season. The lists will probably be made out before long.

#### SECOND SING-SONG PROGRAMME.

1. Overture, "Chopsticks"..... Jackson, Hines.
2. Mandolin Solo..... H.D.
3. Trio, drum, fife, and mandolin..... D.V.T., Leland, Reynolds.
4. Choruses..... My Heart's in the Highlands, Merry-  
weather Boys, Scouting Song.
5. Violin Solo..... N.S.W.
6. Stunt, "Scenes from the Childhood of the race."

#### Camp Song.

Our overture enhanced its usual brilliancy this by the addition  
of crash cymbal and drum behind the scenes. We suspect that the third  
performer was Freddie.

We always enjoy H.D.'s mandolin, and this time he gave us two  
charming selections. Some day we hope for "Pinafore."

The instrumental trio was very lively. They gave us "When  
Johnny Comes Marching Home Again", "John Brown", and another tune that  
we did not know the name of.

N.S.W. gave us a selection from Rimsky-Korsakoff that was very  
quiet and full of feeling, and then a delightful serenade.

The stunt of the evening illustrated familiar scenes from the  
works of Mother Goose. First came Miss Muffet, with Wrenn as a bewitch-  
little girl, and Leland and Hitchcock as a most enormous spider. No  
wonder Miss Muffet's supper was interrupted.

The second ballad, if that is the right name for it, was in  
three scenes. First appeared G.M.I., most regal to behold, about to  
eat his royal dinner. He cut the pie, and there were the blackbirds;



WEDNESDAY Bennett, Hill, Wiggins, and G. Woodbridge. One may  
(Cont'd.)

remark that they were only four instead of twenty-four, but each is a host in himself. The scene then changed, showing the king in his counting-house, and M.P. as the queen enjoying her bread and honey. Sturgis, the maid, had a less peaceful time, for as he was hanging the clothes out nicely on the line, down flew Bennett from the top of the cupboard, and nipped off "her" nose.

There was to have been another stunt, but owing to the mislaying of a necessary book, it had to be put off to next time.

After scouting through swamps and briars, it was pleasant to lie on the floor and listen to David Crawford's trials, in getting the collar of Prester John.

-----  
Not long ago someone overheard a chance remark made by W.R.S. to a friend. We would not intrude upon confidential matters, but we cannot help asking a question or two.

"Oh Smeddy, tell us, is she dark or fair?

Oh Smeddy, what's the color of her hair?

Are her eyes blue, brown, or gray?

Is she fond of her own way?

And pray, what size of slippers does she wear?"

But Smeddy keeps his counsel, and looks wise.

He will not tell the color of her eyes.

We shall have to wait and see;

And I rather think that he

Will some day give his friends a big surprise.



THURSDAY      Did the weather report get lost? Or wasn't it made?  
 July 8,      Certainly it was not there when I went to get it. It  
 Overcast,      was the first really muggy day we have had.  
 Southerly,  
 Hot.

The aquarium was cleaned out this morning. It is to be treated with minwax, which will help to make it tight. And then for plants and fish.

The bush-whackers are still whacking, as there is much to do.

This morning several people saw a partridge and her brood. The young birds are pretty big, though not fully grown.

Carey and MacLeod swam to the Ouananiche this morning. Thompson has taken a start, and Hill swims gaily between float and shore.

The witch grass squad turned up a turtle's nest, with seven eggs.

#### FISHINGLAND OUANANICHE.

WILLIWAW.	IDENTICAL.	YAMMERSCHOONER.	PANTASOTE.	FEERUS.	TERROR.
H.D.	E.S.E.	R.L.L.	N.S.W.	D.V.T.	Batchelder
V. Tower	Carey	D. Miller	Lasater	Hines	Putnam
Richardson	MacLeod	Thompson	Sumner	Jim Hutch.	L. Tower
Mann	Wiggins	Wrenn	Hill		2 bass
		1 bass	1 bass		

CHUP.	HORNPOUT.	ARKLET.	WOBBLER.	ABOL.
Ieland	Osgood	Hitchcock	F. Miller	J. R.
Gourd	Fuller	Farnsworth	Sturgis	Thurber
John Hutch	Reynolds	Leatherbee	G. Woodbridge	Jackson
3 bass	1 bass			

#### Total number of fish, 8.

#### OUANANICHE.

##### C.H.C.

J.H.S.	W.R.S.
Ives	Dabney
Gray	H. Woodbridge
Colby	Degen
Storey	Williams
	Cheney
	Bennett

The crew of the Williwaw stayed out to supper. They had fun, and landed ten fish, but unfortunately all of them were under the legal size.

The Ouananiche went down to the southeast bay, where her crew landed and walked over to Hamilton Pond. They had time for a swim, which was most welcome on such a hot afternoon, and came home in

THURSDAY      good time, though the south wind, which had been  
 (Cont'd.)  
 strong on the out trip, played them false, and swung enough to  
 be less than no help on the way back.

After supper, as it was cooler, we had Games on the Hill.

Then came Observation. We give the best results below:

Three Seconds.

J.H.S.	25
Farnsworth	24
Reynolds	24
Jim Hutchinson	23
Gourd	22
Jackson	22
Dabney	21
Osgood	21
Sumner	21
Colby	20
Degen	20
Hines	20
Lasater	20
Leland	20
W.R.S.	20

Thirty Seconds.

J.H.S.	56
Colby	54
Farnsworth	53
Gourd	51
W.R.S.	50
Patchelder	49
Hines	49
Putnam	49
Jim Hutchinson	48
Hitchcock	46
Gray	45
Reynolds	45
Jack Hutchinson	44
D. Miller	44
Jackson	43
Sturgis	43
L. Tower	43
Fuller	42
Lasater	42
Osgood	42
Sumner	41
Wrenn	41
G. Woodbridge	40

Choice bits of spelling were: siccors, knife and falk,  
 botten, ribin, and penele.

There were also some very vague answers: for instance,  
 tie or stocking, and hat or bladder. How sad to put your stock-  
 ing round your neck, and your tie on your foot! Still worse,  
 perhaps, to put your hat inside a football, and a bladder on  
 your head. As a matter of fact the "hat or bladder" was a  
 bathing cap.

Having exercised both body and mind, we finished the  
 evening with "Prester John."



FRIDAY  
July 9,  
P. 28.90  
Clear,  
Warm,  
V.

Shower  
at :  
night.

This morning Skipper began the story of the Merry-  
weather yacht race, and the development of naval archi-  
tecture in camp. We shall be beginning boats soon; in fact

some of us have begun already. And it is a good thing to  
know what has been done in the past.

The bushwhackers did a great job to-day. We are beginning  
to have a scouting field once more, instead of a forest primeval.

H.D. took out the first squad of canoe navigators this morning,  
two to a canoe.

It was great aquatic morning. Donald MacLeod passed the swim-  
ming test. Nine people swam to Pickerel, and all the non-swimmers went  
off the float. Hill has graduated from water-wings.

The shell was out, with the same crew as before.

#### FIRST TRACK AND FIELD PRACTICE.

##### Class A Hundred.

##### First Heat.

Dabney	12 seconds.
Ives	
Colby	
Farnsworth	

A very good heat. Dabney led by two feet at the tape, and Col-  
by and Farnsworth were tied for third place, only a yard behind  
Ives.

##### Second Heat.

Leland	12 3/5 seconds.
Hitchcock	
Putnam	

Not so fast, nor so close. Leland, though not extending himself,  
had a lead of about eight feet. Putnam was obviously only trying  
to qualify.

##### Final Heat.

Dabney	12 seconds.
Leland	
Ives	

The best heat of the three. Leland was five feet behind Dabney,  
with only a few inches between him and Ives. The contest for fourth  
place was a lively one, Farnsworth beating Putnam by about two in-  
ches.

FRIDAY  
(Continued.)

Class A High Jump.

Ives	4'9 3/4"
Leland	4'7"
Colby	4'4"

These three were distinctly the best, as the next men, Dabney and Putnam, dropped out at 4'2".

Class A Broad Jump.

Dabney	16'4 1/2"
Leland	16'1 3/4"
Ives	15'7 3/4"

Dabney came up steadily, his last jump being his best.

There were rumors that he had broken the record; but the record is 18'6"

Class A Shot Put.

Dabney	28'1 1/4"
Titchcock	26'9 1/4"
Ives	25'10 1/2"

No one else came anywhere near these three.

Class B Hundred.

First Heat.

D. Miller	13 4/5 seconds.
Williams	
Gray	

The three leaders came in with two-foot intervals between the. Jim Hutchinson drove Gray hard for third place.

Second Heat.

Lasater	14 seconds.
Fuller	
Jack Hutchinson	

This heat was a little slower, and in a good deal more open order.

Third Heat.

Hines	15 1/5 seconds.
Thurber	
Sturgis	

This, though the slowest heat of the three, was the closest, Hines leading Thurber at the finish by only a couple of inches. Sturgis was a good third, and Degen close behind.



FRIDAY

Final Heat.

(Cont'd.) D. Miller  
Lasater  
Fuller

13 2/5 seconds.

This was Miller's best time. He led Lasater by a foot. Williams came very near nosing into third place, but Fuller had him by about three inches.

Class B High Jump.

Jim Hutchinson	3'11 1/2"
Gray	3'11"
D. Miller	3'10"

These are all actual measurements, not readings from the standards. It was very close.

Class B Broad Jump.

Lasater	13'5 1/2"
Fuller	12'11 1/4"
Gray	12'3 3/4"

As can be seen, Lasater led by six inches. None but these three did over twelve feet.

Class B Shot Put.

D. Miller	23'11 1/2"
Gray	22'8 1/4"
Storey	22'4 1/2"

Five others did twenty-one feet, or better, so it was a good contest.

Class C Hundred.

First Heat.

Mann	14 1/5 seconds.
Thompson	
Hill	

Thompson was three feet behind at the finish. Hill was a good way in the rear, with Wiggins about a yard behind him.

Second Heat.

L. Tower	14 4/5 seconds.
Bennett	
G. Woodbridge	

Tower led by about four feet at the finish. G. Woodbridge pressed Bennett closely for second place.

Third Heat.

Sumner	13 4/5 seconds.
Richardson	
Carey	

This breaks the record which Williams set last year. Richardson slacked at the finish, and was about twelve feet behind Sumner.

FRIDAY  
(Cont'd.)

Final Heat.

Sumner  
Mann  
Richardson

13 4/5 seconds.

Sumner held his pace in the finals, making the same time as in the preliminary heat. Mann was a good second, Richardson a fair third, with Thompson and L. Tower, in that order, a few inches behind.

Class C High Jump.

Sumner	3'6 1/2"
Richardson	3'5"
Carey	3'4"

The leaders were all close, which makes an event very interesting. Only one in the whole class failed to clear the initial height.

Class C Broad Jump.

Sumner	12'9 1/4"
Carey	12'2 1/2"
Richardson	11'8 1/2"

Sumner and Carey are both above the old record.

Class C Shot Put.

Richardson	20'8 1/2"
W. Tower	19'3"
L. Tower	17'5"

No one else made seventeen feet, though G. Woodbridge came very near it.

F. Miller is not to go into track this year. Cheney was in bed with a throat. Leatherbee has something wrong with his feet, and does only the shot put. Except for these, everyone was in.

We give the classes on the next page. Of course there may be some shifting, as this was the first chance to get a line on any of the new boys.

Dabney and Sumner were the highest point-winners, each having three firsts.



FRIDAY (Cont'd.)	Class A.	Class B.	Class C.
	Colby	Batchelder	Bennett
	Dabney	Degen	Carey
	Farnsworth	Fuller	Cheney
	Gourd	Gray	Hill
	Hitchcock	Hines	MacLeod
	Ives	James Hutchinson	Mann
	Jackson	John Hutchinson	Richardson
	Leland	Lasater	Sumner
	Osgood	Leatherbee	Thompson
	Putnam	D. Miller	L. Tower
		Reynolds	W. Tower
		Storey	Wiggins
		Sturgis	G. Woodbridge
		Thurber	Wrenn
		Williams	
		H. Woodbridge	

The Zahners came to supper, and took F.R. in to Gardiner for the night.

We had hoped for boats, but it was too breezy, so we had Digestion Club.

Then came Quiet Games, followed by a wild session with "Prester John." "Who is it that says of some book, 'The statements are interesting, but tough?'" So we might say of our friend David Crawford.

A williwaw came up just before ten, and the ladies fled to their tents. But the faculty hardly noticed it. They had other fish to fry. The frying lasted till midnight, as it generally does. And now,

"The cup is to win, and the game's to begin,

And we'll all go a-scouting-----as soon as wind and weather permit.

SATURDAY      The great event of the morning was Donald Miller's  
 July 10,  
 Fair,      passing of the swimming test. Now, Henry Richardson,  
 Warm,  
 S.W.      it is decidedly up to you.

The Towers and Gray swam out round Pickeral and back.  
 Who will be the first to Oak Island?

J.R. and G.M.I. took the shell out for a spin.

Garland Lasater went off just after dinner, to spend Sunday with his family.

#### SUNDRY SUPPERS-OUT.

<u>EBENEZER.</u>	<u>WILLIWAW.</u>	<u>YAMMERSCHOONER.</u>	<u>ABOL.</u>	<u>EBERUS.</u>
N.S.W.	E.S.E.	C.H.C.	J.E.	D.V.T.
G.Wood.	Colby	Leatherbee	Williams	Jackson
Gray	Reynolds	Bennett	Degen	Mann
Hitchcock	Carey	Sumner	Osgood	Wiggins

(For the night)

<u>TERROR.</u>	<u>PANTASOTE.</u>	<u>COCKER.</u>	<u>IDENTICAL.</u>
M.P.	G.M.I.	W.R.S.	J.H.S.
Dabney	Putnam	L.Tower	Gourd
F.Miller	MacLeod	Jim Hutchinson	Batchelder
Hill	Thompson	Leland	Wrenn

	<u>OUANANICHE.</u>	<u>TOGUS.</u>
	H.D.	R.L.L.
Farnsworth	Ives	Hines
D.Miller	Thurber	Jack Hutchinson
Sturgis	Fuller	A.M.R.
H.Woodbridge	Richardson	
Storey	W.Tower	
	A.S.M.	

There had been talk in the morning of an all-day trip, but by dinner-time the dopesters had mostly settled down to some form of baseball. The list set tongues a-wagging, especially in the matter of charades. But after all, though we generally do have charades on Saturday, no one will die if we don't.

The boats whose names are underlined together went in pairs. The only odd one was the Yammerschooner, which went off for the night. Where they went we shall hear in the mornin'.

The Eben and the Williwaw went to the Caves. They landed much farther north than usual, and came down to them from the north. They found them without any trouble, and had plenty of



SATURDAY      time to explore. They then went back to their boats, for  
(Cont'd.)  
swim and supper. The chief performance was that of Colby, who after  
announcing that he hated milk, perhaps because he had to carry the  
can, drank so much that he had to be stopped, lest he turn into cream  
cheese.

The Abol and the Erebus went to the Mills for a start, where  
they enjoyed the pleasures of the city for a while. Then they came  
back to a beach on Hoyt's Island for a swim. After that they explored  
the west shore from Monkey to the southwest boathouse, and came  
scudding home before the southerly wind.

The Terror and the Pantasote went up to the north beach. Here  
they were minded to swim, but a fat launch came and sat right in  
their way. They waited, but she did not budge. Finally they weighed  
anchor and bore away for Chute Island; whereupon the launch instant-  
ly packed up and departed. Launches are silly things, anyway. They  
swam and supped on Chute Island, and came home in good order.

The Corker and the Identical went to Monataka, where they en-  
joyed the wonderful well. All old campers know the Monataka pump.  
They had a swim (not in the well), and caught two Bass, which they had  
for supper.

Total number of fish, 2.

The Ouananiche and the Togus went up Meadow Brook to the first  
bridge. Here they landed and pulled the boats up, and then most of  
the party set out on foot to see if they could walk to Tracy's Bluff.  
They couldn't, but they got as far as the cross-roads by the school,  
which is a good walk, considering the time. A.M.B. and A.S.M. stayed  
behind, and found a place for supper. It is near a spring, just in  
front of the first house west of the bridge. That spring is worth  
noting, as it seems a perfectly good one. They also found strawberries,  
raspberries, blueberries and checkerberries, all ripe; not a bad record.

SATURDAY     When the walkers came back, the grub was brought  
(Cont'd.)  
up from the boats, and rather a job it was. Then all hands fell  
to, and ate copiously. We don't often get hot beans and brown  
bread on a picnic. We made good time down the brook, but we  
had a head wind home, and supper had taken a good while. So it  
is not surprising that we were rather late.

I forgot to say that on the way up the Togue saw a duck  
with five ducklings. They took cover in the reeds as soon as  
they saw us, but we had a good view of them first.

When we got back we found that B.F. had returned from  
Gardiner with good news of the Wigginses, who had just come.

We also found Mrs. Elliott, who has come for a visit. (No,  
not Tom Eliot's mother, but L.E.R.'s sister. Names spelled  
differently.) *Grand Hows Elliott*

The late arrival of the Meadow Brook party cut our time  
short, but we were able to finish "Prester John." With all its  
improbabilities, it is a very good story.



SUNDAY Our campers came back bright and early. They had spent July 11, B.29.05 the night on Crooked Island, and had visited the good Hot, Clear. town of Rome; not Rome Comer, but the part near the Tiber. N.W. to This was a great day for visitors. Mr. Lasater brought S.W.

Garland back, and Miss Farnsworth and Mr. and Mrs. Sumner all came over. And thanks to the alterations, we were able to have them all to dinner. That is one of the advantages of the change. We can ask people to dinner without putting our elbows in their ears.

The following swam to Oak Island this morning: D.V.T., Jackson, Jack Hutchinson, Henry Woodbridge, Bill Tower, Putnam, Thurber, and Gray. Jackson wanted to swim back, and made a good start, but had to be stopped, as it was getting pretty late.

This afternoon we finished "Midsummer Night's Dream."

There were smiles when the flying squad, consisting of MacLeod and Leatherbee, reported for duty. They would need pretty good wings to fly far.

#### PICNIC AT GOOSE BEACH.

WILLIWAW.	YAMMERSCHOONER.	IDENTICAL.	PANTASOTE.	TEBRON.	EREBUS.
J.R.	B.L.L.	T.S.E.	Osgood	D.V.T.	G.M.I.
Hitchcock	Putnam	Ives	Farnsworth	Leland	Thurber
Wiggins	L. Tower	Degen	Thompson	Mann	Reynolds
M.H.E.	Storey	Sumner	Wrenn	Richardson	G. Woodbridge
TOGUS.	CORKER.	OUANANICHE.		EBEN.	ABOL.
H.D.	C.H.C.	Gourd	Batchelder	W.R.S.	J.H.S.
Dabney	A.M.R.	Colby	Leatherbee	M.P.	Jackson
W. Tower	Williams	Gray	Jim Hutchinson	Jack Hutch.	Hines
D. Miller	Sturgis	MacLeod	F. Miller	H. Wood.	Bennett
		Fuller	Carey		
		L.E.R.			
		R.R.			

It was pretty warm on the way out, for the wind, what there was of it, had shift to southerly, and the sun was feeling very lively. We made our landing, took grub and sweaters to the usual place, and then went across to the Abbot tree. Here was much activity. C.H.C. repeated his record, and marked it. Putnam stands best among the juniors, and Leland made a fine half-past nine mark.



SUNDAY

Long ago we rolled all the stones off the top (Cont'd.) of the hill, but it is very easy to bring them up again, and there was lively rolling. Bennett got a beautiful stone, which rolled amazingly.

There was also much "cavalry" fighting. Difficult to decide who was champion, as sometimes three pairs got fighting, and all came down together.

After all this we were ready for supper, which was served by the half-past niners, with neatness and dignity.

After supper we had our two stories which belong to this beach: "The Western Islands", and "The Devil and the Old Man." J.R. read them, as L.E.R. still has to be very careful of her eyes.

We had time for singing, too. We are getting to perform rounds pretty well.

On the way home the captain of the Yammerschooner tried a new formation. He borrowed Richardson for a cox, and then he and his crew <sup>w</sup>ro<sup>e</sup>d two to a seat. It seemed to work very well.

We had a head wind all the way home, and when we rounded Stony Point we found a lively sea. In consequence we were ten minutes late, and bow paddlers were soaked. But it was great fun.

I should have said that Mr. and Mrs. Zahner joined us in the Allegash. It was amusing to hear the comments of the inexperienced, as L.C.Z. hugged the shore to get a lee. They thought he was getting too near the rocks!

Our story for the evening was two stories: "The Sending of Dana Da", and "Namgay Doola."



MONDAY Id didn't rain all day, but it was the wettest day we have  
July 12,  
B.29.04 had; that is, more of it was wet. The rain began just about  
Warm,  
W. the end of squad time, and kept it up at intervals all day.  
Rain.

To-day being John Wiggins's birthday, he was greeted with  
due honors at dinner, and responded in a neat speech.

The afternoon was spent in soccer and boat-building. The juniors  
played for an hour, and then the seniors took the field. We have not  
the lists, but both games were close, 1-0. The junior game was loosely  
played; but the senior game, in spite of the uncertainties caused  
by a wet ball and a wet field, was very exciting.

It is a curious thing that this year every goal made in soccer  
has been made at the east goal. Can anyone explain why?

After supper, just as we were concocting a telegram to see why  
he had not come, in came W.L.P. His train was late; and when you add  
the difference in time, it seemed very late indeed. He has moved right  
into the empty cubicle in the South, just as if he had never been  
away.

*William L. P. Reason*

#### CHARADES.

Rather odd to have charades Monday, but after all, why not?

NOISELESS. All three scenes looked the same in this, but oh  
what a difference! H.D. presided at one end of the table, A.S.M. at  
the other. Farnsworth was butler. The first meal was a perfect howl  
all through. People were late; and when anyone wanted anything, he  
yelled for it. It was really pandemonium. The second meal was a model  
of decorum. Lasater was late again, but he was received with one very  
polite little groan. There was little conversation, and what there  
was went on in as subdued a tone as if the baby had been asleep in  
the next room. The third meal was in dead silence. If anyone had  
anything to say, he did it in signs. One could hardly believe it was  
the same set of people.



MONDAY      MUSIC.  
(Cont'd.)

The first scene revealed F. Miller deep in literary work; so deep that when the cats yowled and mewed around him he took no notice. Then dogs were brought in, and set on the cats, and there was a general fight. (This was the two syllables, one after the other.) For the whole word, N.S.W., in silk hat and swallow-tail coat, led a wonderful band, or orchestra. We had the blare of horns, the crash of cymbals, the thunder of the drum; and one gifted musician poured out his feelings on the comb.

PETRIFICATION.      For the first syllable we had a school scene, with Larry presiding, very solemn in the swallow-tail coat. The spelling lesson was going as well as we ever expect a charade lesson to go, when in came Mary, otherwise Freddy Reynolds, with her pet lamb. It broke up the school, and no wonder. The next syllable was a custom-house scene, with J.R. and R.L.L. as inspectors and Ives and Hitchcock as police. One by one the incoming travelers were searched, and all had whiskey hidden somewhere. Gourd had his in a hot-water bottle, Reynolds had his in a lantern, not realizing that a lantern in broad daylight looked suspicious, and Pirate Bill had his demi-john wrapped up to look like a baby. As for J.H.S., the Duke of Devonshire, he refused to be searched, so we don't know how many gallons he had stowed in his luggage. The last two syllables went together. We have never had a finer political meeting. J.R., in a moving speech, nominated W.L. Douglass, and waved one of the famous shoes. R.L.L. nominated William J. Bryan, and enforced his remarks with a bottle of grape-juice. As for the banners, they were great:

"MacAdoo will do. Keep the job in the family."

"Palmer, the G.O.P. embalmer. Our motto is Still Palm."



MONDAY  
(Cont'd.)

"W.J. Bryan. 16-1. Silver threads among the gold."

"Davis. Ask H.D."

The whole word took us to the petrified forest of Abyssinia, where J.R. was explaining to his young friends the beauties of the scene. After dilating on the petrified trees, he became aware of a further wonder, a petrified beast. But it was not petrified after all, and came to life, to the great confusion of the party.

CAMELOT. The first two syllables went together. Nothing was said, but an Eastern caravan, in robes and turbans, filed slowly across the stage. In the centre came a man "leading a camel by the hand", as the old poem says. G.M.I. and Leland made a wonderful camel, and the palm-leaf tail was a neat touch. Wrenn rode his ship of the desert with all the skill of a true Arab. The second scene was also Oriental. W.R.S. entered with his family, fleeing from destruction. But his wife, D. Miller, turned to look back. Alas! In a moment she was a gleaming snow-white statue. The whole word was exciting. G.M.I. appeared as King Arthur, with Leatherbee as the lovely Guinevere. A.M.R. accused Leland of murdering all her family. He denied the charge. W.R.S. took up the lady's cause, and they fought it out at once. Right prevailed, and the murderer bit the dust.

And then, for the first time this year, we played "Compendium." It is not one of the best letters, but there were some very interesting lists.

Kim Cheney, who has been bed with a throat for several days, emerged from his lair this evening.

We see by to-day's "Herald" that C.F.B. Jr. won both intermediate and junior single scull races in Sunday's regatta on the Charles. Wish we had been there to see.



TUESDAY We wish people wouldn't  
July 13,  
B.28.94 steal our thermometer. But it  
Hazy,  
N.W. didn't need any thermometer to  
Hot.

tell us that this was a hot day.

The first camping trip got away in  
good time, heading for the northeast bay.  
That looks like North, East, or Little  
Pond, or a combination.

Class B Chinning.

Jim Hutchinson	11
D. Miller	11
Sumner	11
Wrenn	10
Storey	8
Cheney	5
Fuller	5
Reynolds	5
G. Woodbridge	5

The leaders have all come up. Cheney did better last time  
but he is still going a little easy. Fuller is also below his  
mark, while Reynolds and Woodbridge tied theirs. The zero class  
is growing smaller.

JUNIOR LEAGUE GAME.

STYMIES VS. DOYMIES.

This was a most eventful game; in fact more eventful than  
we like. The Stymies got a lead in the second inning, but they  
would hardly have got such a long one if Putnam had not been  
hit on the end of the spine by a ball thrown in. There can be  
no doubt that that bothered him, for a while at least.

In the fourth there was a good double play. Gray flied  
out to Colby, who threw the ball across to third and caught  
Farnsworth.

In the fifth came the real excitement. Hitchcock and Gourd  
collided heavily over Woodbridge's fly, and went down together.  
Gourd was pretty much knocked out, and bruised about the face.

Camping Trip

July 13<sup>th</sup>

Leland

Osgood

Sturgis

Williams

J.H.S.

J.R.

Aboljockamegus

Caughcomgomock



TUESDAY Hitchcock's ankle was in bad shape; but he had held the (Cont'd.) ball. Gourd was soon able to go on playing, but Hitchcock had to retire, his place being taken by B.L.L. In the same inning Lasater was disabled by a fly on the end of his thumb, and Richardson came up from the other game to relieve him.

One explanation offered of these accidents is that it was the thirteenth of the month. Fortunately no one else was hurt badly, though Woodbridge got hit by a pitched ball on the head. We always thought Wooden-head a good name for him.

<u>Batting Averages.</u>	
Colby	.600
Putnam	.600
Farnsworth	.500
W.R.S.	.400
Jim Hutchinson	.250
Jackson	.200

BUG LEAGUE PUDDING-BALL GAME.  
PISAS VS. BABELS.

This game, though full of excitement, was too loosely played to be considered strictly first-class ball. Scoring was heavy at times, especially in the second inning, when the Pisas fairly knocked W. Tower out of the box, scoring eight runs. In the sixth the Babels almost equalled this feat, making seven runs and tying the score.

After supper, at long and at last, we had boats. But E.S.E. took Hitchcock, Lasater, and Ives over to Waterville, to consult Dr. Hardy.

The half-past niners stayed on the float and sang, to an accompaniment of citronella and mosquitoes. We have not had so many this year.

The Watervillains came home about ten, with the good news that no one is broken.

It was such a hot evening that no one was surprised at a late splash. Very pleasant thing to do.



Stymies vs. Dormies of July 13 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.			
2	3		1 Colby	1	P-3													5	2	3			
3	1		2 Gourd	6	O-3				K	P-3								6	2	1			
6	6		3 P. M. J.	2														6	2	1			
13	0		4 Dalbey	3	K	K												4	1	0			
1	3		5 Hines	4														4	1	0			
0	0		6 Thumber	9				P-3			P-3				P-3			6	2	1			
0	0		7 Lascater	7				K										3	1	0			
0	0		8 Jack Huteh	8		P-3	K			K		P-3	K					5	0	0			
2	1		9 Hiteh	5		K												3	2	3			
0	0		10 Richardson	7								P-3						3	0	0			
			11 B. L. L.	5														2	1	1			
TIME OF GAME.					Runs total.																		
Hours..... Mins.....						1	1	5	0	0	0	1	7	1	8	0	8	3	1	1	2	1	4
Balks.	Hit by pite. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out.	1-base hits.															Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
	1			2	6	1-b. on errors.																2	
* Out after N. Woodbridge's fly. B. L. L. refused.																							

Dormies vs. Stymies of July 13 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	
2	6		1 Pulman	1			K			2-3							5	3	3	
1	0		2 N. Woodbridge	7	0-1		4-3		2-3	2-3							4	1	0	
8	3		3 W. R. S.	2					1-3		0-3		K				5	2	2	
14	0		4 W. L. P.	3	2-3		(K)				K						5	2	0	
2	0		5 Farnsworth	5							(K)		0-6				4	1	2	
0	0		6 Jackson	6	2-3			2-3	2-3								5	0	1	
0	0		7 D. Linn	8		2-3						0-3	K				3	0	0	
	3		8 J. H. Huteh	4		2-3				2-3		2-3					4	0	1	
0	0		9 Gray	9		0-6		2-3				4-3					3	0	0	
			10																	
			11																	
TIME OF GAME.					Runs total.												38	9	9	
Hours..... Mins.....																				
Balks.	Hit by pito. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				5	10	1-b. on errors.														

us. Bakers of vs. Pies of

Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
1 Wren	1											1 Bakers	1		2-3						
2 Woodbridge	5			K		2-3						2 J. H. Huteh	4		K						
3 J. H. Huteh	4											3 P. M. J.	5								
4 J. H. Huteh	2			2-3		2-3						4 J. H. Huteh	4		K						
5 L. H. Huteh	8	K	K	K	K		K					5 Bakers	5								
6 Sumner	7											6 J. H. Huteh	6			K					
7 Fuller	3											7 J. H. Huteh	7	K							
8 H. H. Huteh	6	K	K		K							8 J. H. Huteh	8		K	2-3					
9 Mann	9											9 L. H. Huteh	9								
0												10									
11												11									
		TIME OF GAME.		Runs total.																	
		Hours.....		Mins.....																	



WEDNESDAY      Another hot day. We shall be glad when George gets  
 July 14,  
 B.23.85      through his week as weather-man, as he has given us stea-  
 Hazy,  
 S.W.      dy dog-days ever since he took hold.

B.L.L. is telling us about map-making. This morning he had a  
 landscape, painted by D.V.T., and a "translation" of it on the black-  
 board, with contours, landmarks, etc., all marked. It was very interest-  
 ing.

E.S.F. gave us a word this morning about the horrid little  
 skin infection that several have. The main point seems to be, use  
 your own towel, and report any suspicious spot to the doctor.

Twinkle, twinkle, little spot,  
 How we wish that you were not!  
 Poor Bud Farnsworth and Jack Ives  
 Are a-weary of their lives.

Mrs. Elliott left by the morning train. We fear she had a hot  
 journey.

The Zahners left in the middle of the morning, by automobile.  
 We shall miss them very much. It has been delightful to have them  
 running down from Fourway.

#### FISHING.

WILLIWAW.		YAMMERSCHOONER.		JEREBUS.		IDENTICAL.		PANTASOTE.	
H.D.	E.S.E.	B.L.L.	D.V.T.	W.L.P.	W.D.				
Bennett	Thurber	Lasater	Gourd	L. Tower					
Sumner	Hill	W. Tower	Mann	Putnam					
Thompson	Jack Hutchinson	Wrenn	Carey	Wiggins					
	14 perch	4 perch	1 bass						
PANTASOTE.		CHUB.		HORNPOUT.		DUODEVICESIMUS.			
W.R.S.	Dabney	G.M.I.	N.S.W.						
L. Tower	Hitchcock	F. Miller	D. Miller						
Reynolds	Jackson	H. Woodbridge	G. Woodbridge						
Hines	1 bass	1 bass	Richardson						
47 perch									

Total number of fish, 63.

It was a perch day, but the perch did not get busy till late  
 in the afternoon. All the boats that brought in perch were late to



WEDNESDAY supper, and W.R.S., who made the big catch, was  
(Cont'd.)

the latest. He and his crew came in with six inches of muddy water in their boat, shipped near shore.

The rest of the party were put down as Ambulantes; but they feel that Ambulo-natantes describes them better. They walked over to Gleason's by the shore. And the water is high. They got on with nothing more than spatters and wet feet for a while, and pulled up the remains of Mr. Caswell's iron boat, which was washing in the breakers, badly damaged.

But when we reached the mouth of the brook we paused. It was deep, and it was wide. To be sure there were rocks, but they were a good way apart. Colby took a jump, and went in a good way. A party of scouts tried to find a way round the swamp, but were not successful. A party tried to find materials for a bridge, but the only good plank was across the brook. So C.H.C. gave the word, and accoutered as we were, we plunged in. It was waist deep on some; and when Donald MacLeod hurled himself into the billows he went in pretty much to his shoulders. But that was only one place. Soon we were on the farther beach; not exactly dry-shod, as our feet were too wet for that, but on dry land. It was so warm that no one minded being wet, and as we came home by the road, we got more or less dry before we reached camp.

Just as we came up the hill we met Camp Arcadia, who had been spending the afternoon in the Pine Parlor. We hope they left it tidy.

J.R. and his campers, Camp Snoreast, had a lively trip home, after camping on East Pond. They met a bad snag in Meadow Brook, and all the rest of the way the crew of that canoe had to bail, with occasional halts to camp. And at that they had



WEDNESDAY several inches of water in her when they got home. As  
(Cont'd.)

for their name, ask Sturgis; or ask his long-suffering companions.

We had two other arrivals this afternoon, so we are a merry  
company;

*Helen Morton*  
*Francis Morton jr.*

### THIRD SING-SONG PROGRAMME.

1. Overture, "Chopsticks"..... Jackson, Hines.
2. Mixed Quartette..... A.M.B., A.S.M., W.R.S., W.L.P.
3. Choruses..... Renzo, Rio, Chowder Song.
4. Violin Duett..... M.P., N.S.W.
5. Stunt, "The Waters Gliding."... H.D., C.H.C. & Co.
6. Stunt, "Paul Revere."..... D.V.T. & Co.

### Camp Song.

It was as much as ever that we got our overture, for Frog was  
fishing in the last boat that came in. But he got fed and dry in  
time, and was very dressy in white ducks.

The mixed quartette had had little time to practise, but they  
did "Music in the Air", and "Stars of the Summer Night." Later they  
may be more ambitious.

The violin duett was lovely, and we hope that it is only the  
first of a good many.

I find that I have reversed the order of the stunts, so I will  
take them as they were given. The scenery of "Paul Revere" was very  
fine, with the tower of the church looming up in the centre of the  
stage. Cheney as Revere, and Fuller as his nameless friend were capi-  
tal, and G.M.I. made a gallant steed. Wrenn and Carey as the minute-  
men seized their muskets, and all four chased the Red-coats with  
great spirit. L.F.R. read the poem, and D.V.T. and Reynolds furnished  
the incidental music; drum and fife, barking of the dog, crowing of the  
cock, twitter of birds, etc.

WEDNESDAY

(Cont'd.)

"To See the Waters Gliding" was more roman-

tic, though less dramatic. Louis Gourd was a gallant figure as the soldier, and Charlie Leatherbee was a charming lady. We saw little of Putnam as the husband, and Mann, Sumner, Bennett, MacLeod, Richardson, and G. Woodbridge as the children; but that was in keeping with the song, for apparently the lady didn't see much of them either. They were a fine family, and we don't wonder that the lady was unwilling to abandon them, even for a beguiling soldier that played the fiddle.

We might have done various things after sing-song. But when nearly seventy fish have come in, there is one main thing to do. Half-past niners and a good assortment of faculty went to work, and cleaned the fish. Then came a swim, doubtless much needed.

Twinkle, twinkle, little fish,  
You will make a handsome dish.  
Baked, or chowder, broil or fry,  
Or like blackbirds, in a pie.

Twinkle, twinkle, Don MacLeod,  
Wettest of the wading crowd. In the boat  
In he went with eager dash,  
And a most prodigious splash.

Those who saw strange lights on the boat-house roof, need not be alarmed. It was only Charlie Colby with a lantern, hunting for his bathing-suit.



THURSDAY (Will anybody kindly tell me why moths like to roost in  
July 15,  
R.28.70 a typewriter? I find them between the rows; at least one  
fair,  
warm, every morning, and this time there are three.)  
W.

This morning A.S.M. gave us a very interesting<sup>talk</sup> on her  
winter up in St. Anthony, in Dr. Grenfell's hospital.

Rushwhacking goes on merrily, and in addition this morning a  
squad of boundary boys worked on flags and markers. These two squads  
and the "Undertakers", (don't undertakers "berry?") found it dis-  
tinctly hot on the east side of the ridge.

Wrenn swam from the Ouananiche to the slip to-day. He looks  
like the next candidate for the test.

We all knew what was wanted for the afternoon, but when the  
wind died those of us who had been east of the ridge all the morn-  
<sup>shook our heads</sup>  
ing. But then there came a puff, which steadied and strengthened. The  
faculty broke up early. Mr. Morton came to reading, and seemed ab-  
sorbed in the lovely countenances that he saw round him, especially  
those of the Iroquois persuasion. By ten minutes past two we had  
only half our minds on David Copperfield; the rest was watching for  
Skipper. And when he came, the yell was heartfelt and unanimous.

#### FIRST SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

It was certainly warm through the first game, but the sun went  
in and the wind came up, and on the whole it was a perfectly good  
day.

The first game went to the Iroquois, for they made five runs,  
and the Algonquins none. The Algonquins, however, were one shot to  
the good.

The second was extremely close; one run each, the Algonquins  
winning, nineteen shots to fourteen.

The third game was the big one of the series. The runs were  
eight all, and the Iroquois won by six shots. This leaves them one up.



# Algonquins

	I		II		III	
	Killed	Shots	Killed	Shots	Killed	Shots
H.D.	X	•	X	•	X	•
J.R.		•	X	•	X	•
B.L.L.	X	•	X	•	X	•
D.V.T.	X	•	X	•	X	•
A.M.R.	X	•		•	X	•
Cheney		•		•	X	•
Colby		•	X	•	X	•
Dabney		•	X	•	X	•
Farnsworth	X	•		•	X	•
Fuller	X	•	X	•	X	•
Gourd	X	•	X	•	X	•
Gray	X	•	X	•	X	•
Hill	X	•	X	•	X	•
Hines		•		•		•
Hutchinson, Jim	X	•		•		•
Ives	X	•	X	•	X	•
Lassler	X	•		•	X	•
MacLeod		•	X	•	X	•
Mann		•	X	•	X	•
Osgood	X	•		•	X	•
Putnam	X	•		•	X	•
Richardson	X	•	X	•	X	•
Tower, W.		•	X	•	X	•
Williams	X	•	X	•	X	•
Woodbridge, H.	X	•		•	X	•
G.M.I.		•		•		•
M.M.		•		•		•

# Iroquois

	I		II		III	
	Killed	Shots	Killed	Shots	Killed	Shots
C.H.C.		•	X	•	X	•
N.S.W.		•	X	•	X	•
E.S.E.		•	X	•	X	•
W.R.S.		•	X	•	X	•
J.H.S.		•	X	•	X	•
Balchelder	X	•	X	•	X	•
Bennett	X	•	X	•	X	•
Carey		•	X	•	X	•
Degen	X	•	X	•	X	•
Hitchcock	X	•	X	•	X	•
Hutchinson, Jno.	X	•	X	•	X	•
Jackson		•	X	•	X	•
Leatherbee		•	X	•	X	•
Leland		•	X	•	X	•
Miller, D.	X	•	X	•	X	•
Miller, P.	X	•	X	•	X	•
Reynolds	X	•	X	•	X	•
Storey	X	•	X	•	X	•
Sturgis	X	•	X	•	X	•
Sumner	X	•	X	•	X	•
Thompson	X	•	X	•	X	•
Thurber	X	•	X	•	X	•
Tower, L.	X	•	X	•	X	•
Wiggins	X	•	X	•	X	•
Woodbridge, G.	X	•	X	•	X	•
Wrenn	X	•	X	•	X	•



THURSDAY Hines leads the list on shots, with nine for the after-  
(Cont'd.)

noon; four in the first game, one in the second, four in the third.

A.M.R. comes second, with eight; one in the first, four in the second, three in the third. But Hines was not killed at all, which makes his average for the afternoon remarkable.

In runs, Jack Hutchinson<sup>and Sturgis, one</sup> did best, scoring in the first and third games. No one else made more than one run.

There was one murder, but on the whole the playing was good. We ought to have a splendid season, with such a beginning.

After supper came the usual dope talks, in the usual places.

We went as we pleased from dope talk till half-past eight, and most of us did not please to do anything very strenuous. We have noticed this before after scouting.

The half-past niners began "The Boule Cabinet"; but we doubt if many of them are prepared to pass an examination on what was read. There were many very peaceful countenances, and closed eyes. In fact Charlie Leland did not wake up till we were forming for Taps.

Late in the night there was a most extraordinary squall. There was no rain, but the west wind came roaring in so hard that one expected to see the float and all the rangeleys come in on the beach. But it was short-lived, and no mischief was done.

## Camp Snor' East

This memorable expedition started out on a fine July morning in the Abol and Corber, for East Pond — Island, Stungis and J.H.S. in the Corber; Osgood Williams and J.R. in the Abol. We had been told dire stories of the condition of meadow trails, but found it not too bad, though with a good many birches down in the upper reaches and the second bridge rather a ruin. Pop's beautiful lunch was half consumed, after a swim in North Pond, and then we paddled to Smithfield, where we looked over the soda situation in the up-todate store that adorns that peaceful village. We needed cooling drinks, for it was a scorcher. We continued pleasantly up Smithfield stream, and soon were in East Pond — the first merryweathers to get there this season.

We camped on "Johnny's island", a famous old camping place that has been



abandoned for many years, because of the house built there. The house is now burned down, though there still remain a bathhouse, and an outhouse with a piano in it. It's a lovely camping place with a nice beach, and a grassy opening for the tent, in front of a growth of pines and birches. We had the tent up quickly, a fireplace built of bricks from the ruined house, and a bed made of bakes which we gathered in great amounts, there being no hemlock or balsam there. Then while four went fishing, J.H.S. and J.R. stayed to start supper going.

The fishermen returned - hungry but fishless, and we made a merry meal of bacon, fried potatoes and cocoa, helped out by some remains of the aforesaid beautiful lunch. (Of course we swam before supper.) Then we sat around the fire, as campers do, and very happy. J.H.S. watched tenderly over his

absence for the morrow's breakfast, while J.R. was equally solicitous concerning rice. We crawled under cover with the friendly argument concerning sleeping places that always occurs, for six is a snug fit in the camping tent. During the night, some of us were uneasy. We had heard snoring before, but what was this strange, continuous, roaring snore that we heard? We thought of wolverines and Canada lynxes. By the early morning light, however, we found that the gruesome phenomenon was produced by Howard Sturgis, who was snoring both ways. When accused of this horrible conduct, he tried to evade us, but the evidence was overwhelming against him. It is sad to think of such habits acquired by a young man, whose other ways are so exemplary.

The night was Sturgis's, but the morning hours belonged to Ralph Williams. How he chattered and laughed and beat upon



Down Meadow Brook again, but so much easier  
than going up that sweet stream. Halfway down  
the Abol struck a bad snag that made a barndoor  
tear in the canvas. The water came in so  
rapidly that it was a very ticklish business  
paddling against a big south wind from the  
mouth of the brook to Snake Point. But the  
gallant Abol plugged along, and we dumped  
her on a dock at Snake Point, where two  
ample women and a well rounded male  
were sympathetic. Then both canoes banged  
away into the white caps from the south  
that always rise to meet returning campers  
from Meadow Brook, the Corker leading.  
In the lee of Stony Point we bailed the  
Abol, and then away for Camp, which we  
reached in good order. One mighty good  
trip, and all hands in good shape.

FRIDAY      If we had not scouted yesterday, we should have  
July 16  
Clear,      most surely scouted to-day. As it was, there was a  
Cool  
N.W.      chance for the dopesters.

This morning H.D. gave us a talk on surveying, especially measuring the heights of hills. A good many had been wondering how it was done.

M.P. went off by the morning, to attend the wedding of her cousin Miss Lawrence (No, no relation of B.L.L.) and Dr. Edward Harding. Wish all of us who knew him here at camp might be there too. As we can't, we hope she will get back as soon as she can.

Pomander walk is now in commission. Brethren from the Mammoth, Copley, and Bachelor's Row have now ample facilities for brushing their teeth on their way to breakfast. By the way, a toothbrush this morning caught many. Generally they come on wet days.

MAJOR LEAGUE GAME  
IMPETIGOS VS. SULPHURITES.

Not a very close game, but an interesting one. The Sulphurites won by a big margin, which we hope is a good omen for the discouragement of the plague spot.

B.L.L. pitched a hitless game till the seventh, and allowed only two hits in the whole game. Both of them were made by Hitchcock, whose ankle has practically recovered.

H.D. struck out nineteen men to his opponent's sixteen, but gave more passes. With a little rearranging of positions, the teams ought to be pretty even.

In the sixth inning Putnam made a spectacular catch, running at full speed, and putting N.S.W. out.

We are glad to say that no casualties resulted from this game, though Hitchcock and Gould were playing side by



(cont'd.)

DEES VS. DUMS.

possible to play the full nine innings. The final score was 21-16.

## SENATORS VS. CONGRESSMEN.

all the details of the game that reach us.

[illegible]



Impetigo vs. Sulphur of June 16 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr hits
0	1		1 Hines	4	K	K			K		K		K				5	0	0	
19	1		2 J. M. L.	2	03		2-3		K								4	0	0	
1	2		3 V. S. W.	6			2-3			0-6	4-3						4	1	0	
2	1		4 H. S.	1						0-5		0-1					3	0	0	
5	0		5 J. P.	3	K		2-3					3-2					4	0	0	
0	0		6 J. M. L.	7		K		2-3		K		2-6					4	0	0	
0	0		7 J. M. L.	8				K									4	1	2	
0	0		8 W. L. P.	5		K		K			K		K				4	0	0	
0	0		9 Stinger	9					K				K				2	0	0	
			10																	
			11																	
27	5		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	0			34	2	2	
Balks.	Hit by pitch.	Missed 3d strk.	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out.	1-base hits.											Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
				8	19	1-b. on errors.												1		
Muffed fly.	Missed gr'd's.	Muffed thru.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.											Left on bases.	Games played.	Games won.	Games lost.

vs. of at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
			1 J. M. L.	7												
			2 J. M. L.	6												
			3 J. M. L.	4												
			4 J. M. L.	9												
			5 J. M. L.	2												
			6 J. M. L.	6												
			7 J. M. L.													
			8 J. M. L.													
			9 J. M. L.	1												
			10													
			11													
			TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	3	2	2	2	1						

vs. of at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
			1 J. M. L.	6												
			2 J. M. L.	4												
			3 J. M. L.	2												
			4 J. M. L.	6												
			5 J. M. L.	6												
			6 J. M. L.													
			7 J. M. L.													
			8 J. M. L.													
			9 J. M. L.	1												
			10													
			11													
			TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	6	1	7								



FREDAY  
(Cont'd.)

Great excitement at Digestion Club, when Revivalis suddenly remarked that he saw a fox, or a wolf, go across one corner of the field. Most of us went out to look. But alas! It was only Walter Gleason's dog.

Oh, Freddy thought he saw a wolf,

And got us all excited;

To see a beast so very rare,

We all should be delighted.

But soon, alas, the verdict came

Which did his feelings jog;

The harmless cause of <sup>all</sup> the row

Was only Gleason's dog!

Half-past eight Boston is always a lively game, and with our increased space the two circles do not interfere with each other nearly so much.

Frog celebrated his last official going to bed as a half-past eighter by giving a concert to his friends in the South. Some of us were not present, but we heard the applause, which we know from experience was well deserved.

The half-past niners tried a long word. "Disintegration" was not satisfactory, so we took "cinematographs", which is a beauty.

SATURDAY      The first shower came about four o'clock, but it  
 July 17,  
 B.28.90      didn't amount to much. And we knew there was some-  
 Cool,  
 Cloudy      thing in the air.  
 N.W.

It being Skipper's birthday, we gave him our good  
 Light  
 showers.      wishes at breakfast. This is unusual; but as I said  
 before, there was something in the air.

And Skipper didn't say "Blankets on the Hill." And the  
 dopesters winked at each other.

Skipper has begun to tell us about trees. We had reading  
 as usual, and there were beans to string. But though the  
 weather looked a bit doubtful, we felt pretty sure. And we  
 were right. It was to be our first all day expedition.

MT. MCGAFFEY, ROCKY MOUNTAIN, HORNBEAM HILL.  
HORNBEAM HILL.

<u>CORKER.</u>	<u>ABOR.</u>	<u>WILLIAMS.</u>	<u>YAMMERSCHOONER.</u>
H.D.	J.H.S.	D.V.T.	W.L.P.
Williams	Thurber	Leland	Colby
L.Tower	Reynolds	Mann	Degen
Gourd	Jackson	Richardson	Sumner

MT. MCGAFFEY.

<u>EBEN.</u>	<u>TOGUS.</u>	<u>TREBUS.</u>	<u>TERROR.</u>
W.R.S.	C.H.C.	G.M.I.	Dabney
Basater	Jim Hutch.	Sturgis	Putnam
Jack Hutchins		Thompson	Wrenn
F. Miller	A.M.R.	H.M.	R.R.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN.

<u>OUANANICHE.</u>	<u>IDENTICAL.</u>
J.R.	E.S.E.
Ives	Hitchcock
A.S.M.	Carey
Fuller	Cheney
D. Miller	
Gray	

M.M.

McLeod

Hill

Wiggins

STAY-AT-HOMES.

H.R.

L.E.R.

B.L.G.

N.S.W.

H. Woodbridge

G. Woodbridge

Farnsworth

Bennett



SATURDAY            The Mt. McGaffey (or Mt. Royal) quartette got away first  
(Cont'd.)

and were pretty well through the carry when the rest came along.

All hands took hold on the Ouanaaliche, and the carry was made in fair time.

Again the Royalists got away first, and landed at Monataka. We had a glimpse of Georgie Snedberg, out fishing, and W.R.S. went over for a nearer look at him.

Swim and dinner were both lively, and then we set out, leaving R.R. at the landing. We stooped at the house to have a word with the ladies, and to fill ourselves and our canteens at the best well in the county. Then it was all aboard for our train.

The view was beautiful all along the road, and so was the view from the long field, where we found blueberries. We also found cattle, but they let us alone.

The woods are growing very thick, but in due course of time we reached the big ledge in the northwest field. We had hardly sat down when we saw a man coming up the hill, evidently meaning business. He wore navy trousers, and seemed like a foreigner, but he owns the farm; or rather his sister does. As soon as he found that we did not mean to build a fire, he became friendly, and told us all about a party the day before, who had lighted a fire that got into the woods, and made no end of trouble. He stayed as long as we did, and showed us a nice little well near the foot of the field. In fact he climbed down into it and filled our canteens for us.

There has been a good deal of cutting done on the west end of the hill, and there is a good-sized saw-mill there. It was not running, but the number of shacks, and the size of the sawdust heap looked as if operations were pretty extensive.

All the way along we were enlivened by a chorus, who sang round



SATURDAY and everything else they could think of. We had a  
(Cont'd.)

drink from a lovely little brook that comes down from the  
mountain, and found enormous raspberries.

By the time we reached Monataka it was raining, so we  
waited for a while in the barn. Then most of us went down, for  
a swim, A.M.R. and W.R.S. stopping to see the ladies, and to  
pick up R.R., who had come up for a call.

After swim a fire was good, and we toasted most of our  
bread, and were very luxurious. We also had music. The ladies  
sang, and Frog and Put each gave us a song. So it was very gay  
indeed. Just before we embarked George came down to see us off.  
He will be over to see us one of these days, we hope.

We were first at the landing, with the Rocky Mountaineers  
not far behind. And by the time the Ouananiche was ready for  
the carry, the Hornbeam Hill party had come up. So we made  
good time once more.

The only trouble was that we walked on the newly-sown  
grass, and the proprietor of the Central House was much  
annoyed. We may have to give up carrying there, though we hope  
not.

The Hornbeam Hillers landed in the cove behind the first  
island, where there are benches. They found a good spring, for  
which directions are as followed: go up the logging road about  
seventy-five yards, to a path. Turn up the path, go about ten  
yards, and you will find the spring.

The only sad misadventure of this party was that they  
left their jam and cheese behind at the Mills. Colby wanted  
to give up the walk, and go back after the basket, but that  
did not seem a very good plan.



SATURDAY . They went up the hill from the north. This is not so steep (cont'd.)

as the east side, but you miss the lovely big spring in the field.

They had a delightful call on the Jacksons and their coons. Only two are now left, Vic and Billith, but they have grown so tame that they will climb all over you, and eat out of your hand. The bees were also on exhibition, and the whole party were treated to honey and crackers, which made up for the missing jam.

The Jacksons have installed a new well-sweep, and have just given up their old bucket, which had been in use for a hundred and fifty years.

Mrs. Jackson sent L.E.R. and A.M.R. a lovely comb of honey, just out of the hive.

The Rocky Mountaineers filled their canteens at Beaver Spring, but Long Pond is so low this year that they could not get the Ouananiche in to the landing, but camped at Rocky Mountain Brook. They not only climbed Rocky, but went down the back to the eastern little pond. A man made some objection to their crossing his field, but calmed down when he found that they knew enough to go in single file. They went up the road, and crossed the nose of the mountain through the woods, and came back to their landing, after swimming in Rocky Mountain pond. They built a fire in a cave, and the cave-dwellers were very gay.

When we all got under way at the Mills, we had a nice example of the way some motor-boats behave. We met a great many. Some were going slowly, but others were tearing along at a pace that is neither safe nor decent in a narrow channel. One changed his course so suddenly that he cleared the Fogus by a scant six inches. It was not a pleasant minute. And the Eben got so full, catching the waves of three at once, in three different directions, that she had to run ashore and

SATURDAY 11mp.  
(Cont'd.)

After that we had no more adventures. We kept a pretty good line till we got past Oak Island, and then formed in single file; the four canoes, the Ouananiche, and the rangeleys. We headed for the point, and then turned up to the float; a very pretty evolution.

We found our stay-at-homes in great spirits. Tutors and tutees had been over to Goose Beach, where they had games and a general good time. Then after supper they had had various charades; ingratiate, Anecdote, and metaphysician.

The only sad thing about the afternoon was that Mrs. MacLeod came over, thinking to surprise her Donald; and he was far away on Long Pond. That is the trouble with surprises. We hope that she will try again, with better luck.

Great joy over Frog's entrance into the ranks of the half-past niners. He sang for us, amid great applause, and didn't go to sleep a bit.

We went on with the Boule Cabinet. Things are getting lively.



SUNDAY            Marcus Morton left very early this morning. A few of  
July 19,  
3.29.15        us heard his automobile when he started it, but not many.  
Fair,  
Cool,  
S.W.            Too bad he could not have stayed longer.

To-day was measuring day. We shall give the results  
as soon as we get time to tabulate them with last year's heights.

Mrs. MacLeod came over this morning, with Norman and Bobby, and  
Mr. Ashley. They stayed to dinner, and then took Donald off with them  
for the night.

Phil Wrenn passed his swimming test this morning, in great  
style. Carey went well down below the Ouananiche, so he looks like  
the next man.

At afternoon reading we began "Macbeth".

Our picnic was in the pine parlor, and most of the afternoon  
was taken up with Skouhegan. Score and announcement follow shortly.  
It was a merry afternoon, except for Phil Wrenn. We have heard of  
people getting swelled heads after doing something big; but we never  
heard of a boy getting a swelled face because he passed the swim-  
ing test. It was white-tailed hornets, and they certainly did a good  
job.

We had a fire to heat our baked beans, and the ladies were  
butlers. The half-past eighters want to know when it will be their  
turn.

We got home in time to have many good hymns. It is easier to  
get back from the pine parlor than from Goose Beach against a south  
wind.

Our stories were "The Man Who Was", and "The Lost Blend."

But the real event of the day was the return of M.P. from the  
wedding. She got here just in time from the picnic, and perhaps it  
wasn't good to get her.



# All Hands

at 4.00 P.M.

Will move North by East  
to

Millard's Pasture

and  
there  
play  
the  
ancient  
and  
honorable  
game  
of

SKOWHEGAN

Picnic

in

Pine

Parlor







MONDAY      Our first real rainy morning. It was so dark that  
July 19,  
5.25.96      we had to have the lanes lighted at breakfast to  
Cool,  
Rain,      see our way to our mouths, and so noisy at times that  
N.E.

it bothered us at reading. We had a good half hour of  
singing, and there was a big boat-building squad.

There were also two Promethean squads, one under command  
of Dabney, the other led by Putnam. Putnam's crew got smoke  
in five minutes and a half. They used very peculiar fuel, with  
too large a proportion of punk and dead leaves, but they got a  
real fire going on the ninth match. It was too late to rig a  
kettle, however, so they were called off.

Dabney and his braves were only a little way off, so it  
was easy for both parties to exchange compliments. They got  
birch bark and white pine, but not enough of either. Their fire  
got several starts, but every time Williams, it is said, blew  
it out. They used their ten matches without result.

The contest was finally called off; "a drifting race,  
Putnam four miles ahead."

By dinner-time the infirmary puddle had risen to flood  
level, and N.S.W. did some fine acrobatic stunts getting from  
the tutorial to dinner.

After faculty coffee the tide was still high, so Hitch-  
cock played ferryman, and carried B.L.L. and H.D. across.

By this time the wind had shifted, and the clouds were  
rolling up on the mountains. The rain was obviously over. So  
Noah's Birthday was announced, and all hands went out to  
celebrate. This great anniversary is not so widely recognized  
as it ought to be, but we do our part every year.



MONDAY  
(Cont'd.)

NOAH'S BIRTHDAY.

OUANANICHE.

H. R.

M.P.	A.S.W.
H.M.	Lasater
Carey	Jim Hutchinson
Sumner	Farnsworth
Wiggins	Hill

R.R.

Cheney

Mann

WILLIWAW.	IDENTICAL.	EREBUS.	YAMMERSCHOONER.	TERROR.	PANTASOTE.
D.V.T.	Hitchcock	Leland	C.H.C.	Putnam	H.D.
Jackson	Hines	Sturgis	Leatherbee	Osgood	L.Tower
Jack Hutch.	Williams	Richardson	Bennett	Reynolds	G.Woodbridge
					Thomson

CAUGHCOMGOMOC. ABOLJOCKAMEGUS. EBENEZER. WORROMONTOGUS.

W.R.S.	E.S.E.	B.L.L.	N.S.W.
H.Woodbridge	Fuller	D.Miller	Storey
Gourd	Degen	Batchelder	MacLeod
W.Tower	A.M.R.	Colby	F.Miller

ROB ROY. RIPOGENUS. ALLEGASH. SANDPEEP.

G.M.I.	J.H.S.	J.R.	W.L.P.
Phurber	Dabney	Ives	Gray

We formed in single file, Ouananiche leading, then the canoes, followed by the Rob Roy and Sandpeep, and the rangeleys. In this order we proceeded round Shute Island, and then formed battle front; a lively job for the rear boats, who had to get to outside position. Then came two lines, after which the Ouananiche went to the rear, and we rounded Oak in single file again. After a second battle front, we got to original positions, and the Ouananiche took her station at Pickerel, while the rest of the fleet circled round and round her, greeted by the sneezes of her crew.

It was a splendid afternoon, and on the whole the evolutions were well done. Special credit is due the Rob and the Sandpeep, who do not often figure on these occasions. The Rob Roy, in particular, behaved splendidly, though by the end of the afternoon she had six inches of water in her.

Everyone doped charades, but instead we had boats. It was an ideal boat evening, and we have had only one before. So we paddled, rowed or drifted, as seemed best, and some of us built fires and had

MONDAY            stories, and some of us bent birches. There is  
(Cont'd.)  
always plenty to do on a boat night.

The half-past niners had two rounds of Clothes-pins, in which the Clothes beat the Pins by twelve each time. Gourd and Osgood had better practise up before we try it again.

And then we laid our weary bones on the floor, and went on with "The Boule Cabinet." We have now seen a pair of burning eyes looking through a hole in the shutter, and we are looking for trouble.



## Camping Trip

July 20<sup>th</sup>

Colby

Dahney

Fuller

Thurber

H.D.

W.R.S

Ebenezer

Caughcomgomock

THURSDAY      Dick Thurber was so excited  
July 20,  
Overcast, when he found he was going on  
cool,  
N.W.      a camping trip that he forgot

his weather report. It cleared during the  
morning, and was a very fine day.

The morning began with the tradition-  
al putting in the pond of W.L.P. We don't  
remember who first did it, but it has been  
an established custom for a good while.

As we did not get aired and boiled Saturday, owing to the expedi-  
tion, we did both to-day, and had our first wrestling for the  
season.

The bout between H. Woodbridge and Sturgis resulted in a draw.  
Leatherbee had the better of Storey, but could <sup>not</sup> get him quite  
down.

The encounter between Wiggins and Hill was a lively one, Wig-  
gins finally getting his opponent down on the mat.

Putnam downed Jackson.

Degen and D. Miller were evenly matched, in spite of the differ-  
ence in weight.

The last bout, between G. Woodbridge and Bennett, was a hot one.  
Both men went at it hard, but there was no fall.

-----  
Just after reading W.L.P. left for Boston. It has been fine  
to have him back.

Miss Morton also left, to join her brother at Portland.

The campers got away in the teeth of the booming gale, and were  
last seen by the raspberry squad, crossing Gleason's bay. They must  
have had a fine head wind up Ellis Pond.



Lester D. D.

Stacy



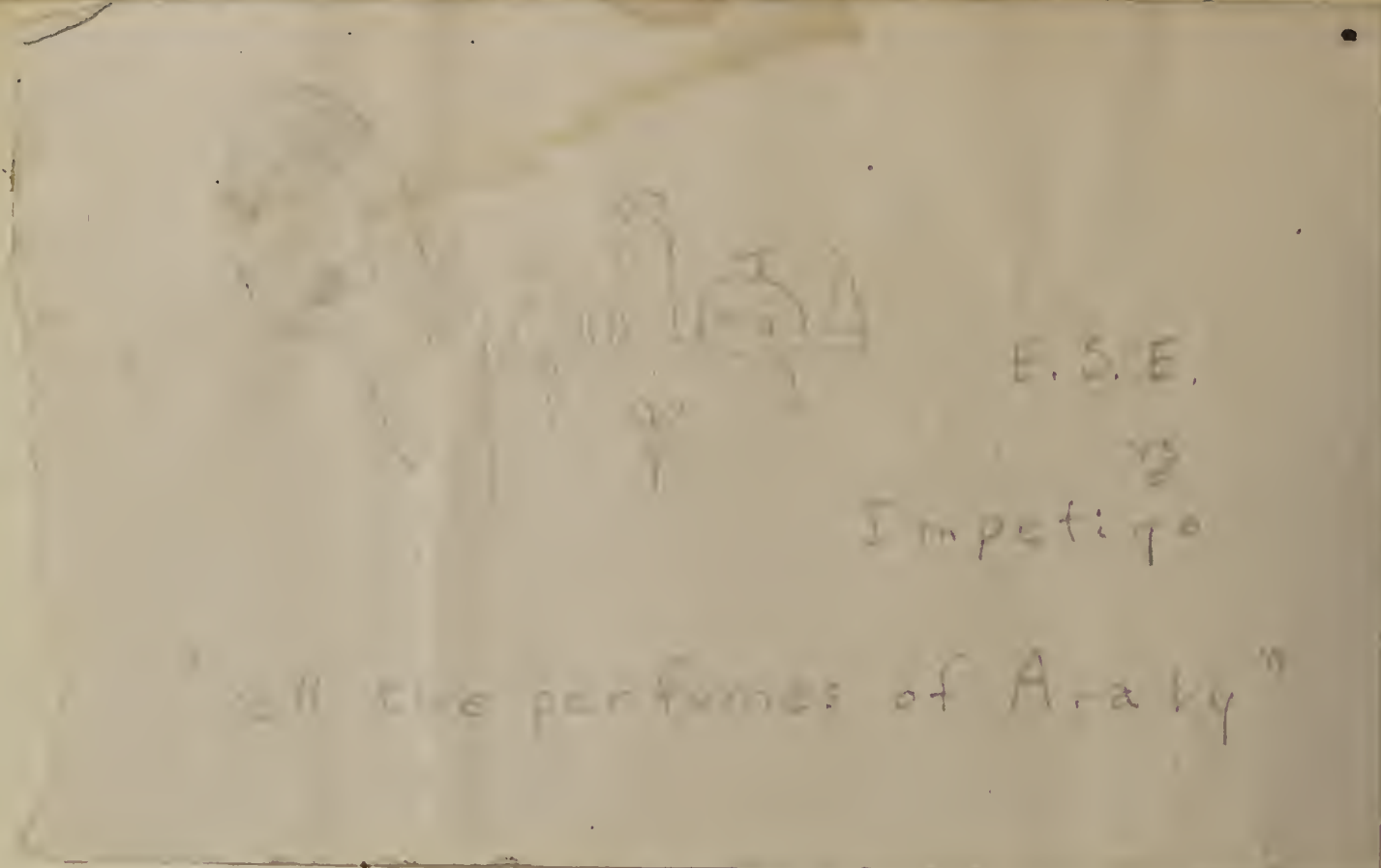
Stacy

Hefey W.



Hill & Wiggins





JUNIOR LEAGUE GAME.  
WHIPPOORWILLS VS. KATY-BIDS.

This was the closest junior game we have had for a long time, if not the closest we have ever had. The score, and the fact that it ended at five o'clock, are both worthy of note.

Putnam pitched a fine game, allowing only two hits, and fanning thirteen men.

Jackson was not quite so steady, but no one hit him till the sixth inning.

In the fifth inning, Gourd made an unassisted double play, catching Beland's fly, and eliminating J.H.S., who had strayed too far from the sack.

There was <sup>a</sup>thrill in the sixth, when, with bases full, Jackson threw home, cutting off H. Woodbridge at the plate, and G.M.I. sent the ball to first in time to catch Hines.

Again and again it looked like a big score. Twelve men were left on third, and three times the runner was out at the plate.

Jack Hutchinson made an assist from right field in the eighth, retiring the side, with a man on third.



Katy vs. White of at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	
3	0		1 Sound	6	<del>X</del>		21	K			20		1-3				4	0	1	
1	3		2 Jackson	1	K		23		<del>X</del>		<del>X</del>		<del>X</del>				2	1	0	
8	0		3 Siletano	3	K			<del>X</del>	K		K		<del>X</del>				4	1	0	
11	4		4 Miller, J. 2	2	K			<del>X</del>	04		<del>X</del>		K				4	1	0	
0	1		5 Jim Hutch	4		<del>X</del>		0-3	2-3		0-3		<del>X</del>				7	0	2	
0	0		6 L. Dower	7		03		<del>X</del>		4-3		<del>X</del>	K				5	0	0	
3	0		7 Reynolds	9		K		<del>X</del>		K		0-3					4	0	0	
0	0		8 Gray	8		K		<del>X</del>				0-1					3	0	0	
1			9 Sturgis	5			K	K		04		0-3					4	0	0	
			10																	
			11																	
24	9		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	0	0	0	2	0	2	0	2	0	2	1	3	34	3	2
Balks.	Hit by pito. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on h's.	Struck out.	1-base hits.											Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	
				10	9	1-h. on errors.														

Whipple vs. Kalydis of July 20 at

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	
1	1		1 Huxie	4	0-2		0-3	K		2-3							5	1	0	
3	2		2 Putnam	1	K		4-3				0-3						4	0	2	
14	1		3 Jones	2			K		K		2-5						4	0	2	
0	1		4 J. H. S.	6					1-0			K					1	0	0	
8	0		5 Pelant	3	2-3				0-1		1-2						3	1	0	
0	0		6 McWorthing	7		4-2				1-3		2-5					3	0	1	
0	1		7 Hutch	9		0-3				0-1							2	1	0	
0	0		8 Williams	8		K		K									2	1	0	
1	0		9 Osgood	5								K					3	1	1	
			10																	
			11																	
27	6		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	0	0	0	1	1	2	0	2	0	2	3	5	27	5	6
Balks.	Hit by pito. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out.	1-base hits.		Earn'd runs.		2-base hits.		3-base hits.								
				6	13	1-b. on errors.														

Wright vs. Cleveland of Aug 10 at

Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	1	1	11	K	1-3	1-3			1-3
	2	2	11	1-3	1-3		1-3		1-3
	3	3	K	1-3	1-3		1-3	1-3	1-3
	4	2	11	1-3	1-3		1-3	1-3	1-3
	5	4	11	1-3	1-3	1-3	1-3	1-3	K
	6	5	11	1-3	1-3	1-3	1-3	K	1-3
	7	7	11	1-3	K	K	K	K	1-3
	8	8	11	1-3	1-3	1-3	1-3	1-3	1-3
	9	9	11	1-3	1-3	1-3	1-3	1-3	1-3
	10	10	1-3	1-3	1-3	1-3	1-3	1-3	1-3
	11	11	1-3	1-3	1-3	1-3	1-3	1-3	1-3
TIME OF GAME.			Runs total.						
Hours..... Mins.....			53-43-37-22-15-12-11						

Wright vs. Cleveland of Aug 10 at

Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
		1	1				5-3		0	K
		2	2				2		0	
		3	3						0	
		4	4				1-3		3	
		5	5				C. 7	10		
		6	6							
		7	7				1-3			
		8	8							
		9	9							
		10	10							
		11	11							
TIME OF GAME.			Runs total.							



TUESDAY  
Cont'd.)

FLRA LEAGUE GAME.  
CINCINNATI VS. CLEVELAND.

The first two innings of this game appear to have been rather loosely played. After that things steadied down, and the final score was close. Degen made four runs, and a good many men rounded the bases three times.

All this time the wind was blowing, and canoe tests were on. It takes time to run canoe tests, but two passed with flying colors, N.S.W. and B.L.L. Hearty congratulations to both. E.S.W. did splendidly, till he swamped his boat getting in. Better luck next time.

Then came able and expert swimming, as follows:

<u>Able Swimmers.</u>	<u>Expert Swimmers.</u>
Degen	Hitchcock
Gray	Jim Hutchinson
Leatherbee	Jack Hutchinson
Reynolds	Putnam
	W. Tower.

A good many others tried, but could not finish. L. Tower got within a few yards of the point on his return trip, but swamped. Batchelder said that when he found he was going backwards instead of forwards, it was time to stop.

The experts differed in their theories about undressing. Hitchcock and Putnam got everything off, Jack Hutch left his shoes and stockings on, and the other two made the return trip as they were.

After supper we had Digestion Club, and then two lively circles of Towel.

The half-past niners played Telegrams, with very fine results.

They also had one fine round of Consequences. We give samples of both.

A Wicked Person, on shore to Japhet.

Poppy-cock! rain easily terminated; elderly Noah daft. Idiotic notion. Gee!

TUESDAY  
(Cont'd.)

Mrs. Noah to Noah, during building of Ark.

Pa, return! Elephants troublesome; endless noise. Desist!

I'm not going.

S.O.S. from Noah.

Pesky rain, elephants, and near: distant isles no good.

From Adam, Eve & Co., to Uncle Noah.

Pray return every toboggan. Evidently Nevil died instantly. Never gormandize.

Lookout in crow's nest of Ark, to Noah.

Poor rabbi expects to embark. Naughty dervish is now gesticulating.

Keeper of Alexandria menagerie.

Pigs roaring, elephants trilling, eels neighing. Doesn't indicate nice going.

Ham.

To Nemo.

Precious rats eat tremendously, even nails, duffle, iron, not grateful.

Japhet.

To "Sodom Daily Herald."

Plantations ruined everlastingly. Trilobites expect no dinner in Noah's galley.

Noah to Japhet, afterwards.

Pretty rainbow excites tears. Exceedingly nasty deluge is now gone.

Mrs. Noah, to a friend.

Pterodactyls rampant everywhere. Terrific eels nibbling dinosaur in nauseating greed.

News bits from the Ark.

1. Pouring rain ended. Two elderly nice doves into nature go.

2. Proud raging elephant's trunk encircled napping dog in nasty grip.

3. Pesky rats eat the eggs. No dinner in Noah's grange.

4. Pigs refuse entirely to eat nice doughnuts in nutritious



TUESDAY  
(Cont'd.)

garbage.

From Mrs. Noah to her aunt (in a tree) describing  
terrible conditions in the Ark.

Paralytic rhinoceros engulfed; terrapin escapes; Noah  
demented; I need gin!

---

Consequences.

The great Gourd waddles greedily at Camp Merryweather.

The black Doctor dances outrageously at the circus.

The homely Frog leaps absolutely in the Copley Plaza.

The wicked Captain John simpers wickedly on the Pie-plant.

The coy Mr. Corning winks inadvertently in the Crows' Nest.

The squint-eyed Ikey shimmies blandly in the swamp.

The pugnacious Dabney tipples prettily in the Squannacook.

The flat Donald laughs hungrily in squads.

The pie-faced Mr. Walker yaps mercilessly in the bone-yard.



The Wanderers' Welcome,  
(see Wednesday.)

WEDNESDAY, This morning, the aquarium, having been duly  
 July 21,  
 Fair, coated with minwax, was partly filled. If it is tight,  
 Warner,  
 S.W. then all aboard for plants and fish.

Shower  
 late  
 at  
 night.

# FISHING AND OUANANICHE.

## WILLI WAW. YAMMERSCHOONER. IDENTICAL. PANTASOTE.

N.S.W.	B.L.L.	D.V.T.	J.R.
Cheney	Hill	H.Wood.	Richardson
Sumner	Wrenn	Carey	G.Woodbridge
L.Tower	MacLeod	Thompson	Mann
	1 perch	2 bass	

EREBUS.	TERROR.	NO. 18.	CHUB.	HORNPOUT.
Farnsworth	Hitchcock	Leland	Ives	Osgood
F.Miller	Sturgis	D.Miller	Gourd	Jackson
Batchelder	Reynolds	Bennett	h. Jim Hutch.	Lasater
1 pout		1 bass	1 bass	2 bass

Total number of fish, 8.

## OUANANICHE. (On an important mission.)

### C.H.C.

J.H.S.	G.M.I.
A.M.R.	Degen
Gray	Hines
W.Tower	Leatherbee
Putnam	Storey

### M.P.

Wiggins  
 Jack Hutchinson

The Ouananiche went up to Furbush's, to order stove-wood. This important mission being fulfilled, she coasted the bog, and landed a good part of her crew to pick white orchids, which were almost as thick as daisies in a hay field. We also found a toy canoe floating, and Frog went in up to his hips in fishing it out. How an old tennis-ball came to be in the edge of a sphagnum bog it is hard to guess, but there was one, and we brought it home.

Late in the afternoon we looked for our returning campers. But, imagine our feelings when only W.R.S. and his crew appeared! Where was H.D.? Well, when they reached the head of Meadow Brook, they suddenly realized that each boat thought the other had the camping kit. In other words, the kit



WEDNESDAY was still on the island in East Pond, where they (Cont'd.) had camped. So H.D., Dabney, and Thurber turned round, to cross North Pond, go up the stream, make the island, reverse the process, come down Meadow Brook, and in time reach Camp. No use looking for them till half-past eight; so we went in to supper.

#### FOURTH SING-SONG PROGRAMME.

1. Overture, "Cockadoodle Duett".....J.R., A.M.R.
2. Piano Solo.....Jackson.
3. Merryweather Quartette.....J.R., N.S.W.,  
G.M.I., Leland.
4. Choruses.....Lilliburlero, Cameron Men, Water-rats.
5. Merryweather Orchestra.....N.S.W., M.P., Leland,  
L. Tower, Reynolds.
6. Stunt, "The Bishop of Rumfifoo."....W. Tower, Gray,  
Hines, Sturgis.
7. Stunt, "Renzo".....J.R., L.E.R., Batchelder,  
B.L.L., G.M.I., E.S.E., Reynolds.  
Camp Song.

The Cockadoodle Duett, while not so well established in the public favor as Chopsticks, is also a good old camp tradition. It was the work of J.R. and Mr. Kimball, who performed it to the admiration of all.

Harry Jackson gave us a delightful solo. He says he hasn't any more. But there is the mail, and we would advise him to get some more.

It is good to have our quartette going again. They gave us "The Bull-dog", "Solomon Levi", and "General Grant." More next time, gentlemen.

The orchestra was in fine form, and gave us two first-rate selections. Here again we hope for more in due time.

The stunts were both capital. Pirate Bill was superb as the Bishop, and Sturgis a model of grace and agility as the Dancing-man. Gray and Hines were certainly equal to any twenty-three, and we felt the full eloquence of their performance on the tum-tum.



WEDNESDAY

(Cont'd.)

Renzo and his trials are familiar to us all, but perhaps we have never realized so keenly the poignancy of his tragic career until now. J.R. threw into the title role all the power which it deserves. No one could mistake him for a tailor, for there was Larry as the tailor, and they did not look in the least alike. B.L.L. and G.M.I. were splendid as the Skipper and Mate, and we wish we had seen more of them. But we quite understand why they found it impossible to remain on board.

Reynolds was a lively and loquacious parrot; and his profanity when he encountered the turnip was startling, to say the least. No wonder it bust his head.

L.E.R. was superb as the Woman, and "dressed him down" in Homeric style. We rather suspect that it was this which gave him the fever. At any rate, the last scene was painful in its realism. We don't know what the Doctor's dose was, but its effect was sudden and complete.

Before Skipper said "Half-past eight", he remarked that the missing campers were in sight. As one man the company adjourned to the float, to cheer, and whistle, and blow the horn. Then Freddy thought of his crash; and J.R. got the pistol; and C.H.C. fled to his tent and came back with a last surviving box of sparklers. In fact it was as striking a reception as we could have given them had we planned it for a month.

When Pandemonium had calmed down, most of us adjourned for "The Boule Cabinet." The gallant trio swam, and then came in for supper. They had surely had a memorable afternoon and evening.





Camp mustgetakit.

Six Casey campers shoved off from the float before a snappy northwest breeze. In the abou were W.R.S., Dick Skurber and Tom Dabney, the latter not yet a canoe man and therefore gracing the bow. The Eben was manned by H.D., Horace Fuller and Charlie Colby, and amidships, among duffle bags and baskets they carried the cooking kit, which, by the way, you must not forget. The wind being fresh from the northwest we turned in the natural direction, namely southeast, and rounded the point without shipping more than two quarts of water. From here it was an easy run to Gleason's shore where we landed for the carry to Ellis. Tales have been told of cave men and certain fierce tribes of Warrymethers who carry canoes and duffle all in one trip, and we set out to do as much - but H.D. found that the cooking kit (which you must not forget) when



Tied to the thwart of the Eben makes the old craft a very mean load, and soon gave up his cave-man ambitions. After negotiating the carry in one and a half laps we adjourned to Anderson's, where H.D. purchased the official Missouri meerscham (the only pipe to smoke on such occasions), and where the company negotiated six ice-cream cones in seven and a quarter laps.

Launching on Ellis Pond we took the opportunity of inspecting the haunts of Little Abie, as seen from the water, and entered McGraw, leaving some of the Eben's paint on a rock as a guide mark for future campers. Near the head of McGraw we landed on a little sand beach under an overhanging tree. Here we swam, performed various athletic stunts in the shallow water, climbed the tree, and created terrible havoc in the lunch basket. Only a hunk of cheese survived to tell the tale. Then we re-embarked for a short paddle to the southern end of the famous Itebfied carry.

The Itchfield Carry is not an incident or an event or a locality. It is an institution - and those who have done it look wise and wink at each other when people talk about the difficulties of rigging canoes across the big carry at Belgrade Mills. We cached the tent, one duddy bag, the never-to-be-forgotten cooking kit and the pantasote, then took a long breath, wrapped Horace Fuller in six blankets to keep him warm on top of the hill, wound a few more on Dick Shurber and other members of the party, swung up the canoes and set off. The carry is at least seventeen miles long, counting ups and downs: at least so say those who make it under the Abol and the Eben: but we came in sight of East Pond in due time, dumped our duddy, and set Horace and Dick prospecting for the best launching place. Meanwhile the rest of us returned for the second instalment. Strange to say, the distance had shortened to two and a half miles. Next time we are going over it in reverse direction.



when all hands and the cooking  
kit were finally reunited on  
the road south of East Pond, our  
scouts reported that we could  
either carry three quarters of a mile  
up the west shore and launch  
in style, or push a quarter of  
a mile through meadow and  
marsh. we chose the latter,  
and by going in knee deep  
finally got afloat on the waters  
of East Pond. Here we paddled  
north to Johnny's Island where  
the previous <sup>camping</sup> trip had camped,  
and where we were very  
glad to find a ready made  
fire place, pot-hangers, fire  
wood and other fixings. The  
ruins of the burnt house, the  
pavilion with the piano, the  
old boat house were all  
there as described by J. R.  
and his gallant braves.  
Here we swam and pitched  
camp, and thanks to our  
daylight-saving time were  
able to finish a very large  
supper before dark. During the  
meal H. D. invented a new  
drink which created a profound  
sensation and is highly recommended  
for all similar occasions.

Directions for making: Boil water in small pot over open fire (a few dead leaves stirred in at this point add zest and tang to the finished product). Untie cocoa bag and measure one heaping Teaspoonful into tin cup. Open sugar bag. Rescue Horace Fuller from East Pona, into which he (or any other small camper) should fall in full evening dress at this point. Hang his clothes to dry by the fire. Pull salt bag from basket and measure two Teaspoonfuls of contents into cup. Add a little hot water and stir to a paste. Add more hot water, stir and cool. Drink two mouthfuls rapidly, and the aforementioned sensation is guaranteed. Money back if not as advertised.

after supper the camp ghost stories were told around the fire by W.R.S. and H.D. and then we retired to the tent. Most of us slept - somewhat - but W.R.S. found some difficulty in making a comfortable mattress from the kindling wood which H.D. had thoughtfully stowed under his end of the pantasote. Five members of the party also make the



following recommendation: all future  
trips of which Horace Fuller is a  
member provide themselves with a  
maxim silencer and attack it  
firmly to Horace's nose on retiring.

The next morning was devoted to  
swimming and to exploring a small  
island near by and to a round  
of the great national game of  
Stick-knife. Then followed a good  
dinner, packing up, and a snappy  
get-away - alas, a too snappy get-  
away.

at Smithfield we indulged once  
more in ice-cream cones, and as-  
tonished the store-keeper by telling  
him that we had carried our canoes  
over the ~~Stehfield~~ carry instead of  
hiring a hay-wagon, Menominee style.  
as we had expected we found  
a stiff southwest breeze ahead  
of us on North Pond, and it took  
us well over half an hour to  
make the mouth of meadow Brook.  
Here we stopped for a drink, and  
discovered to our great distress  
that each crew thought the other  
had the cooking kit, including  
the cups. we immediately held  
a council of war, and found  
that no one had seen the kit  
at Smithfield and that it must

still be gracing the shores of Johnny's island. Question: to leave ~~them~~<sup>it</sup> there and brave the skipper's wrath, or to return, get ~~them~~<sup>it</sup>, arrive late, and brave the campers' laugh. We chose the bark rather than the bite, and shifted crews for a quick trip. W.R.S., Fuller & Colby became a pack train in the Eben with nearly all the duffle (except the fatally forgotten cooking brook. Of their trials and tribulations it is enough to say that none of them had ever been above the first bridge, and that their boat was loaded to the water line. Smiddy can't count above eight hundred and fifty-six, and therefore couldn't count either the number of turns in the brook or the number of cuss words he wanted to use.

Meanwhile H.D., Dabney and Thurber started back across North Pond armed with axe, lantern and the remaining food - consisting of half a hunk of cheese. The seven miles back to the island were negotiated with speed and spirit,



and the mixture of exultation and  
expecration indulged in on finding  
the never-to-be-forgotten hit were  
marvelous to behold. we allowed  
ourselves only fifteen minutes rest,  
and set out once more for  
merryweather shore. Speed and spirits  
were both somewhat reduced, but  
at Smithfield we invested in  
uneda biscuits, jelly and chocolate,  
and at the end of an hour  
were much revived. But it  
was now well along in the after-  
noon and we could afford to  
lose no time if we were to be  
out of meadow Brook before dark.  
we followed the trail of the  
smiling Smedberg, and in the brook,  
having a lightly loaded canoe,  
gained forty-five minutes on him  
and his crew. coming down Great  
Pond we were anything but cheerful,  
being ready to curl up and sleep  
on the slightest excuse; but as  
we neared the float we were cheered  
by the sight of a mammoth recep-  
tion committee, armed with horns,  
crash cymbals, shakblats and  
pistols, that could be seen and  
heard for miles; and to <sup>the tune of</sup> their howls  
we made our landing at 8:55 P.M., and  
tossed ashore the cooking bit which you  
must NEVER forget.

THURSDAY,            A fine day for all sorts of things; but with  
July 22, 23. 94  
B: 26.95            several of the party feeling the effects of the  
warm,  
clear            camping trip, it seemed likely that we should go  
N.W.  
                 rather slowly.

The squad list to-day looked exciting; in fact parts, such as Rack and Chain-gang, sounded far from pleasant. Witches were doubtful, and artists a new departure. But what with milk-can covers to be fastened on, witch-grass to root out, and window-frames to paint, we soon got to the bottom of the mysteries.

The aquarium, though not so tight as we had hoped, was filled this morning, and W.R.S. and J.H.S. went and got fish etc. It is pleasant to have it occupied.

#### ROBINSON CRUSOE.

The fact that we read in the pine boudoir on a calm day ought to have roused more suspicion than it did, but most minds were made up for track and field. We were asked to read till called for, too, which is a sign that something is up. But many were a good deal surprised when they saw Robinson Crusoe's portrait on the board.

There were three teams, captained by F. Miller, Putnam, and Hines. Their trails were marked, so that there need not be any confusion.

The Lone Star team, under command of F. Miller, had for their first clue,

                 "Sometimes a-dropping from the sky  
                 I heard the skylark sing.  
                 Sometimes all little birds that are."

This was promptly guessed; behind the bird sheet in the big room.



THURSDAY            The second was harder:  
(Cont'd.)            Apple or squash some call me, others blueberry  
or cherry; yet my name is rhubarb.

After many hints someone caught on to the fact that rhubarb  
equals Pie-plant.

The large elephant lumbered heavily northward.

Here also was difficulty. Some tried all the lumber they could  
find. At last, however, they found the fourth, on the northern Jumbo.

We are seven.

The boats by the float were the first idea. Someone hunted up  
"the seven stars in the sky." They tried to make out seven of the  
faculty. They even tried to remember the number of cubicles in the  
old Short Dormitory. Finally they got it; the seven green gods in  
J.G.W.'s picture.

Below in the churchyard lay the dead,

In their night encampment on the hill.

It did not take long to guess that this meant the boneyard. The  
only delay was caused by unwillingness to go so far.

I stood for one only; but it meant half the world to  
him.

This was sticker. No one noticed the tiny 1,4,9,2 in the corners,  
and when told that the initials were C.C., they tried C.H.C. and  
Colby. But finally they got to Columbus, and from that to the eggs  
was a short step.

Undoubtedly I choose the third.

This was third base, as was soon guessed.

The map showed a picture of a crow's nest, with the words "East  
is East and West is West. Try 4." The treasure was under the Mammoth.  
This team was the first to find the treasure, which was the usual  
jam and crackers.

THURSDAY  
(Cont'd.)  
with

The Double Cross team, under Hines, were started  
Aye, tear her tattered ensign down!

This was quickly guessed, and the second was found under  
the old flag over the fireplace.

Some day, through my power, another Montezuma  
will reign in Mexico.

Much difficulty over this. They searched the Mexican from  
stem to stern, and when they got after the tools used in  
"Mexican" squads, it was not till they had tried all but the  
right one, and had been told the full list, that they found  
their clue, on the pinch-bar.

I'm the guy that put the O in Napoleon.

This was the Wellington piano. But it would not have been  
found so soon had not G. Woodbridge remembered a tale of Old  
Home Week, from last year.

Paderewski, the distinguished citizen of Poland,  
wears his hair down his back.

The first guess was A.M.R. Then came every kind of Pole;  
the miz pole, the flag-pole, and even the boat-house roof,  
because the place where we use a pole might be pole-land. But  
when the exploration of the flag-pole was made more thorough  
by Kim, the truth was revealed. Batchelder and Hinds had doped  
it right.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood.

This delayed matters for some time, for we have not  
many bridges in camp. The various slips were tried, and there  
was a good deal of hunting for the poem. G. Woodbridge first  
talked about the culvert at the foot of the hill, but for a  
good while no one had energy enough to go and look. Hines  
finally made the trip, but crossed the "bridge" twice without



THURSDAY      noticing it. There were a good many hints, and finally  
(Cont'd.)  
they found the clue, under the culvert.

The sea and all that in them is.

Jackson and one other doped this independently. Jim Hutch climbed  
the wrong tree, and saw the clue.

Hark from the tombs a doleful sound;

Katahdin looms above the ground.

This would have been one of the worst, but unfortunately the  
clue had been seen out of order, by someone who thought that the  
piece of the old loom was a Japanese bridge.

The map showed a mass of buildings, with a church and a suggest-  
ion of tomb-stones. The first impulse was to dash for the boneyard.  
When headed off, there was a pause. After a good deal of hinting ab-  
out the street on which the church stood, someone made out the sign-  
board; and about fifty paces north from Wall St. the treasure was  
found.

The Pine Tree squad was under leadership of Putnam. Their first  
clue read,

But to us he gives the keeping

Of the lights along the shore.

It was not hard to guess that this had something to do with  
the lamp table, but careless looking held the crowd up for a good  
while.

To sleep, perchance to dream, ay, there's the rub.

Here was much dopping. It might be the Infirmary, where we get  
rubbed with alcohol; or the boat-house, where we rub after swim; or  
one of the dormitories. But on the Point we rub and sleep, after the  
mosquito season is over, and there was the third clue:

When the world was fair and young,

From its flames the Phoenix sprung.

One idea was "fierce things." Is there a constellation called



THURSDAY      the Phoenix? Finally the party got the idea of  
(Cont'd.)  
fire extinguishers, and Leland found it.

The same.

Of course this started an investigation of every fire  
extinguisher in camp. Finally, after being asked again and  
again what "the same" meant, H. Woodbridge tried the dictionary  
and found "Identical." So they looked in the boat, and found it.

The harp that once through Tara's halls

The soul of music shed.

Everything connected with music was tried again and  
again. Then everything that could, or could not, be called a  
shed was searched. The searching was careless, though, and it  
took several trips to the wood-shed to find it.

Monstrum horrendum informe ingens, cui lumen ademp-  
tum.

This had to be translated, whereupon Fuller made at once  
for the dragon.

The spacious firmament on high,

With all the blue ethereal sky.

This was on the star map. Unfortunately it had been seen  
out of order, while looking for the Phoenix.

The map was a picture of an elephant, marked

14 paces S.

Pickeral Rock W. by N.

264 yards.

The first attempt was to identify H. Woodbridge's trunk  
with the elephant, it certainly being large. When they got the  
right idea, and tried the Jumbo by the boat-house, Putnam  
almost put his head into the jam-pot without finding it. At  
last, however, they were rewarded.

At five o'clock all hands went swimming, to get cool, and



THURSDAY to remove any lingering traces of jam.  
(Cont'd.)

W.R.S., J.H.S., and G.M.I. spent a good part of the afternoon getting bladderwort and fish for the aquarium. They also got many mosquito-bites for themselves.

After supper it was boats. The wind came up afterwards, but we all got in by bed time, though there was some shifting of crews.

And then we went on with the Boule Cabinet.

#### TWINKLETS.

##### I.

Twinkle, twinkle, Copley P.,  
Why, what can the matter be?  
Dancing with untimely vim,  
One and all have lost their swim.

##### II.

Twinkle, twinkle, big Baloo!  
Faculty has need of you.  
When the camp is all afloat  
You can be their ferry-boat.

##### III.

Twinkle, twinkle, Arthur Hill!  
Rumor says you once were still;  
But it scared your parents so,  
You've never tried it since, I know.

##### IV.

Twinkle, twinkle, campers all!  
Sad mishap did you befall;  
But it does us good to see  
Trials borne so cheerily.

##### V.

Twinkle, twinkle, Crusoes bold!  
If you'll do as you are told,  
Peer and pry by hill and plain,  
Richest treasures you may gain.

Late in the evening a broken-down motor-boat from Pine Beach put in. Her crew asked if they might leave her here, and paid for her board with a pail of fish.

FRIDAY            Our weather man put the sky down as clear, but it  
July 23,  
B.28.78        wasn't really that all day. And at breakfast time it  
Warm,  
Rainy,        was dark and rainy. The rain began about half-past  
S.E.  
              three.

It was so wet that there was a big boat-building squad,  
and two groups of Prometheans went out.

Hitchcock and his tribe camped in Putnam's old hole. In  
the course of an hour they got a fire, with eight matches, but  
it was not a very powerful one, and they were not able to  
boil their water. They used too much moist birch bark and  
poplar chips.

Osgood and his braves camped at the foot of Wall St., on  
the beach. We haven't full particulars, as it was laundry  
morning, but they got a good fire, and their water boiled in  
about fifty-four minutes.

R.R. and J.R. put in a very interesting and profitable  
morning, going round in Anderson's machine and asking various  
landowners if we might land and build fires on their land.  
Mr. Lord is all right, in spite of the racket we made playing  
Wolf last year, Miss Pond says we may use the landing in the  
bay beyond Runofa, and the man who owns Pinkham's Point and  
the beach in the southwest bay says we may come there. That is  
a fine beginning. We have been off that southwest beach for  
some years, because some people who camp near had a cat in  
the woods. At least, that is the reason the lady in pink chiffon  
and satin slippers gave. This sounds crazy, but it is true. We  
saw the cat, too, and a fine cat he was.



FRIDAY

(Cont'd.)

Class B Chinning.

Jim Hutchinson	13
Sumner	12
Wrenn	9
Storey	6
Carey	5
Cheney	5
Fuller	5
D. Miller	5
Reynolds	5
G. Woodbridge	5

Soon after dinner L.E.R. and R.R. went in to Gardiner, one to spend the night, the other for the afternoon.

As it was still very damp, and pretty muggy, we had soccer and boat-building.

JUNIOR SOCCER.

Jack Hutchinson	D. Miller
Fuller	Batchelder
Storey	Bennett
Sumner	Carey
Thompson	Cheney
L. Tower	Degen
Wiggins	G. Woodbridge
Hill	MacLeod
Leatherbee	Mann
W. Tower	Reynolds
	Wrenn

This was a lively game, though there was a tendency to play with the tongue rather than the feet. Miller's team, 1-0. Carey shot the goal.

SENIOR SOCCER.

<u>THUNDERSTORMS.</u>	<u>PROMETHEANS.</u>
N.S.W.	E.S.E.
H.D.	W.R.S.
J.H.S.	G.M.I.
B.L.L.	J.R.
Gourd	Ives
Lasater	Hitchcock
Osgood	Jackson
Putnam	Sturgis
Thurber	Colby
H. Woodbridge	Gray
Jim Hutchinson	Hines

This was a hot game, in every sense of the word. The Thunderstorms won, 2-1. H.D. and B.L.L. scored for the winners, E.S.E. for the losers.

FRIDAY Immediately after soccer the  
 (Cont'd.)  
 mighty company whose names appear on the  
 list set out. They headed for Oak, but  
 rumor has it that two evening strollers  
 (how odd that H.D. and B.L.L. should  
 be out for an evening walk!) saw  
 them in the Pine Parlor, Oak being inhabi-  
 ted at present.

At Digestion Club we finished "Mrs.  
 Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine", and began  
 "Tourmalin's Time Cheques."

The half-past niners went on with their story. We shall  
 finish it very soon now.

Henceforth the members of one dormitory are to be  
 considered out of bounds if they go into any other dormitory  
 without permission. There are customs that easily become  
 abused to such a point that they have to be stopped, and the  
 custom of dormitory raids and scraps reached that point  
 to-day.

In the middle of the evening R.R. came back from Gard-  
 iner.

I forgot to say that we had Quiet Games till half-past  
 eight.

Expeditionary  
 Prometheus  
 July 23<sup>d</sup>

Hill  
 MacLeod  
 Mann  
 Tower, L.  
 Thompson  
 Wiggins  
 Wrenn

C.M.I.  
 J.H.S.  
 W.R.S.

Erebus  
 Terror  
 Yammerschooner



SATURDAY

July 24,

B.28.54 of the big table except M.P. and Leatherbee.

Warm,

Early

rain,

clearing,

N.W.

A toothbrush raid cleared off the whole west side

Our Prometheans came home just before reading. They

had kept dry, in spite of the heavy rain, and were in

fine trim.

Great doings at morning swim. Wiggins swam in from the float, Sumner swam to the Ouananiche, and Thompson swam to the Point. At least, he swam from the Point to the float, which is the same thing. What makes it more interesting is that he had already swum two thirds of the way down; and it wasn't a very good day, either. Which comes next, Carey or Sumner?

J.R. took four navigators round Oak. L. Tower made the best time, starting fourth and finishing first.

L.E.R. came home in time for dinner, and with her came L.E.W., to spend Sunday.

*Laura Elizabeth Wiggins*

#### SECOND TRACK AND FIELD PRACTICE.

Class A 100.

First Heat.

Dabney

Ives

Osgood

12 s.

The first two men came in just about as they did last time, and Dabney's time was the same. Osgood, who was a good deal behind, sprinted into third place at the last minute.

Second Heat.

Leland

Putnam

Hitchcock

13 3/5 s.

Not a fast heat. Putnam was not trying to do more than qualify, and was four yards in the rear. Hitchcock lost a shoe on the course, and Gourd, who came in last, tripped on his own feet and fell down.

SATURDAY Final Heat.

(Cont'd.)

Dabney 12 1/5 s.

Leland

Ives

Though this was fifth of a second slower than Dabney's best, it was a good heat. Leland was only two feet behind at the tape, with Ives close at his heels. The rest were in more open order.

Class A High Jump.

Ives	4'9"
Leland	4'4 1/2"
Colby	4'3 1/2"
Dabney	4'3 1/2"
Putnam	4'3 1/2"

Rather an extensive tie for third place. The heights are actual measurements. No one else cleared four feet..

Class A Broad Jump.

Ives	15'9 1/2"
Leland	14'8 1/4"
Dabney	14'4 1/2"

Of the three winners, Ives was the only one that bettered his former mark. Dabney was two feet behind his best.

Class A Shot Put.

Dabney	26'7 1/2"
Hitchcock	24'11 1/2"
Ives	24'10"

All three men have done better than these figures.

Class A 440.

(Anketell)	(1 m.5 s.)
Ives	1 m.6 s.
Leland	
Dabney	

Dick asked if he might try it, being a member of the high school track team in Gardiner. He led from the start, and was ten feet ahead at the tape. Leland was six feet behind Ives, with a long lead over Dabney.

Class B 100.

First Heat.

D. Miller	15 s.
Reynolds	
Storey	

Miller was not working hard, and Reynolds was a scant yard behind him at the tape. Storey was not so close.



SATURDAY  
(Cont'd.)

Second Heat.

Jim Hutchinson	14 1/5 s.
Thurber	
Fuller	

A better heat, in time and in excitement. Thurber was six or seven feet behind, but Fuller drove him so hard that it was almost a dead heat for second place.

Third Heat.

Lasater	1 1/5 s.
Gray	
Degen	

Lasater had four feet over Gray, who beat Degen by perhaps two feet more.

Final Heat.

Lasater	13 2/5 s.
D. Miller	
Jim Hutchinson	

This time everyone meant business. Lasater cut 4/5 of a second off his time, and beat D. Miller by two feet. Jim Hutchinson was a very good third.

Class B High Jump.

Thurber	4'
D. Miller	3' 11"
Gray	3' 9"
Jim Hutchinson	3' 9"

The first three men have all come up. Hutchinson has done better than this.

Class B Broad Jump.

Lasater	12' 9 1/2"
Thurber	12'
D. Miller	11' 9 3/4"

Lasater was not up to his best. Fuller and Gray, who made second and third last time, were also off their best form.

Class B Shot Put.

D. Miller	24' 7"
Storey	23' 5 3/4"
Gray	22' 5"

Miller and Storey have both come up. Gray went off a few inches.

Class B 440.

Jim Hutchinson	1 m. 17 1/5 s.
Sturgis	
Lasater	

Lasater took the lead somewhere near third base,

SATURDAY, and held it till he passed the stump. Jim Hutchinson-  
(Cont'd.)

son ran a heady race, and by sprinting just at the right minute, won by about three feet. Sturgis was the same distance ahead of Lasater. Thubert ran Fuller hard for fourth place, and Hines almost tied Jack Hutchinson for eighth.

Class C 100.

First Heat.

Sumner	13 4/5 s.
Thompson	
Wrenn	

Sumner is a consistent performer, as this was his time before. Thompson was about eight feet behind, with a slightly longer lead over Wrenn.

Second Heat.

Carey	14 2/5 s.
Mann	
L. Tower	

A slower heat, but closer. Carey led Mann by three feet, with L. Tower a close third.

Third Heat.

Richardson	15 1/5 s.
Bennett	
Hill	

Though not so fast, this was the closest finish in the event, Bennett being not more than a foot behind Richardson. Both ran a remarkably straight course.

Final Heat.

Sumner	13 4/5 s.
Carey	
Mann	

Sumner, as usual, made his favorite time, which is very little slower than the Class B time. Carey and Mann tied for second place.

Class C High Jump.

Richardson	3'5"
Sumner	3'5"
Carey	3'3"

Richardson tied his old mark, but the other two have both done better.



SATURDAY  
(Cont'd.)

Class C. Broad Jump.

Sumner	13'5"
Carey	12'7 1/4"
Richardson	11'6"

All three men bettered their former marks, so the record has gone again.

Class C Shot Put.

Richardson	19'10 1/4"
G. Woodbridge	18'4"
Carey	17'5 1/2"

Richardson did better last time. The Towers, who came in second and third before, did not get placed.

Class C 440.

Mann	1 m. 18 3/5 s.
Bennett	
Sumner	

An exciting race. Sumner led at the start, but Bennett passed him at the first mark, and held the lead till near the finish, when Mann sprinted, and passed him, finishing about two feet to the good. It is worthy of note that the time is only 1 2/5 seconds slower than that of Class B.

Cheney, Farnsworth, and Williams were not competing to-day. F. Miller is not doing track and field this summer, and Richardson did not enter for the 440.

It was a hot afternoon, and swim was very welcome, as well as necessary.

At supper the Tink, by a heroic effort, kept silent till time for butlers, thus getting faculty butlers. It is not an easy thing to do.

CHARADES.

PIRATES.

The first syllable was a picnic "sing", and the four pies got through "My dame hath a lame, tame crane" in pretty good form, considering that the leader of one didn't know it. The second scene was the Pied Piper. G. M. I. and the city council were beset by rats, and were nearly in despair, when Leland, the Piper, appeared, and made his offer. It was accepted, and the pests followed him away.



SATURDAY  
(Cont'd.)

The whole word was nautical, and tragic. W.R.S.,

G.M.I., Leland, and Osgood appeared as peaceful merchantmen.

As they were sailing along, suddenly they were overhauled by the pirate bark Moab, manned by Richardson, Wrenn, Mann, Bennett and G. Woodbridge. The struggle was short, and the crew of the merchant vessel were all made to walk the plank.

ECCENTRIC.

This word began in a hospital. J.R. was surgeon L.E.W. the nurse, and J.H.S. did the etherization. Pirate Bill was brought in, suffering acutely, and making most singular noises. The X-ray revealed the terrible truth! He had swallowed a watch! J.R. then proceed<sup>ed</sup> to operate, manipulating, with his fine surgical fingers, a saw, the tin-snips, and a trowel, till the watch was recovered. The second syllable was a hunting scene, with hounds on the scent, and huntsmen in pink. The last syllable was tragic. B.L.L. and Gourd, evidently two desperate characters, tried to cheat two innocent miners, J.H.S. and Ives out of their hard-won dust. But as B.L.L. passed a card under the table to his confederate, he was discovered, and promptly shot. The whole word was a fine exhibition of eccentric conduct, by J.R. No wonder L.E.R., his mother-in-law, was alarmed, when he revived the good old English custom of putting one's hat in the middle of the breakfast table. And when he drank his turnips out of the jug, and smashed the dishes, we felt that "eccentric" was a mild word for him.

INSPECTORS.

We do not mean to go to any hotel kept by H.D. The worse his accommodations, the higher his prices. Dabney and Farnsworth were stowed in a spare bath-tub, at \$7 a night. Colby was put with the chickens; and "A man that sleeps with the chickens pays in advance." Lasater and H. Woodbridge had a room with plenty of water, leaking all over the place, and



SATURDAY      paid \$20 apiece. A.S.M., E.S.E., and their numerous family  
(Cont'd.)

camped with the motor-cycle and bicycle; we did not get the price.

D.V.T., arriving with bundle and sketching-tools, was to be hung on the ridge-pole to dry. For the last two syllables, A.S.M. appeared as a medium, veiled and mystic. Lasater called up, by her aid, the spirit of Homer, who announced that the American League would win the pennant. Noah, informed the anxious inquirer that his birthday was July 6, and demanded that the celebration should include the Chub, Hornpout, Arklet, and Wobbler. D.V.T. called up the spirit of his late wife, who was very cross when she found that he had disturbed her only to find out where his spare suspenders were. The whole word was a scene in camp. E.S.E. supervised the dormitory till the horn blew for reading, when the company scattered. Then Hines and Gray inspected, giving a pig, and messing up the cubicle to justify it.

TAPLASH.      This word we had never met before, but live and learn. It is, apparently an inferior grade of beer. The first scene was Tap Day at Yale, with much noise and cheering. The second syllable was the wreck of the Hesperus. C.H.C. lashed M.P. to the mast, but the vessel foundered in the gale. The whole word was a bar-room scene, with everyone much disgusted at the poor quality of the drink.

And then, with a little running over time, we finished "The Boule Cabinet." It has been a great thriller, from start to finish.



SUNDAY                We didn't need a thermometer to tell us that it  
July 25,  
B.28.77            was much the coolest day that we have had so far,  
T.59'  
Clear                but it is good to have one again.  
N.W.  
Strong.                Everyone's first thought was, "If only this

were Monday!" But as someone said, "If we wish to-day were Monday, we should have to wish yesterday hadn't been Saturday, because we couldn't scout after track and field." However, if to-day were Monday, yesterday would have been Sunday; so we went on wishing.

Right after breakfast W.R.S. started off in the Sandpeep for Monataka, to spend the day and night with his family. He must have had a pretty stiff paddle till he got the lee of Hoyt's.

But by swim time the wind died down, to everyone's disgust. It looked hopeless for canoe test, though the No. 12 was anchored out as a stake boat, on the chance.

As it was altogether too rough and cool for a water picnic to be pleasant, the noble game of Wolf was played, in the pasture behind Fourway. We can't give particulars, as it is not a game in which score can very well be kept, but it is a very good game.

The picnic was to be on Merryweather Beach, and G.M.I. and A.M.R. started off at four in a rangeley, to get and take the mending, start the fire, and make the cocoa. Because if you are going to have cocoa, you want it at the beginning. The mending was soon seen to, and after a lively pull across the bay, they landed and began on fire and cocoa. The kettle was soon in place, and the cocoa mixed, a nice brown mud-pie. And then the



SUNDAY      aforesaid pie was put into the kettle. And after a long time  
(Cont'd.)

the kettle tried to boil over, but was caught in the act and taken off the fire. And still no sign of the others. J.R. had said something about bringing the Ouananiche round with the grub about 5-30. And six o'clock came and passed. We heard the Cook family go in for a swim, we saw the Caswells got out in their launch; and now and again we heard a distant shout. But nothing doing.

Finally, when we had begun to wonder if we had been abandoned, and should have to make our supper entirely on cocoa, the vanguard appeared along the beach, and the mystery was explained. The wind had done its duty at last, and G.H.C., J.H.S., and Dabney had all passed the canoe test. That makes five, which is more than we have had in a summer for several years. Too bad G.M.I. was off mending and making cocoa; but he may have a chance tomorrow, if the wind holds.

In the few minutes before the Ouananiche arrived there was much birch-bending, and then we settled down to the serious business of grub. The cocoa circulated merrily, and all was gay.

But when Louis Gourd had cleaned the cocoa pot, he was a sight to see.

We came home in diverse ways, but most of us marched, and did a bit of singing on the road.

We had two stories this evening; "The Recrudescence of Imray," and "The Count and the Wedding Guest."

Jim Hutchinson is now a half-past niner. Our circle grows, but there are plenty of pillows.

We were very sorry to hear that the party camping on Oak had lost one of their number this afternoon, when their canoe tipped over. He couldn't swim, and though the others tried to save him, he never came up. One wonders if it would be possible to pass and enforce a law forbidding non-swimmers to go in canoes.



MONDAY  
July 26,  
Cool  
Clear  
N.W.

Perhaps our new weather-man thought his job was for one day only. At any rate, no report could be found. But it was just the day we had been wanting,

and even the wildest dopester could not go far wrong.

This morning Skipper said a word to the camp about the tragic accident yesterday. He compared a canoe to a gun; a splendid thing if you realize what it may do, and always take that into consideration. Treat your gun as if it were going off, and your canoe as if it were going to tip over, and you will be pretty safe.

H.D. is telling us something about sleight of hand, and illustrating as he goes. It must be great fun to be able to do that kind of thing.

Just before dinner W.R.S. arrived. He had rigged his rain-coat as an auxiliary sail; with a spare paddle for a mast. The paddle was "stepped" against his feet, with one sleeve of the coat over the blade, and the corner of the coat made fast to his necktie. A neat rig, unless one tipped over. But then, people who tip over the San<sup>d</sup>peep are not common.

This morning we had what is probably our last raspberry squad for the year. The berries are getting past, though there are still a great many small ones.

#### SECOND SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

Conditions<sup>n</sup> could hardly have been better. It was cool, except where the woods cut off the wind, and windy enough to cover a good deal of noise. Of course that makes shooting more difficult, but it was not a roaring day. When we scout in a big canoe test wind, it is really hard, and the shore guards nearly freeze at their posts.



Algoquins

Name	I		II		III	
	Killed	Shots	Killed	Shots	Killed	Shots
H.D.	X	1				
J.R.		1	X	1	X	1
B.L.L.		1	X	1	X	1
D.V.T.		1	X	1	X	1
G.M.I.		1	X	1	X	1
A.M.R.	X	1	X	1	X	1
Cheney		1	X	1	X	1
Colby	X	1	X	1	X	1
Dabney		1	X	1	X	1
Farnsworth		1	X	1	X	1
Fuller		1	X	1	X	1
Gourd		1	X	1	X	1
Gray	X	1	X	1	X	1
Hill	X	1	X	1	X	1
Hines		1	X	1	X	1
Hutchinson, Jim		1	X	1	X	1
Ives		1	X	1	X	1
Lasater	X	1	X	1	X	1
MacLeod		1	X	1	X	1
Mann		1	X	1	X	1
Osgood		1	X	1	X	1
Putnam		1	X	1	X	1
Richardson		1	X	1	X	1
Tower, W.		1	X	1	X	1
Williams		1	X	1	X	1
Woodbridge, H.		1	X	1	X	1

Algoquins

Name	I		II		III	
	Killed	Shots	Killed	Shots	Killed	Shots
H.D.	X	1				
J.R.		1	X	1	X	1
B.L.L.		1	X	1	X	1
D.V.T.		1	X	1	X	1
G.M.I.		1	X	1	X	1
A.M.R.	X	1	X	1	X	1
Cheney		1	X	1	X	1
Colby	X	1	X	1	X	1
Dabney		1	X	1	X	1
Farnsworth		1	X	1	X	1
Fuller		1	X	1	X	1
Gourd		1	X	1	X	1
Gray	X	1	X	1	X	1
Hill	X	1	X	1	X	1
Hines		1	X	1	X	1
Hutchinson, Jim		1	X	1	X	1
Ives		1	X	1	X	1
Lasater	X	1	X	1	X	1
MacLeod		1	X	1	X	1
Mann		1	X	1	X	1
Osgood		1	X	1	X	1
Putnam		1	X	1	X	1
Richardson		1	X	1	X	1
Tower, W.		1	X	1	X	1
Williams		1	X	1	X	1
Woodbridge, H.		1	X	1	X	1

Iroquois

[illegible]

MONDAY            The first game was rather peculiar, for only six  
(Cont'd.)  
Algonquins were killed. The Iroquois, however, won by two runs.

In the second game the firing was heavy on both sides. The Iroquois led, by two shots and one run; a pretty close thing. There was some discussion about Porter Thompson's second run, but the evidence shows that he made it; and even if he hadn't, the game would have gone to the Iroquois on shots. Jackson also made two runs.

In the third game the Algonquins came back in full force and won by sixteen runs to two, six men making two runs apiece. In fact several came very near making three. The score card gives the list; but we think that W. Tower deserves special mention.

Ives heads the list for shooting, with five shots in one game. H. D., J. R., Jackson, and Sturgis each made four shots in one game.

The Iroquois now have a lead of two for the season. Of course the coming of the August boys will change both sides somewhat, but it looks like a hot fight for the cup.

L. E. W. left for Gardiner during the afternoon. Too bad she could not stay longer, but John is not the only Wiggins on the beach.

We had a call this afternoon from Miss Grant, who came over from the Mills.

After supper the dope-talks took so long that we went as we pleased till half-past eight. The half-past niners played mythology. We note the following new variations on names: Telephone, Telescope, and Porcupine. Rather good; for Tisiphone, Terpsichore, and Proserpine, don't you think?



MONDAY In answer to a letter to the Belgrade Lakes Association,  
(Cont'd.)

Skipper has word that the Committee on Navigation is to take up the matter of procuring a carrying place between the two ponds. There are also signs to be posted in the stream, reading as follows:

SAFETY FIRST.

SLOW DOWN to lowest possible speed while passing through this stream to avoid ACCIDENTS to small craft and annoyance to shore owners.

KEEP TO RIGHT IN PASSING.

This ought to improve matters.

TUESDAY The camping trip was not  
July 27,  
B.28.98 posted till after reading,  
T.61'  
Clear but the gallant sextette got  
N.W.

off in good time, heading west.

This morning we had a talk on  
manners from R.R. It is much needed, for  
there are various members of the  
camp who either have never been told  
how to behave themselves, or have never  
listened.

A select and active hawkweed squad did good work on the  
the ball-field this morning. Every plant we can get out is  
a gain, not only to us, but to the neighborhood. That weed has  
ruined hayfields by the thousand, all over New England.

The painters are now at work on the roof of the Copley.  
Some find the smell of shingle<sup>stain</sup> a bit trying, but the job will  
soon be done.

The barber came this morning, and barbed all day, more or  
less. G.M.I. was done first, so when he started on the camping  
trip his golden haystack was much diminished. Gourd and H.  
Woodbridge look much less like wild men of Borneo than they  
did, and others are decidedly altered by the shears. But Larry  
has not repeated last year's experiment. No more new-mown  
eggs for him. Perhaps it is just as well.

Many guests to-day. Mr. and Miss Leatherbee, and Charlie's  
two brothers, came in the middle of the morning, and stayed  
to dinner. Then they took Charlie off for the afternoon.

While we were at dinner Mrs. Wolf, with two little Wolves  
and a nephew, came for a look at Alfred Sumner.

Late in the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson arrived,

## Camping Trip July 27<sup>th</sup>

Degen  
Hitchcock  
Ives  
Storey  
J.R.  
G.M.I.

Aboljockamegus  
Caughcomgomock



TUESDAY and took Jim and Jack off for supper. They will be over  
(Cont'd.)  
again tomorrow.

YAMMERSCHOONER.		SUNDRY SUPPERS.		IDENTICAL. WILLIWAW.	
D.V.T.		OUANANICHE.		J.H.S.	
Lasater-Sturgis		A.M.R.	A.S.M.	Gourd	Osgood
Thompson		Fuller	D. Miller	Wrenn	Leland
		Gray	Farnsworth		G. Woodbridge
		Thurber	Wiggins		
		Colby	Sumner		
		R.R.			
		F. Miller			
TOGUS.	EBEN.	TERROR.	EREBUS.	PANTASOTE.	
N.S.W.	Dabney	W.R.S.	E.S.E.	B.L.L.	
L. Tower	Hines	W. Tower	H. Woodbridge	Batchelder	
Bennett	Williams	Mann	Richardson	Carey	
Jackson	Putnam	1 bass	Hill	MacLeod	
				3 bass	
				2 perch	
				1 pout	

Total number of fish, 7.

Yes, the barber was here, and we can't do much of anything on hair-cutting day. Also we scouted yesterday, and we never do much of anything the day after scouting. But it was such a glorious day that it would have been a sin to spend the afternoon in bumblepuppy, or even Robinson Crusoe. And suppers-out need not be so very strenuous.

The two canoes got away first, though delayed by a bit of necessary mending. I said a supper-out need not be strenuous; but when you go to Rocky and back, it is not precisely a loaf. (Experto crede.) Once off, they made good time, both paddling and on the carry. The latter they made up by the dam, which is shorter, and not too awkward for small boats. They made the top without any trouble, and saw the next party on Tracy's Bluff. They had a swim in Long Pond when they came down, and supped on the point opposite Beaver Spring.

Their time is interesting. They got to the brook at 5-15, and it took just an hour and a quarter to get up and back. They left their supper-place at 7-40, and reached the float at 8-45, after a splendid sprint. Altogether a fine trip, very well pulled off.



TUESDAY

The fishermen went to various places, but all (Cont'd.)

supped together on Oak. What luck they had came late. One of the two white perch was a very big one, and the last bass was the best fish of the afternoon.

The Ouananiche and three accompanying boats started last, having all the late hair-cuts on board. When Wrenn had had his feathers clipped we got off, with a merry head wind, which made our time fairly slow, and bore away for Tracy's Bluff. We left R.R. and Farnsworth at the foot, and made the climb quickly. It seems a good deal shorter if you take it after doing Royal. When it is the first climb of the year, it seems much more serious.

The view was superb, and our canteens were very refreshing. So were the raspberries, though they are almost over. We climbed about on the rocks, and figured how far you would fall if you went off the steep corner, but no one tried it. We have climbed down that way in past years, but only with very select parties. There is a point where you have to be swung down to the next level by your wrists, which is decidedly lively.

Meanwhile R.R. went to see Mrs. Tracy, who lives in the nice brick house, and she is perfectly willing to have us land and build fires on her land, which covers a good deal of the northwest shore. Mr. Turner, the owner of Northwest brook, is away, but she is sure we should have no trouble there. And he was all friends the last time we met him.

At supper we had select half-past eight butlers, who distributed food with neatness and grace.

We had very little wind home, but what there was was in our favor, so most of us made much better time than we did



TUESDAY      going out. The compound stroke in the Yammerschooner  
(Cont'd.)

worked particularly well, and on the home stretch the Identical  
sprinted in great style.

As the Rocky Mountaineers were rather weary when they came in,  
we settled down to reading. Of course we couldn't begin a long book,  
with only two possible readings before the August boys come, so we  
took "The Lost House", which can be done in two evenings if you  
step lively. And we stepped.

And when the table was set, and the ladies were in bed, the  
moon winked at the faculty, and said, "How about it, friends?" They  
rose to the call, and four Endymions slipped quietly away, in the  
Hecuba and the Pink, to go round the Horn.

Of course, C.H.C. had been on shore all the afternoon, and H.D.  
had been steering the Ouananiche, while B.L.L. had been fishing.  
But N.S.W. had had a fairly strenuous trip already. They were all  
sports, but he was the sport in chief.

I should have said earlier that A.S.M. passed the swimming  
test this morning, and Sumner swam as far as the "Bob White."

WEDNESDAY

July 28,

T.67'

B.29.17

Hazy

Calm.

Those who were awake early saw a good many

things of interest this morning. Before it was full

daylight, six ducks came swimming by, well inside

the point.

An early shower to the west gave us what one does not often see, a rainbow in the west. It was bright over Muskrat, and for a little while there were two, the brighter one showing its lower end this side of the hill.

And before the rainbow had faded, there was a swish of paddles, and round the Point came the Hecuba and the Pink, manned by H.D., C.H.C., N.S.W., and B.L.L., back from a most successful trip round the Horn.

Partly in consequence of this trip, H.D. gave us a talk later about getting round the Horn, and the various landmarks to follow, especially at night, when you have to go by the skyline a good deal.

Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson came over this morning, and spent a good part of the day. It is good that they had such fine weather for their visit, and were able to be here so long.

Great doings at swim. MacLeod jumped off the float, not once but many times, Hill took his first dive off the spring-board, with energy if not with grace, and Sumner and Carey passed the swimming test.

Six non-swimmers,

Sitting on the shore;

Two passed the swimming test,

And then there were four.

We shall have the rhyme all ready for the next man.

H.D. spent a good part of the morning in Mexico. He says it was the first thing that really waked him up.



WEDNESDAY

(Cont'd.)

As for N.S.W., he says that by the middle of the morning he had to walk up and down, for fear he should go to sleep where he stood.

#### RUBBER WATER SPORTS.

At the beginning of the afternoon conditions were ideal, for it was practically dead calm, and very warm. A passing shower gave us clouds later, and a westerly breeze, but not enough to interfere with the order of events.

#### GUNWALE RACE.

PINK.	HECUBA.	GRAYLING.	SQUANNACOOK.	1 m. 28 2/5 s.
Putnam	Leland	Jackson	Dabney	
Gourd	Sturgis	Colby	Osgood	

This race was from Point to float. The Squannacook went over before the start, and never really got going, as Osgood could not keep his balance at all. The Pink was the steadiest, and came in a good winner, Hecuba second. The Grayling, after losing her stern man and picking him up again, came in, but did not qualify, as he was not on the gunwale, but on the stern seat.

#### CRAB RACE.

PINK.	GRAYLING.	SQUANNACOOK.	HECUBA.	2 m. 34 3/5 s.
MacLeod	Thompson	Sumner	Carey	

This race was from a little this side of the point, and was a thrilling contest. The Hecuba began matters by dropping her paddle, which delayed her so that she finally had to be towed in. The Pink, though turning round now and then, was much the steadiest, and won by several lengths. The Grayling was a fair second. The Squannacook had a rather desperate time, but finally crossed the line.

#### BLINDFOLD MATCH, A.

EREBUS.	TERROR.	IDENTICAL.	YAMMERSCHOONER.
Batchelder	Gray	D. Miller	Fuller

Batchelder's direction was the best, though he began to go south at the end. He stopped a little short of the distance. Gray began by hitting the Pie-plant, and after that was very cautious. He went straight till half-way out, then turned south, and over shot the



WEDNESDAY distance. D. Miller grazed the Pie-plant, and pursued a W.S.W. course. Fuller went farthest, and might have reached Otter Island in time.

#### ENEMY IN CAMP.

TOGUS.	CORKER.	RIP.	ALLEGASH.
Jackson	Leland	Putnam	Dabney
G. Woodbridge #	Bennett #	Williams #	L. Tower #
Jim Hutchinson	Jack Hutchinson	Lasater	Thurber
Gourd	Sturgis	Colby	Osgood

The only trouble here was that the enemy was in every case too light to swing the dipper effectively, so no one was really swamped, though the Allegash upset. The boats finished in the order given.

#### HANDPADDLE RACE.

IDENTICAL.	TERROR.
Hines	H. Woodbridge
Batchelder	Fuller
Gray	Leatherbee
W. Tower	D. Miller
Sumner	Thompson
MacLeod	Williams
G. Woodbridge	L. Tower
Bennett	Carey

By this time the sky was overcast, and there was a brisk little breeze; but it was nothing compared to the flood of objurgations that rose when the two boats fouled. They shrieked like the water-wraiths, (See "Lord Ullin's Daughter"), and it was almost impossible to get them hauled apart, and back to the line for a new start. It was done, however, and by spacing them far apart, They were kept clear of each other. The Identical was the faster, but at times it looked as if she might lose the race by wild steering. The press boat had to get out of the way in a hurry. But speed told, and, after heroic toil, the Identical crossed the line a winner, with the gallant Terror hot on her trail. It was a splendid contest throughout.



WEDNESDAY  
(Cont'd.)

BLINDFOLD MATCH B.

HILL.            MANN.            RICHARDSON.            WIGGINS.

As we were unable to get the names of all the boats at the time of going to press, we give the names of the contestants in full capitals. None went very near the rock. Hill started to pull right round, but the wind, or noise from the float, warned him that he was heading wrong, and he swung to the west. He judged his distance fairly well. Mann and Richardson for some time went along together. They headed too far north, but turned at the sound of voices. Richardson passed Mann, and went too far. Wiggins also went too far north, and rowed so far that it seemed best to stop him.

Both blindfold matches would have been better if there had been less noise. The announcement that a man had stopped was quite enough to give the next man a hint as to which way he ought to be heading.

RELAY RACE.

TERROR.	IDENTICAL.	EREBUS.	VAMMERSCHOONER.
H. Woodbridge	Leatherbee	Jack Hutchinson	W. Tower
HECUBA.	PINK.	GRAYLING.	SQUANNACOOK.
Thurber	Hines	Lasater	Jim Hutchinson

The rangeleys were lined up at Pickerel, and the canoes paddled out. Then the paddlers jumped out, climbed into the rangeleys, and were rowed ashore, towing their canoes. The Hecuba, though wild at first, soon got the lead, and was first on the get-out, with the Squannacook second. The Terror had a good lead all the way in, but the crew of the Vammerschooner had a sore arm, and could not keep second place. The Identical started towing her canoe at the bow, a scheme which would have been fatal if persisted in, but she saw her mistake, and by a sudden shift, came in second. There was not much open water between the last three boats.



WEDNESDAY  
(Cont'd.)

OBSTACLE RACE.

The course was as follows: line up on edge of float, with shirt, trousers, stockings, shoes, and necktie on, over bathing-suit; dive off, swim out about twenty-feet, and remove outer garments; bring garments in to float; when garments are all in, eat cracker, and whistle to prove that it is swallowed; then light lantern.

The six contestants appeared duly clothed, especially Jack Hutch, whose trousers were a wonderful sight. He says he was told to wear them out, and he has certainly obeyed directions.

The first garment to come ashore was one of Putnam's slippers. Unfortunately he lost the other when he first dove in, so could not qualify.

Hines was first man ashore, and had whistled before anyone else landed, but he failed on his lantern, using up all his matches without result.

Jack Hutchinson won, by brilliant cracker-eating, and good work on lantern.

Dabney was second, with good work on cracker and lantern.

Jackson was third, and H. Woodbridge fourth.

So ended a very merry afternoon. Just in the middle of things our campers arrived, having been round the world. We felt suspicious when W. R. S. reported that he had found their heavy duffle at the post-office. It came with the evening mail, while Go-lightly justified its name over the Itchfield carry. I don't mean that a nineteen-footer is very light, but she is better if you don't have to take tent and blankets for six besides.



WEDNESDAY

(Cont'd.)

The Leatherbees were over for part of the afternoon, and just before supper Mrs. Cheney arrived, to see Kim. She was to come soon anyway, and it seemed a good time for her to come when he is laid up. *June B. Cheney.*

Freddy is out of the Infirmary, to which he retired after scouting. We hope Kim will follow suit soon.

FIFTH SING-SONG PROGRAMME.

1. Overture, "Chopsticks".....Jackson, Hines.
2. Fife and drum duett.....D.V.T., <sup>Reynolds.</sup> ~~Hines.~~
3. Choruses.....Ouananiche, Forty Years On, Git ap Napoleon.
4. Mandolin Solo, "Pinafore".....H.D.
5. Drama, "The Boatswain's Mate"...W.R.S., J.H.S., G.M.I.

Camp Song.

We were a little troubled at the apparent absence of our faithful two, and surprised at the appearance of two young ladies from Runoia, who wanted to play for us. In fact one of the younger brethren asked after the overture was over if it wasn't a little queer of those two girls to come over. But something about the expression, under their hats, and their musical style, made us feel that perhaps Jake and Frog were not so very far away after all. The brief interlude on the cupboard door was especially characteristic.

Fife and drum are always lively, and we had two good tunes, with promise of more some day.

Sullivan never wrote anything better than "Pinafore", and few things so good. It was delightful to have so much of it on the mandolin.

The programme looks short, but appearances are deceptive. It is not often that we have a real play, with parts to learn, and a



WEDNESDAY real wig to wear. (We hear that there was also a (cont'd.) lovely red wig, but that W.R.S. would not wear it, because it didn't match his eyebrows.)

It certainly was one of the best stunts we have ever had. W.R.S. was, as he said himself, "a small man, but stiff"; until he found himself mixed up in a murder. Then his stiffness wilted pathetically, and his agonies as he dug the grave for the man who was not dead, were pitiable to see.

G.M.I. never had a chance to tell us about what happened when he was in South Africa; but from the connection, we imagine it was like the Torpedo and the Whale:

"And oh, and oh,

The ladies loved him so!"

As for his laughter when he was hidden in the cupboard, and realized the hole into which the poor boatswain had got, it was enough to cheer up even Diogenes.

J.H.S. was such a charming lady that we don't wonder the Boatswain was ready to commit burglary by proxy to win such a bride. The pink gingham frock was fetching; but when it came to the nightgown, Mrs. Waters was a fascinator, if ever there was one.

The matter of W.R.S. and his love affair is now explained, we trust to everyone's satisfaction.

During sing-song Mrs. Sumner came to spend the night, and take Alfred off to-morrow morning. The first half of this statement is pleasanter than the last.

As many people were sleepy, half-past eight was made half-past nine too, and all hands were in bed before it was really dark. Great surprise of the gentleman who arrived about 9-30 by motor.

*John Gregory Wiggins*



## SENIOR BATTING AVERAGES FOR JULY.

	G.	A.B.	R.	H.	2	3	4	R.B.	S.O.	Ave.
T.S.E.	1	6	3	4	0	0	0	1	0	.666
H.D.	2	8	4	4	1	0	0	1	0	.500
Hitchcock	2	9	1	4	1	0	0	0	2	.444
B.L.L.	2	12	3	5	2	0	0	0	4	.417
Putnam	2	10	5	4	0	0	0	1	1	.400
Dabney	2	7	5	2	2	0	0	3	2	.286
J.R.	2	9	3	2	2	0	0	0	1	.222
N.S.W.	2	9	1	2	0	0	0	1	0	.222
Colby	2	9	5	2	1	0	0	1	4	.200
Osgood	1	5	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	.200
Ives	1	6	2	1	0	0	0	0	2	.167
W.R.S.	2	12	2	3	1	0	0	0	2	.125
Gourd	2	8	0	1	0	0	0	0	2	.125
Leland	2	8	4	2	0	0	0	2	2	.125
Hines	2	10	1	1	0	0	0	0	5	.100
J.H.S.	2	8	4	0	0	0	0	2	3	.000
G.M.I.	2	7	1	0	0	0	0	2	3	.000
Jim Hutchinson	1	4	1	0	0	0	0	1	2	.000
Sturgis	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	.000
Thurber	1	4	2	0	0	0	0	1	2	.000

## GUESTS.

M.M.	1	4	2	1	0	0	0	1	2	.250
W.L.P.	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	.000

## JUNIOR BATTING AVERAGES FOR JULY.

Ives	2	8	2	4	0	0	0	1	2	.500
Putnam	3	14	5	7	0	0	0	1	3	.500
B.L.L.#	1	2	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	.500
Hitchcock	3	11	4	4	0	0	0	1	5	.364
Colby	2	10	2	3	0	0	0	1	2	.300
Osgood	2	7	4	2	0	0	0	1	4	.286
W.R.S.	2	8	4	2	0	0	0	1	3	.250
Dabney	2	8	2	2	0	0	0	2	2	.250
Farnsworth	2	8	1	2	0	0	0	1	4	.250
Jim Hutchinson	3	12	0	3	0	0	0	1	0	.250
G.M.I.	3	15	6	3	2	0	0	1	4	.200
Jackson	3	11	1	2	0	0	0	3	1	.182
Gourd	3	14	3	2	0	0	0	1	3	.143
Lasater	2	7	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	.143
Leland	2	7	2	1	0	0	0	1	1	.143
H.Woodbridge	2	7	1	1	0	0	0	1	0	.143
Thurber	2	10	2	1	0	0	0	1	4	.100
Hines	3	14	3	1	0	0	0	2	3	.070
J.H.S.	2	4	1	0	0	0	0	6	3	.000
Gray	3	8	0	0	0	0	0	4	2	.000
Jack Hutchinson	2	7	1	0	0	0	0	2	3	.000
D.Miller	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	2	1	.000
Reynolds	1	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	.000
Richardson	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
L.Tower	1	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	.000
Williams	1	2	1	0	0	0	0	2	2	.000

## GUEST.

W.L.P.	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	2	1	.000
--------	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	------

#Batting left-handed.

## Camp for - lightly

The members of this famous trip were as follows and to wit: Degen, Hitchcock, Ives, Storey, J. M. I. and J. R. We manned the stalwart Ahlojichamegus and the well-wrought Canjougomock and paddled west, having conceived <sup>world</sup> the noble idea of rounding the ~~house~~, a trip too strenuous for average campers, but one that needs a particularly ambitious and cheerful bunch, not to say husky. The wind very considerably refrained from blowing till we reached Frog Pond, where it arose from the northwest, giving us a fair wind. We lunched at East Mount Vernon, and after a little morning, paddled down the long stream which seemed very long late in the afternoon, especially as we had a little head wind.



at last we were in Mesabonshee, with  
not enough wind to bother us. Aware that  
we had paddled a good many miles, we  
pushed on to the station, and there landed,  
making ready for the first long carry to Ellis  
Pond. J. R. took one canoe, Ives brothers the  
other, pulled by Hitchey-hero. The second  
canoe dropped behind, because the carrying  
poles we had rigged were too springy. And  
Messrs. Dagen and Storey had a mean time  
with pails and such, but finally we  
stepped through an astonished lady's  
front door yard, and slept the old canoes  
into Ellis. It should be mentioned that  
while still on the carry we were passed  
by multitudes upon multitudes from Camp  
Cedar Crest - each one a lovely Jew. It  
seemed as if we had run into a modern  
Exodus. And they all asked us how

to pronounce the names of our canoes.

We paddled down Ellis, looking for a ~~to~~ camping place and did not feel very particular, for the sun had now set and we were weary. We found a landing and a clearing just south of Camp Kennebec. It seemed a bit near the fire, but we were not particular. Soon the tent was up, the bacon sizzling. Food, shelter, and rest after an all day's paddle. What can be sweeter?

Here we had a great idea. Next day's climb over the Itatefield would be very strenuous, and two of our party were not up to the heavy carrying. We were out for only one night - Charlie Anderson's store was near. The conclusion from these facts was obvious - to carry our tent and blankets



up to friend Charles, he to bring them  
over in his fourteen cyphers Dort. We fed,  
we slept. Next morning a stealthy party  
deposited the aforesaid duffle on Charles' doorstep.  
(I forgot to mention that we visited him  
also in the evening, acquiring his consent,  
and a loaf of bread.)

Away for the Ittefield, stiff but refreshed  
after a night's rest. And over the Ittefield,  
snug in pairs this time. J. R. & J. M. I. swapping  
off and on with one canoe, Hitchley and Jack  
carrying the other together. 'Twas well  
that we had left duffle with Charles,  
for it was all that the two middle  
paddlers could do to carry food, kit,  
and paddles, behind the canoes that  
crawled up and down hill like  
mountaineering ~~to~~ turtles. There were

Times of gloom, sweat filled our eyes  
and often we stopped on the way. But  
at last we had the boats in East Pond,  
and realized that the hard work of "round  
the world" was over. Very slowly we paddled  
across East, to the beach on Johnny's island.

We swam and then lunched. How  
invigorating was the touch of the cool  
water, how satisfying the bread and apple sauce!  
Strange females came to inspect the island  
and house, viewed us critically while we  
ate, and disappeared. After dinner, a  
siesta - we had earned it.

And now we swung away on the  
home stretch, thankful for the smooth water,  
for we were weary. We paddled down  
Smith's field stream, found things much  
as usual in the little town with its



sawmill and church, slept across  
North Pond, marveling that the south  
wind had not come up, to the  
top end of Meadow Brook. Down that  
stream we twisted and turned, reaching  
Great Pond, and paddling home across it  
in a calm. For once the head wind  
hobnobbed that greets canoes returning  
from Meadow Brook was broken. Maybe  
the kind stars had pity on adventurers  
who had labored mightily.

The folks at home were friendly  
in their welcome and most appreciative  
of the stories that we told. This is  
the fourth time since camp began that the  
world has been circumnavigated.

J.R.

THURSDAY            The weather report was made late; Donald's idea  
July 29,  
B.29.10       of time is a little peculiar, and he never makes  
T.74'  
Cloudy       his report till I tell him to. How would he like it  
S.W.

if the kitchen department did the same about the dinner?

To-day was the dividing line between the two months,  
and departures began right after breakfast, when the Leather-  
bees came over to take Charlie and Bill Storey. We got a  
picture of them before they went, and we hope it will come  
out well.

The rest left soon after nine o'clock, and very hard it  
was to let them go.

We felt rather diminished in numbers at swim, but Hill  
swam to the Ouananiche, and after a brief pause swam back. He  
looks like the next candidate for the test, though his stroke  
is decidedly original.

In the middle of the morning Colonel and Mrs. Smedberg, and  
George, came over to spend as much of the day as we could  
keep them for. It is delightful to have the whole family here  
together.

The first August arrivals were the Heard's, who came in  
time for baseball.

MAJOR LEAGUE GAME.  
DRAKES VS. MAGELLANS.

This game goes with August, as the July boys had gone,  
and two of the August boys had come. It was a remarkably close  
game throughout, as can be seen by referring to the score card.

Hits and errors were both much fewer than usual. Three hits  
in the whole game is unheard-of, and six errors is almost as  
exceptional.



THURSDAY B.L.L. struck out fifteen men to H.D.'s twelve, but  
(Cont'd.)  
gave more bases on balls.

There was more activity in the outfield than usual, Jackson catching a fly at right, and H. Heard making an assist from the same remote region. Gourd says you have to be a Rocky Mountain goat to play left field, but he caught two put-outs, in spite of the nature of the ground.

Colonel Smedberg umpired most of the game, to the great satisfaction of all concerned. There are rumors that W.R.S. tried to bluff him once or twice, but was not successful.

[illegible]

vs.					of		at													
PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	
9	1		1		(K)				P-3								3	1	0	
0	3		2		K				K			K					3	0	0	
5	0		3	(2 in 7 <sup>th</sup> )			K		K			K					3	0	0	
6	0		4							P-3			P-3				4	0	1	
1	1		5						P-3				P-3				3	1	1	
0			6			K	P-3			K			P-3				4	0	0	
9	0		7	(6 in 7 <sup>th</sup> )				P-3			P-3						3	0	0	
0	0		8	(7 in 7 <sup>th</sup> )		K		P-3				P-3					3	0	0	
1	0		9					K			P-3						2	1	0	
0	0		10	Thurber	8						K						1	0	0	
			11																	
TIME OF GAME.					Runs totl.															
Hours..... Mins.....																				
Balks.	Hit by pito. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.											Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	
	1			6	18	1-b. on errors.														



THURSDAY                      BIG LEAGUE GAME.  
(Cont'd.)    PLYMOUTH ROCKS VS. SHAM-ROCKS.

These teams were well named, for it seems to have been a pretty rocky game. Of course the league had lost various members, and its ranks were recruited from that noble band, the Flea League. We cannot give particulars, but the final score, 40-8, shows that the victory was a decisive one.

*Sham-Rocks vs. Plymouth Rocks of Flea League at*

Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	34	46	57	85	90	100				
1	Reynolds	5	K												
2	Rich	3													
3	Jim Hunt	2							K						
4	Tower	1									K				
5	Wiggins	7		K			K		K						
6	Palmer	9													
7	Conroy	4	K												
8	O'Brien	8		K	K										
9	Deane	6													
10															
11															
TIME OF GAME.															
Hours..... Mins.....			Runs total.												
			3	3	6	6	12	12	5	2	4	0	9	5	46

*Sham-Rocks vs. Plymouth Rocks of Flea League at*

Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
1	W. Connors	6	1	1	1	1	1	1
2	Palmer	8	1	1	1	1	1	1
3	Conroy	7	1	1	1	1	1	1
4	Palmer	2	1	1	1	1	1	1
5	Palmer	9	1	1	1	1	1	1
6	Palmer	4	1	1	1	1	1	1
7	Palmer	5	1	1	1	1	1	1
8	Palmer	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
9	Palmer	3	1	1	1	1	1	1
10								
11								
TIME OF GAME.		Runs total.	1	2	2	2	2	1
Hours..... Mins.....								

While both games were in progress, the rest of the August boys arrived, except for Jack Phillips, who is coming Monday.

*James Mott Halliwell Jr. Albert S Bigelow, Jr.  
Hugh W. Bigelow. Paul T. Haskell Jr.*

It is fun to have two Bigelows, but we could wish that they looked less alike. Shall we paint the nose of one on scouting days? Or would that be artificial cover?

After supper we had Games on the Hill, and then two fierce trips to Jerusalem. The first was won by W.R.S., J.H.S. second. The second was won by Dabney, W.R.S. second.

As for "Boston", there were many mistakes. E.S.E. was twice called H.D. on account of his moustache. (H.D. very proud.) D.V.T. and J.G.W. were also called E.S.E. We seem to have an elusive doctor.



FRIDAY  
July 30,  
B.23.97  
T.66'  
Cloudy  
S.F.

When Donald Miller makes weather reports,

He really is a sight.

He'd like to wait for Friday's weather,

And post it Saturday night.

Rain  
a.m.

This morning H.D. had everybody fooled. His audience

crowded into the front row, expecting him to show them how to  
to get Moab out of John Wiggins's pocket; and instead he had the  
palmator form the boat-house, and told them how to treat people  
who were drowned. The great thing is, to keep at it. People have been  
brought to after four hours of work; and a little child who fell  
in over at Ellis Pond last year was restored to life after seven  
hours.

Four little non-swimmers

Climbing up a tree;

Hill passed the swimming test,

And then there were three.

It was a good rough day, too. We don't count Hugh Bigelow as a  
non-swimmer, for it is evident that he could have passed the test  
easily if anybody had thought of it. He will do it tomorrow.

Stack and one or two expert dopesters have a new scheme. They  
dope the afternoon, and then put their dope into a sealed envelope,  
and give it to the faculty right after dinner, to be opened after  
the list is made out. They did well to-day; for it was fishing, as  
they doped, though with boat-building and soccer instead of a walk.

The soccer game was a lively one, ending with a score of 1-1.  
The two goals were shot by the two Heards.

Boat-building progresses, and there would have been some try-  
outs if all the rangeleys had not been out fishing. It was not the  
day to chase a fast yacht in the Wobbler.

FRIDAY

FISHING .

(Cont'd.)

WILLIWAW. YAMMERSCHOONER. IDENTICAL. PANTASOTE. EREBUS.

H.D.	J.G.W.	D.V.T.	B.L.L.	N.S.W.
D. Miller	Gourd	Leland	H. Woodbr.	F. Miller
Hines	Haskell	Richardson	W. Tower	Wiggins
Carey	Fuller	G. Woodbr.	MacLeod	Thompson
5 bass	13 perch		2 bass	6 w. perch
2 perch			2 perch	
1 bream				

TERROR.	NO. 18.	ARKLET.
W.R.S.	G.M.I.	Hitchcock
Osgood	Farnsworth	Thurber
Hill	L. Tower	Batchelder
Mann	Bennett	4 perch
2 bass	1 bass	
5 perch	5 perch	
	1 bream	

Total number of fish, 50.

All boats but the Erebus and the Arklet stayed out to supper. Most of the fishing was done near the perch rock. The trouble<sup>was</sup> that the school of perch that they struck was largely a kindergarten, and a great many tiny ones had to be put back. Then a big shower passing slowly to the north cut off the wind. Still, it was not a bad catch, and H.D. had one bass that was a beauty.

At supper we all sat where we pleased, with paper napkins, and there was no Tink; except a very select one for the crew of the Arklet, which came in twenty minutes late.

Then came Skowhegan on the Point, which fooled the dopsters badly.

Just as the boats were coming in, came a guest whom we had been looking for since the afternoon train. In fact we expected him yesterday.

*Gerald Thompson*



	K	S	Soldiers	Counters	Counters				
Stoughton			1	X	.		X		
Peterson	X	.		X	.		X	..	
Heard S	X			X	.		X		
Kelley Gm	X	.....	1	X	..		X	..	
Kelley Gm	X	.....		X	...		X		
Bigelow H	X			X			X	.	
Johnson	X			X			X	...	
Legg	X			X	.		X		
Wheeler	X			X			X		
Wheeler				X			X		
Wheeler				X			X		
Wheeler	7	10	2	11	9	0	11	8	.
Wheeler	X			X	...		X	...	
J.H.S.	X	..	1		.	2	X	...	
Wheeler H	X	..			..	2			1
Wheeler	X	.		X	.			..	
Wheeler	X			X	..	1	X		
Bigelow H	X			X			X		
Raynolds	X	..		X			X		
Wheeler	X			X			X		
Gay	X			X	.		X		
Higgins	X			X		1	X	.	
Wood H				X	.			.	1
	10	7	1	9	11	6	8	11	2

As for the game of Week-end, which the half-past niners played, it was probably a unique experience. Nothing was ever funnier. But it is destructive of most things, and if we play it again, it will be in a modified form. Most of us finished "The Lost House;" But H.R., H.D., and G.M.I. had a painful expedition to Mexico.



SATURDAY

July 31.

B.28.81 an apology for losing the weather report; one of

T.72!

Clear, the few which Donald has made on time. And then I

S.W.

found it after all. At the present moment it is not to be

Showers

p.m. 1. We had good wrestling this morning. Gourd downed

Thurber, with some time to spare.

Gray found Fuller a not very difficult proposition.

The heavy-weight bout, between W. Tower and MacLeod, was a decided victory for the former, as he has experience on his side.

The last bout, Dabney-Hitchcock, was the most exciting. At the very start Hitch got Dabney off his feet, squeezing him hard, but after this very spectacular beginning, Dabney slowly got the upper hand, and after a fierce tussle forced his adversary down on the mat.

This morning H.D. told us about "Mexico". He knows where- of he speaks, for he has commanded several expeditions into those unpleasant regions.

Garland Lasater went off with the mail, to spend the day and night with his mother.

H. Bigelow passed the test easily this morning. Mann swam up from the Ouananiche, which easily beats his record, and Wiggins and Richardson swam a good two thirds of the way, which is the best they have done. We shall clear the score by the end of camp, without any reasonable doubt.

Just before dinner A.S.M.'s family came out; Mrs. Maxey, Mr. and Mrs. George Barstow, Miss Barstow, and Miss Louise Maxey. It was delightful to see them, and to have them to dinner. The only sad part of it was that they took A.S.M. away with them. She could only stay one month; but we are glad to have had



SATURDAY her as long as we could.

(Cont'd.)

After dinner we began reading out of doors, but the sky did not look very promising. We finally adjourned to the big room, with excursions on the way to rescue towels and tie up tents. A wet towel is poor, but a wet tent is worse, if you have to sleep in it.

We made all taut in time, and when Mr. Williwaw descended, he found few holes to get in at. A good williwaw while he lasted; as the poor Salmon Lake House people found, for the lightning struck their kitchen, just as twenty new guests had arrived.

We got two tables of progressive ping-pong going, and there were lively games, but no score was kept. The piano also had a lively session. And soothed by these gentle (?) sounds, B.L.L. and E.S.E. lay on the bench and slept the sleep of the just! "They try to get some leathery sleep."

The shower was a short-lived one, and soon the sun was out, and it was "All up for junior ball!" The field was damp, but not too bad.

JUNIOR LEAGUE GAME.

HERMITS VS. CRABS.

Not a very close game. The Crabs got the start, two to one, but in the second inning the Hermits had a merry-go-round, which brought them in six runs. The Crabs made three in the third, but in the five innings which were played, they could not catch up, and the final score was 13-5.

Putnam pitched a good game, striking out thirteen men, and giving only three passes.

Batting List.

W.R.S.	1,000.
G.M.I.	.500
Dabney	.500
Jackson	.500



Hermit vs. Crab of July 31 at 19

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	
1	0		1 N. Head	6	2-1												4	2	1		
11	1		2 J. M. J.	2													2	3	1		
1	2		3 Pulson	1	2-3			2-3	4-3								4	0	1		
2	0		4 Dabney	3	2-6												2	0	1		
0	0		5 J. N. S.	4			2-1	4-3									2	1	0		
0	0		6 Stockpile	9			4-3		2-3								2	1	0		
0	0		7 Deland	7													1	3	0		
0	0		8 Hunter	8													3	3	1		
0	0		9 H. Bigelow	5		2-3		K	2-1								3	0	0		
			10																		
			11																		
15	3		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.												23	13	5		
Balks.	Hit by pito. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
				3	11	1-b. on errors.													1		
Unfed	Missed	Unfed	Unfed	Wild	Passed																

Crab vs. Hermit of July 31 at 1

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	
1	0		1 S. Head	6			2-3	K									2	1	3		
0	0		2 Lound	9	2-3		K		K								3	0	0		
0	4		3 Hines	4					2-1								2	2	0		
7	1		4 Hitchcock	3	K				K								2	1	0		
1	0		5 W. R. S.	2													2	1	2		
0	0		6 H. Bigelow	5			K										2	0	0		
0	0		7 Dagood	9		2-6		K									2	0	0		
0	0		8 Hallwell	8		K		K									2	0	0		
2	1		9 Jackson	1		K											2	0	1		
			10																		
			11																		
11	6		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.												19	5	3		
Balks.	Hit by pito. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out.	1-base hits.												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.
				7	1	1-b. on errors.															

Dop... vs. ... of ... vs. ... of ...

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5
			1	6									1						
			2	2									2						
			3	1									3						
			4	3									4						
			5	2									5						
			6	2									6						
			7	7									7						
			8	9									8						
			9	4									9						
			10										10						
			11										11						
			TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.														



SATURDAY  
(Cont'd.)

MOSQUITO LEAGUE GAME.  
DOPESTERS VS. DOPE-FRIENDS.

As this game did not extend through the required five innings, it was not officially a game. But there was hard playing, and the score, 15-14, was so close that we give the score card as usual. The innings were so long that, as the umpire said, to play five would have taken them till 6-15.

The Mosquito League, as will be seen by the card, is a full-sized league, but includes some players who are not up to the lofty stature of the Eug League.

During supper were many arrivals. Mr. Harris and Miss Dunne had hoped to arrive earlier, but had been delayed by the shower. Miss Dunne came out last summer, and helped us with our bad throats, at the end of August.

Miss Gregory's train was late, by something like an hour and a half. It is a way that train has, especially on Saturdays.

*Elmer Gregory*

By the same train came All of the Wigginses but the smallest, to spend Sunday. We are having a Wiggins reunion, more or less.

*Charles Wiggins III*

*Laura Elizabeth Wiggins*

*Charles Wiggins 2nd*

CHARADES.

FUSILLADE.

The first scene revealed the British Board of Admiralty, with E.S.E. and D.V.T. at the head of affairs, planning the campaign. H.D., evidently a spy of the worst description, slipped in with a bomb, muttering that none of them should ever leave the building, but in the nick of time Dabney and Gray collared him from behind, and Gray pulled out the fuse of the bomb. The next two syllables came in one scene; a banquet, at which Farnsworth proposed the health of D.V.T. He proposed the transfer the honor to E.S.E., when the latter pitched out of his chair, and lay literally frothing at the mouth. (Ask him how he liked the flavor of Colgate's soap.) H.D.



SATURDAY was called in, and thought he had seen an account (Cont'd.) of a similar case. On looking the matter up, he read, "If action is not taken quickly, the patient will strangle." This impressed him, and he sent his assistant for the pulmotor. With the aid of that, and a bucket of molasses, the patient was restored to consciousness. Did you know that molasses is a cheering stimulant? Perhaps soap is too. Ask the Doctor. The whole word, an attack on a fort, with the bean-bags flying like hail, made a splendid finish to the word.

BILGRIM. J.G.W. began matters, explaining the virtues of his pills. He cured L. Tower, who was so miserable that "he'd die most any time." He urged us to try a small bottle, but none of us had the change. The second scene was a ghastly one. Three masked inquisitors dealt with their victims one after another. Fuller was thumbscrewed till his thumbs nearly came off, and Thompson was strung up by his thumbs, but they all remained firm, and refused to recant. For the whole word, Garey and Jim Hutch, as early settlers, interviewed two lovely scarlet savages, with shuttlecocks in their hair.

ANTARCTIC. The first scene was on the scouting field, with the four braves horribly annoyed by ants. We then shifted to Palestine, and beheld J.R. as Noah, marshalling his family and live stock into the Ark. It was a lively job, and the scene was further enlivened by the appeals of Mr. Chittenden and J.H.S., as sinners who found that it was really raining, and did not want to get wet. The whole word depicted vividly the trials of a man trying to sleep in the country. J.R. was disturbed by roosters, cats, dogs, and cows, but most of all by the fine old family clock, which had been running for eleven hundred years, and was still going strong. Not even a pillow



SATURDAY could discourage it. The whole word was a scene from  
(Cont'd.)

"The Voyage of the Discovery", with Scott and his friends nursing their frost-bitten toes in the sleeping bag, while the storm raged outside. It was a good storm.

OUIJA. The first syllable was not perhaps clear, but it was very impressive. G.M.I. acted as chairman, and one by one W.R.S., Leland, Osgood, and the rest signed the Declaration of Independence. In the second scene, G.M.I., A.M.R., and their family had an argument as to where to spend their vacation. Suggestions ranged from Coney Island to Egypt, and by the end of it we doubt if the family went anywhere. Then came A.M.R. and W.R.S., as fortune-tellers with their Ouija board. Leland was given good news of his mine, but cautioned about his partner. Osgood, the partner, who came in later, was also cautioned. They seem to have been in for a pleasant time. G.M.I. wanted to know when his rich uncle would die. On learning that the old gentleman was good for forty years, he departed, to try poison. S. Heard came in with Miss D. Miller on his arm, to know if they would be happy together. The answer was no; and his close-fisted disposition looked as if Ouija was right. Last came a gang of small boys, with Richardson at their head, to know if it would be safe to cut school and go fishing. The answer was not encouraging, and they went back to school.

The half-past niners did two more letters of "cinematographs."  
M is fair, but N is horrid.

SUNDAY This morning Mrs. Lasater came over and spent the  
 Aug. 1,  
 B. 28.78 day, that is, till picnic time. Garland came with her,  
 T. 65'  
 Clear of course, and his younger brother Tom. They all went  
 N.W.  
 back to the hotel for the night.

PICNIC AT LORD'S WOODS.

TOGUS.	CORKER.	EREN.	AROL.	WILLIWAW.
J.H.S.	W.R.S.	B.L.L.	Dabney	E.S.E.
Stackpole	M.P.	D. Miller	Jackson	Hitchcock
Jim Hutchinson	Jack Hutchinson	Degen	G. Woodbr.	L. Tower
Tuller	H. Woodbridge	Thurber	S. Heard	Richardson

NO. 12.	IDENTICAL.	PANTASOTE.	TERROR.	EREBUS.	YAMMER.
C.M.I.	N.S.W.	C.H.C.	D.V.T.	J.R.	J.G.W.
Leland	Hallowell	Osgood	Putnam	Gourd	Farnsworth
Wrenn	Bennett	Mann	Hill	Carey	Wiggins
E.G.	Thompson	Gray	Reynolds	Haskell	C.W. 3d.

OUANANICHE.

	C.W.
A.M.R.	G.C.
A. Rigelow	H. Rigelow
Batchelder	MacLeod
Hines	F. Miller
H. Heard	W. Tower
	L.E.R.
	R.R.
	L.E.W.
	L.E.W. Jr.

By the time we started there was a light south wind, but not enough to do more than cool us nicely. We reached our landing in good time, and most of the company went up in the field for Wolf. We used to play round the house, but that was rather rough on anyone who happened to be living there. There is no way of arranging a score card for Wolf, but H. Heard and L. Tower were the prize performers. They were the last surviving sheep, and survived three attacks after the rest of the flock had turned to wolves. The call for supper found them still uncaught.

Instead of going up to the woods for supper, we camped in a glade, dale, or dingle (they are all nice words) south of the house. There was time for singing as well as eating, so we



SUNDAY      sang--no, we didn't sing as well as we ate. No one but  
(Cont'd.)  
Caruso could do that. But we had a good sing, anyway.

We came home over an unruffled sea, and found H.R. and H.D. on the float, the latter recovering from Mexican outrages, and both much interested in a queer cloud that trailed up from the south end of Austen's bog. It was as white as fog, yet it had come up in one place, like smoke. Up to date the mystery is unexplained.

We were a bit late for hymns, but the few we had were good ones.

Our story was "Bread Upon the Waters." Best story Kipling ever wrote? Well, that is a great deal to say. But it is hard to beat.

AN ALPHABET.

A is the Anklet, an excellent craft.  
B is the Bug League, which sometimes goes daft.  
C is for Chilly, so lengthy and slim.  
D is our Doctor, who keep us in trim.  
- E is the Erebus, black as your hat.  
F is for Froggy, as spry as a cat.  
G is George Woodbridge, a swimmer is he.  
H is for Henry, who hopes soon to be.  
I is the Ivy, where Hefty did crawl.  
J's Jim and Jack, who kill wasps on the wall.  
K's Kipling; we all know his stories and verses.  
- L is the Lamp squad, which everyone curses.  
M is the Mills, where we fill up on stuff.  
N is for No one who e'er has enough.  
O is for Osgood, who plays basket-ball.  
P is for Put, who works hardest of all.  
Q is Queer fols; but of them we have none.  
R's Reynolds, whose drum has a musical tone.  
S is for Stephen, whose head is ablaze.  
T is the Thistles, that sadden our days.  
U is Unpleasant, like Mexico's smell.  
V is the Vale where the strawberries dwell.  
W is We, all and sundry together.  
X, unknown quantity; i. e., the weather.  
Y is for You, as my nonsense you read.  
Z is a Zany, who scribbles this screed.

A.M.R.



MONDAY  
Aug. 2,  
B. 28.90  
T. 61'  
Cloudy  
N.W.

D.V.T. and M.P. left this morning. It is too bad there  
have to be departures, but she is going only for ten days.

This morning Mr. Chittenden told us many interesting  
things about Central America.

Kim was up for a good part of the day, though he went back to  
bed for a rest at dinner-time.

The pair-oar was out to-day, first with N.S.W. and B.L.L., then  
with the two Wigginses.

Mr. Chittenden spent a good part of the day fishing, catching  
one bass in the morning, and five in the afternoon.

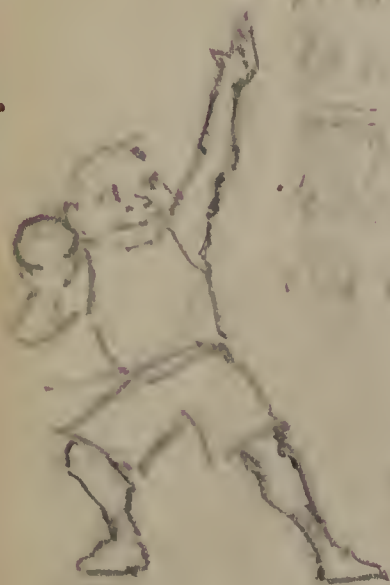
Total Number of Fish, 6.

Class B Chinning.

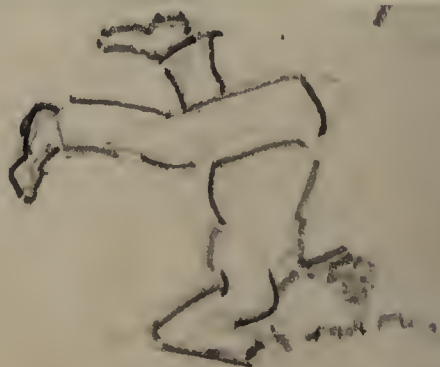
Jim Hutchinson	13
D. Miller	8
Wrenn	6
Carey	5
Mann	5
Reynolds	5

This month J.G.W. takes Class A, and E.S.E. Class B.

THIRD TRACK AND FIELD PRACTICE.



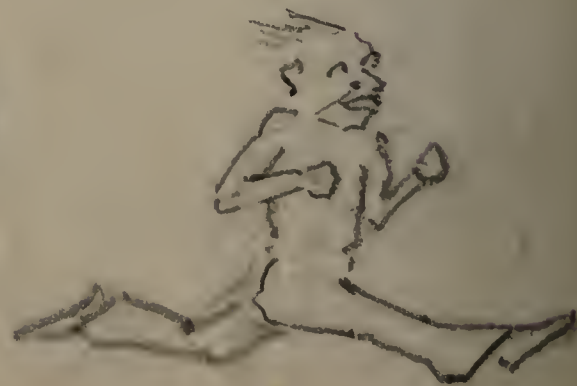
Shot put



High Jump



Broad Jump



Races

MONDAY                      Class A Hundred.  
 (Cont'd.)                  First Heat.  
 Dabney                                      13 s.  
 Putnam  
 A Bigelow

Dabney has done a second better than this, but Putnam did not drive him so hard as Ives did. Bigelow almost tied for second place.

Second Heat.  
 Leland                                      12 1/2 s.  
 Stackpole  
 H. Bigelow

A closer, as well as a faster heat. Leland had about six feet at the tape, with H. Bigelow not more than four feet behind Stackpole.

Final Heat.  
 Dabney                                      12 s.  
 Stackpole  
 Leland

This time Dabney was out for business, and equalled the best time he made at the previous meet. Stackpole was a scant foot behind him, Leland about four feet behind Stackpole. A good race.

Class A High Jump.  
 Leland                                      4'7"  
 Dabney                                      4'5"  
 Putnam                                      4'3"

Leland and Dabney have both come up, though neither has yet reached Ives's mark. We hope for that next time.

Class A Broad Jump.  
 Stackpole                                      15'8"  
 Leland                                      15'7 1/4"  
 Dabney                                      14'6 1/2"

Leland has advanced nearly a foot since July. Dabney fouled once or twice, but even so he has gained.

Class A Shot Put.  
 Dabney                                      27'5 1/2"  
 Stackpole                                      23'7"  
 Osgood                                      22'7 1/2"

Dabney did nearly a foot better than last time. Hitchcock, who made second in the previous meet, did not come up to his form.



MONDAY  
(cont'd.)

Class A 440.

Stackpole  
Leland  
Dabney

1 m 7 1/5 s.

Gourd jumped to the front immediately, and held his lead for a good part of the distance, but ran himself out. Stackpole started his sprint at the hundred and led the rest of the way. Leland had a long lead over Dabney.

Class B Hundred.

First Heat.

D. Miller  
Fuller  
Jim Hutchinson

13 4/5 s.

A hot race. Fuller worked his hardest, passing Hutchinson, and finishing only a foot behind Miller. Hutchinson was not more than two feet in the rear, and Hallowell was a close fourth.

Second Heat.

Gray  
Degen  
Jack Hutchinson

14 4/5 s.

Not so fast, nor so close. Reynolds almost tied for third place.

Third Heat.

H. Heard  
Lasater  
Thurber

14 2/5 s.

A good heat, though not up to the first. Lasater was a yard behind at the finish, with Thurber a little less behind him.

Final Heat.

Lasater  
D. Miller  
Fuller

13 1/5 s.

This time Lasater shook out a reef, and led D. Miller by five feet, in the fastest heat of the series. Fuller was a good third, and H. Heard a close fourth.

Class F High Jump.

Thurber  
H. Heard  
Jim Hutchinson

4' 00"  
3' 11"  
3' 11"

It is not often that the high jump is so close; all three places within an inch, and two of them tied.

MONDAY                      Class B Broad Jump.  
(Cont'd.)

Lasater	14'6 1/4"
Fuller	13'7 1/4"
Thurber	13'5 1/4"

Last time Class B was behind Class C, but to-day there was some real work, as the figures show.

<u>Class B Shot Put.</u>	
D. Miller	24'1 3/4"
Hallowell	23'9"
Lasater	23'5 1/2"

Miller has done a few inches better than this. Lasater, per contra, has come up.

<u>Class B 440.</u>	
Lasater	
Jim Hutchinson	
Hallowell	

H. Heard led till the backstop, but then Lasater passed him, and led the field to the finish, with Jim Hutchinson a close second. The gap between Hutchinson and Hallowell was wide.

<u>Class C Hundred.</u>	
<u>First Heat.</u>	
Richardson	14 4/5 s.
Bennett	
Wiggins	

There were only three men in this heat, as Hill was cut out of the runs, to his great annoyance. Bennet was two yards or thereabouts behind Richardson.

<u>Second Heat.</u>	
Thompson	14 2/5 s.
Carey	
W. Tower	

The only close thing here was the race between Tower and MacLeod for third place, in which the former won by two feet.

<u>Third Heat.</u>	
Mann	14 4/5 s.
L. Tower	
G. Woodbridge	

Mann had a lead of two yards at the tape, and G. Woodbridge was about four feet behind Tower.



MONDAY

(Cont'd.)

Final Heat.

Mann

Carey

Thompson

13 2/5 s.(?)

If this time is right, it is a record; but there is reason to doubt the watch. If Mann really made this time, he will do it again, and have the honor of breaking Sumner's record. Thompson pressed Carey hard for second place.

Class C High Jump.

Mann

Richardson

Carey

3'5 1/2"

3'5 1/2"

3'3"

Richardson has bettered his old mark by half an inch. Mann has come up noticeably, and Carey has tied his second mark. He did his best in the first afternoon.

Class C Broad Jump.

Richardson

Mann

Carey

12'11 1/2"

12'7 3/4"

11'11 3/4"

Richardson has beaten his best mark by 1'5 1/2", but Carey has gone off. Mann came up steadily, his last jump being a foot better than the one before. At this rate Sumner's second record may go in the final meet.

Class C Shot Put.

Richardson

Carey

L. Tower

20'1 1/2"

19'3 1/2"

17'

Again Richardson has improved. G. Woodbridge, who was second last time, was distinctly out of it.

Class C 440.

Mann

Bennett

Carey

1 m. 22 3/5 s.

Richardson jumped ahead at once, and got a long lead; but unfortunately he forgot that this was not a "mile" four-forty, and ran in front of the backstop. This of course disqualified him. Mann passed Bennett about third base. The order was fairly open.

MONDAY

The Wigginses, except for J.G.W. and Johnny,  
(Cont'd.)  
went back to Gardiner this afternoon. But they will be out  
again before the end of the summer.

Our last August boy arrived early in the afternoon, to  
wit,

Somewhat later came our August lady, and a distinguished  
graduate.

Eleonora ~~B.~~ Coolidge.  
Wharton Lowell

"Boats" was a most welcome announcement, and most of us  
were out till 8-15.

Putnam "came of age" tonight, and is now a half-past niner.  
He sang "Mary had a little lamb", by way of celebration.

The half-past niners began "Mr. Standfast", one of John  
Buchan's very best.



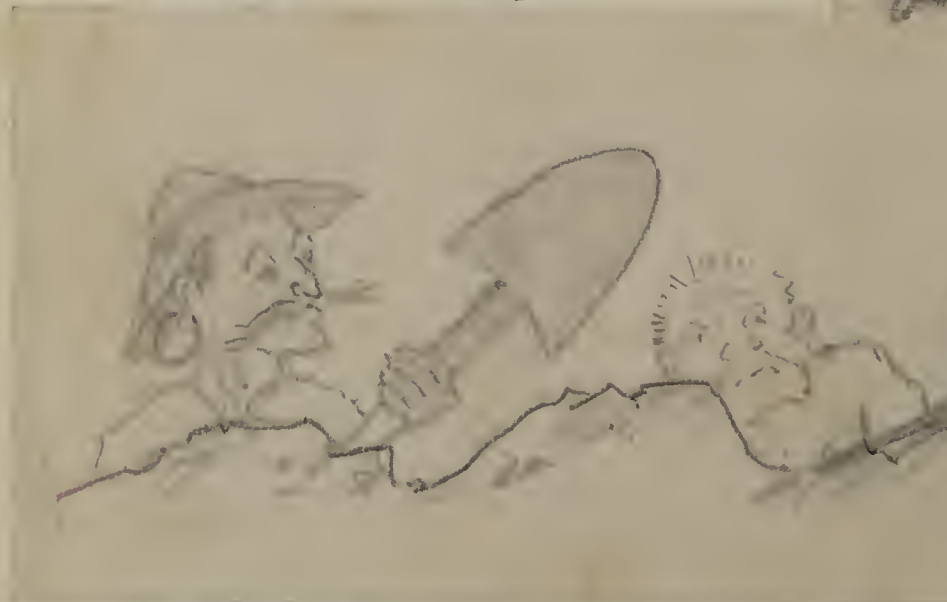
TUESDAY  
Aug. 3,  
Warm,  
Clearing,  
N.W.  
Early  
shower.

I think the weather report is  
on me this time. I am fairly  
sure Bud posted it. It was a  
good day, after the very early

shower, and our campers went  
paddling out into the west in great style.

Mrs. Bennett and Mrs. Lasater came  
over for a call this morning, and one  
more permanent guest. (If you new boys  
hear him called Johnny Burroughs, don't be worried, it isn't his  
name, and it won't kill him in scouting

The picture that went  
with the squad list to-day is  
so lovely that we have put it  
in, though the space it fills  
is rather futurist in shape.



Billy Mann swam down below the Ouananiche this morning. We  
have a rhyme all ready for him, but we won't let it out till the  
time comes.

There isn't room to put the fishing list on this page; but  
there is room to tell how G.M.I. pulled his boat up on the float.  
He pulled it so far and so fast that he pulled himself right off

\* *Harry O. Widge*

## Camping Trip Aug. 3<sup>d</sup> 1920

Dabney  
Gourd  
Hines  
Hutchinson, Jas.  
Putnam  
C.H.C.

Aboljockamegus  
Caughcomgomock

## Scouting Field

W.R.S.  
Leland  
Hill  
Hutch  
Macdon  
Mann  
Miller  
Degen  
Batchell



TUESDAY the other side.  
(Cont'd.)

Donald MacLeod tried to climb up on the slip from the stern of a boat, and then the boat went away and left him hanging by his middle. If he had not been rescued, he would have made a bigger splash than Jerry did.

FISHING AND MT. JELLY.

NO. 18.	YAMMER-SCHOONER.	WILLI WAW.	TERROR.	EREBUS.
H.D.	E.S.E.	J.G.W.	E.L.L.	N.S.W.
A. Bigelow	Leland	Farnsworth	W. Tower	Osgood
Wiggins	G. Woodbridge	Lasater	Thurber	Jack Hutchinson
Carey	Phillips	Wrenn	Thompson	Mann
1 bass	1 bass	5 bass		2 bass
1 perch				

PANTASOTE.	IDENTICAL.	CHUB.	HORNPOUT.	OUANANICHE.
W.R.S.	G.M.I.	Eldridge	F. Miller	J.R.
Jackson	H. Bigelow	Hallowell	S. Heard	J.H.S. Hitchcock
H. Heard	MacLeod	D. Miller	Batchelder	Lowell Stackpole
3 bass		1 bass	1 pickerel	Degen Reynolds
				Gray H. Woodbr.
				Haskell Fuller
				Bennett
				E.R.C.
				W.G.

Total number of Fish, 20.

All hands except the Ouananiche took

supper out, and some went to the more remote

fishing grounds. The results, however, were only fair.

The crew of the Ouananiche climbed Mt. Jelly, where one has a really wonderful view, especially when one considers what a small hill it really is. They also sampled the produce of the Mills, with varying success. We hear that the ginger ale is poor.

After supper those who were at home had six good games of Skowhegan on the Point. We give the score on the next page.

The half-past niners played Dumb-crawls, with great fun. The words were bight, pit, veer, and spill. Special mention must be made of the "Pit and the Pendulum" scene, and of Leland's turning himself into a perfect Noah's Ark of beasts, one after the other, with an old coat-hanger for horns.

J.G.W. took the first party out on the Point tonight. It was lovely weather for it.



TUESDAY

(Cont'd.)

Arthur D. Tice

Hubert, Bill -

And why did the prefects take themselves off to shop, boat-house, and piazza at half-past eight? Were they sleepy? Not yet. That would come later. They were going round the Horn, and thought they would make an early start, and get home in time for a nap.

## Camp Mooseantles

On the morning of August third, the fourth camping trip of the year was floated. It consisted of Dalney, Gourd, Hines, Jas. Hutchinson, Putnam, and C.H.C. It is noticeable that this is the first regular canoe camping trip in several years; for we have been some summers without a boy canoe man. We did not try for a record start, but soon after 9.30 a.m. we went in the following order, headed west. In the stern - Putnam, Jim Hutch, and Dalney; and in the bow - Gourd, Hines, and C.H.C. We reached the Mills without any extraordinary happening and effected the camp by the Central House and then turned to for a fling at the shops. After satiating our sundae appetites etc with various and sundry concoctions, we set off. We had also bought some line and hooks for fishing which Gourd proceeded to drop en route to the float and failed to discover his loss until we had started off; however, it was soon recovered. Then we were off in earnest.

It was practically flat on Long Pond, so it was easy paddling. We passed point after point and



gradually reached the long sought south end where we were to try to find the stream that flows in from the west. By luck we struck it the first shot and proceeded up it at a moderate pace. It resembles Meadowbrook around its mouth and is fairly wide. About one mile up we stopped along a boggy shore and had lunch in the canoes. This took about an hour and it was about 1:30 p.m. when we started up again. The rest of the stream offered little variety except in its birdlife which was numerous and active. We passed through a widening shortly beyond our lunching place which we thought might be useful as a camping place. Finally we reached the bridge that crossed the stream, beyond it progress seemed impossible. We all got out and Dotney and C.H.C. went looking for possible camping places, while the rest angled. Our mission was fruitless and it seemed best to try for a camping place down the stream. Moose Pond was handy by however and a swim in that sounded good; so off we started to the north west. Handy by is a misleading term and we were all fooled by the distance we covered before reaching the mecca we sought. Huge hills, rocky slopes, uncut hay fields, and boggy roads rudely intruded into our path; we did find a refreshing pump on the south ridge off

Hornbeam and at last we did arrive at Moose Pond. But what a blow! To five gentlemen who had given their all to make the grade and to C. W. C. who had suggested the walk it was a grave disappointment. We found ourselves on the edge of a marshy, muddy, murky Moose Pond. That offered no cooling waters for swimming or drinking. A short groan following disgusted glances finished off our stay there and we returned a sadder but wiser crew. On the route back we stopped again at the pump and made up for what we missed at Moose Pond. On arriving at the bridge, we got into the canoes and started down stream looking for a camping place along the South shore where the widening was. We scouted along and made frequent excursions onto the land. It revealed nothing enticing and seemed to be entirely a ledge. At this point somebody suggested going around the horn. It was then 4.15 p.m. and we would have a hustle to make a good camping place on the stream. The vote stood 4 to 2 in favor of going and so we set out. This accounts, explains, and finishes the Moose part of our name and now for the letters.



Before we had gotten out of Moose Stream the vote was readily unanimous for around the horn; so on reaching Long Pond we headed south for Belgrade Stream. With no undue exertion or sprinting we reached East Mt. Vernon. Here we negotiated the carry over the dam through the sluiceway; so it was no carry at all. From the dam on, the stream passed by very quickly. Thousands of fish seemed to be going up stream but were not attracted down even by us. From the last half mile we were continually in cahoots; there were three uninitiated into the game but by the time we reached the camp place just above the railroad bridge we <sup>all</sup> thought as I thought "and all pointed as I point". It was just about 6:30 p.m. when we started making camp; all hands turned to for this and it was short work and he had the tent up and the fire started. A long promised and much anticipated supper took place before supper. To this meal we had the usual menu and after the repast it was "boats". All except C.H.C. went out and tried fishing.

Total no. of fish one.

We kept the fire on the bank going and when we came ashore we had marshmallows to toast and C.H.C. told a story. At 9:30 we all retired or at least attempted to; from north to south in the tent we slept - C.H.C., Gould, Putnam, Jones, Hutchinson, & Dalney. The extreme sought sleep and Dalney got his. The means were out of proportion and dominated most of the night with



conversation, laughter, & also witticisms - Paramount among  
which were "Technically speaking" the motto of Putnam  
and "Alien", said the seamstress "which ought to be on the  
Putnam coat of arms. To be greeted by either or both of these  
expressions or a story centuries old at 12 o'clock midnight  
is a sensation only to be experienced once a lifetime. G.H.C.  
had no comeback but "I always did like that one" which is  
discreet enough for any one. After finally getting asleep the  
night's rest was broken again by aliens: i.e. the Prefects 3  
who were taking a nocturnal trip around the house. They  
sought not us so we left them alone.

Whether the means 'slept at all remains a mystery;  
anyway at 7:00 a.m. we were all awake and up.  
Breakfast was ready soon after a quick dip. We broke  
camp about eight thirty and set off for Mesalonshee.  
Going down the stream we passed Camp Kenelbach out  
camping but still more or less a-bed. Between Belgrade and  
the mouth of the stream we stirred up more wildlife - herons,  
geese, and ducks. Mesalonshee greeted us with an unruffled  
surface and we were again in luck to have no head wind.  
We started off for the nearest island where we soon beached  
and took a well managed swim. It is a working island  
and a pity that we could not have made it for the night.  
After some chocolate we pushed off again and made for  
the station. On arriving there we made ready for the  
carry. First we landed the canoe and duffle. All hands  
then turned to on the carrying of the duffle & paddles. These



we got across to Ellis without killing anyone or leaving anything behind but the canoes. These were used for on returning he stopped at the store for a bit just to eat. Then we started with Dalney and Putnam carrying the gun together and Grand + C.H.C. on the shore with him as support. On reaching the diagonal fork at the Oakland road a kindly farmer offered us assistance in the form of a hayrack. It certainly was welcome & we piled the canoes aboard and walked along beside murmuring prayers of thanks and short cheers for the driver. He left our canoes about two hundred yds. from Ellis to which we took them steadily. We rested a bit and then loaded up with duffle. On the paddle over we picked water lilies for camp; at the Salmon Lake House we were greeted by a series of shots and we felt the royal guards were turned out in our honor; but it was only Louville Cork shooting at a bottle. Escaping destruction we got the duffle across to Gleason & returned to Andersons for more lunch and some desert. After this we returned for canoes which in the manner before we carried quickly to Gleason. Then followed a good rest for our labors were over and we still had two and a half hours before supper at camp. Mr Chittenden breezed along soon in the ice. so altogether we set out for Horse Point. We reached the float by 4.30 p.m. completing our trip from Moose Stream around the horn in twenty four hours. This part we incorporate subtly into our name by antler - thus explaining the second part of our name.

C.H.C.

WEDNESDAY      Not very warm at breakfast time, but warming up  
Aug. 4,  
B. 29.30      later.  
T. 59.  
Warm,      About four o'clock three stealthy figures landed  
Clear,  
N.W.      round the Point, and stole softly to their beds for

a nap, before the stern duties of the day began. Here are  
their figures:

Left Camp	9-15.
Arrived Mills	9-59.
Leave Mills	10-2.
Arrive E.M.V.	11-499
Leave E.M.V.	12-1.
Arrive Messalonskee	1-50
Arrive N. Belgrade	2-55.
Leave "	3-00.
Arrive Ellis.	3-30.
Arrive Salmon L.H.	3-55.
Arrive Gleason's	4-05.
Arrive Camp	4-29.

This is an interesting set of figures, and will be helpful to other Horners in futures.

There was some wrestling this morning, though we did not get going early enough for a full programme.

L. Tower downed Wrenn, with some time to spare.

Leland downed Osgood in the last second. They took some time before either could throw the other, and Leland was a bit inclined to "wrestle his clothes."

The Bigelow--Bigelow match was a hot one, but the horn blew before it could be finished.

At morning reading Mr. Hill told us about his experiences in France. It is the first time most of us have heard about the legal side of the army. In fact most of us did not know that there was a legal side to an army.

This morning Donald MacLeod jumped off the spring-board. He has been going without dessert till he should do it; and when he saw the blueberry pie, his courage rose.



WEDNESDAY

(Cont'd.)

FIRST WALKERS.

A.D.H.	H.D.
Hitchcock	H. Bigelow
W. Tower	Batchelder
Wldridge	Richardson
L. Tower	D. Miller
Hill.	

SUNDY STUNTS.

BOG AND RICKFORD.

OUANANICHE.

H.R.
Mrs. Hill
E.G.

FIRST PADDLERS.

J.R.	A. Bigelow
Osgood	H. Heard
Bennett	Hallowell
Reynolds	F. Miller
Gray	Thurber
Mann	
Lasater	

BALSAM BROOK.

CORKER.

E.S.E.
A.M.R.
S. Heard
Fuller

WILLI WAW.

J.G.W.
H. Woodbridge
Jack Hutchinson
Phillips

YAMMERSCHOONER.

B.L.L.
Farnsworth
Wiggins
Degen

HAMILTON POND.

TOGUS.

N.S.W.
Leland
Carey
Haskell

IDENTICAL.

J.H.S.
Stackpole
Wrenn

EREBUS.

W.R.S.
Lowell
G. Woodbr.
Thompson

TERROR.

G.M.I.
Jackson
Madleod

The Ouananiche had, of course, a crew each way, but it seemed simpler to put them as above. The first paddlers found their trail without much difficulty, and landed on the slopes of Bickford Hill in good shape.

It was an hour and a quarter after the departure of this gallant company that the first walkers hove in sight. The trouble was that they followed what looked to be the trail of the first paddlers; and after they had followed it gaily for some time, they reached black mud, and saw the actual foot-prints; and they were the unmistakable prints of cows. So they had to do some hunting, and in consequence the Ouananiche was very nearly late for supper.

The Hamilton Pond crew did not all get there. The three range-leys stopped at Island Point (it has ceased to be Point Island) and had a swim, while the Togus went on down the bay. N.S.W. and his men went over to the pond, but did not swim, preferring to make sure of a swim when they got home. They were feeling the need of exercise, so they took a turn round Oak. After that a swim was very welcome.



WEDNESDAY . The Balsam Brook trio coasted the shore of  
(Cont'd.)  
Jamaica Point, and then struck over to their brook. It is not  
a very big brook, but they went up as far as the bridge. It  
hardly seemed worth while to carry over the bridge and the  
natural bridge, for the very short distance they could have  
gone farther, and the rangeleys don't like carrying much, any-  
how. So B.L.L. and Farnsworth went fishing, and the rest took  
an inviting path, which finally brought them out on the Rome  
road, a little west of the church; St. Peter's, as J.G.W. suggests.  
As it is always more interesting to come back another way,  
they turned into the field, and all went well till they found  
that they were in the swamp. But it seemed a long way round, so  
they waddled across, and after some rough walking through the  
woods, found their trail and their boats. There was some doubt  
about getting home in time for a swim, but when we landed, and  
saw the Ouananiche just passing Otter Island, the doubt was  
dispelled.

Our campers were already here, after paddling up to  
Moose Pond, and going round the Horn too. They had heard the  
prefects go by, but being pretty sleepy, had decided to lie  
low.

After supper Mrs. Cheney and Kim left, to our great regret.  
He certainly has had hard luck. We hope that his cousin, Jon-  
athan Edwards, who is to take his place, will be as good a  
camper.

No use beginning the sing-song programme here, so I will  
ask you to be so kind as to turn over.



WEDNESDAY  
(Cont'd.)

SIXTH SING-SONG PROGRAMME.

1. Overture, "Chopsticks".....Jackson, Hines.
2. Violin Solo.....N.S.W.
3. Piano Solo.....Stackpole.
4. Choruses.....Baseball Song, October, I'm A-rolling.
5. Stunt, "The Briery Bush".....G.M.I., Leland, Hines,  
Hitchcock, Putnam.
6. Stunt, "Travels in Southern Bawa"....J.R., J.G.W.

Camp Song.

Our beloved overture was enlivened this time by a spirited interlude on one of the big bells.

N.S.W. played Cesar Cui's "Orientale", and then the prettiest of Edward German's delightful dances from Henry VIII.

Stackpole gave us two Chopin preludes, and then "The Gipsy Trail", which is always good, whether played or sung.

The presentation of "The Briery Bush" was exceedingly dramatic. Hitchcock as the Hangman preserved a massive calm, which was in striking contrast with the appealing pathos of Leland as the unhappy young man. We wonder what this unfortunate person had done to alienate his family. G.M.I. was positively brutal as the father, and Putnam was so spiteful that he ought to have been a step-mother. But the affection of the Frog would make up for many unkind families. To be sure, the lady had forgotten her gold, but she had the pardon; and her smile was enough to move even an executioner to clemency.

J.R. and J.G.W., otherwise Prof. Smith and Dr. Jones, who had just been lecturing at "Camp Rowena", across the pond, gave us a wonderful account of their travels in Southern Bawa, with illustrations. We mean to give a full report, with reduced copies of the beautiful

slides. But we must say a word about the mellifluous voice, the keen appreciation of nature, which characterized the professor; as well as of the air of noble calm which marked his assistant. We feel that we are wiser and happier campers.

After sing-song we went on with "Mr. Standfast". Put and Jim Hutch went to bed, but the rest of the campers sat up, or rather lay down, and so did the prefects.

When Skipper came in W.R.S., Gourd, and Hines were very peaceful, and there were sounds that told that Frog was as peaceful as he looked. Louis woke at the first stir for Taps. W.R.S. woke with a start, half way through, and jumped into place in the circle. But our Frog was dead to the world, and never stirred till H.D. stood him up.

Our prefects crown<sup>e</sup>d their activities by staying up to faculty supper, but we can't help wondering whether they got undressed, or went to bed in their clothes.



Travels in Southern Bawa.

Map.

Northern  
Bawa



Southern  
Bawa

Scale

We would call attention to the scale in the lower corner, and to the mariner's compass in the upper corner. This useful instrument has a needle, which points to the north.

The climate of Southern Bawa is so dry that the traveler wears rubber boots, to protect his feet from excessive perspiration.

Male Mongoo.

The favorite way of traveling is riding on the back of the male Mongoo.

The female is vicious, but the male is often so much of a pet that the beard (see illustration) of a departed male mongoo is often kept in a locket; as is often done in Canada with the beard of a favorite moose. The skin of the neck of this interesting animal is very tender, and to urge him on, the traveler sands this tender skin.



Another interesting denizen of Southern Bawa is the Long-nosed Wampus. This creature will stand for long hours on promontories, and is an affectionate pet, if captured alive. The natives of this beautiful land use a long blow-gun, from which they can propel a pellet weighing two pounds, with wonderful accuracy.



WEDNESDAY  
(Cont'd.)

View of Tombs.

This picture gives you an idea of the lovely landscapes of the beautiful land of Bawa. Unfortunately we had to cut the trees to penetrate the tombs.



Long-nosed Wimpus.



The natives work all day with wheelbarrows. Notice the rough wheel, which adapts itself to the intricacies of the terrain. Notice also the peculiar ear-ring, made of an unidentified purple metal.

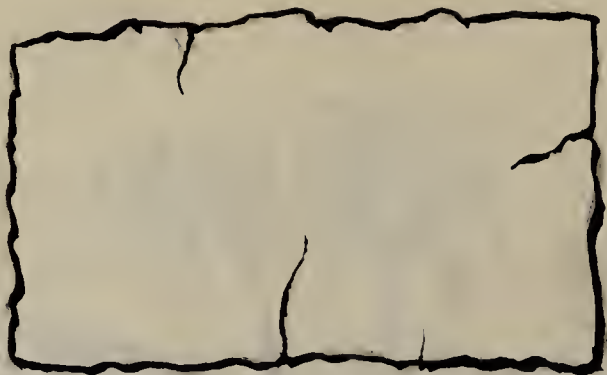
Typical Feewunk with Barrow.

At this point in his address the lecturer passed round for observation a number of relics: cloth woven from the fibres of the fungo tree; a native water-bottle; an embroidered native costume; a wine-bottle, in striking contrast with the water-bottle; one of their gods; an ancient shoe.





View of Wall.



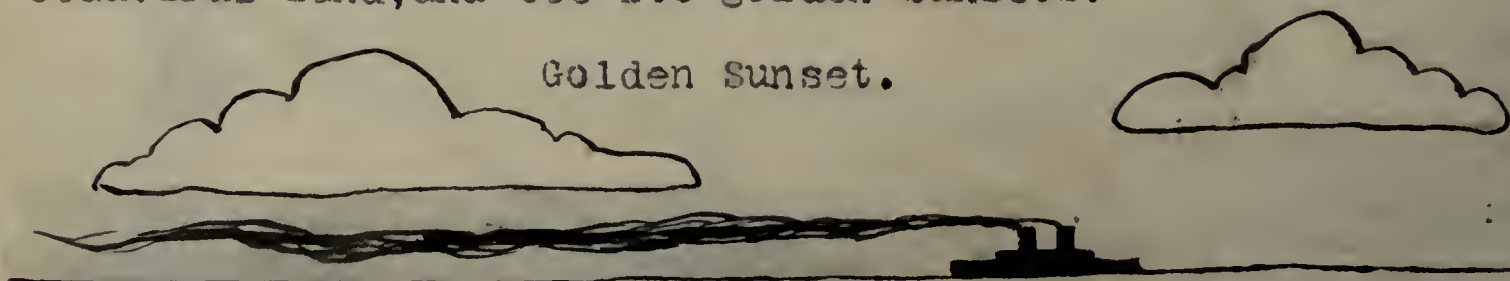
The Kaiko Fish, with its beard, is one of the wonders of this lovely land.

Kaiko Fish.

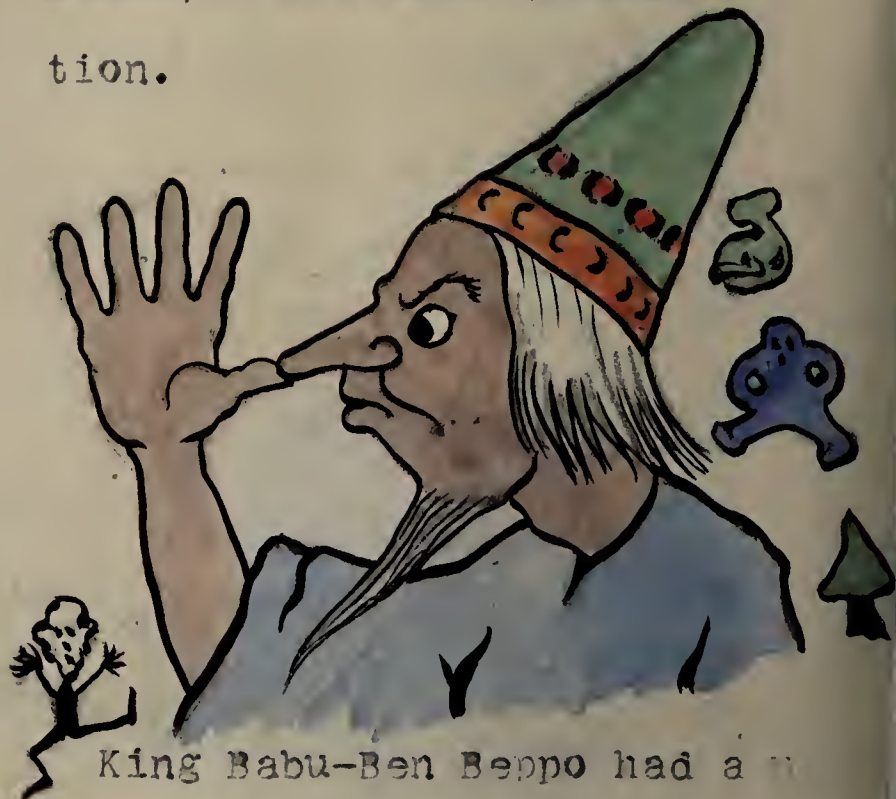



And now, as the time grows late, we must leave the lovely land of Bawa. But I feel that some day, in spite of the beauty of these New England woods, you will feel a longing to visit this most beautiful land, and see its golden sunsets.

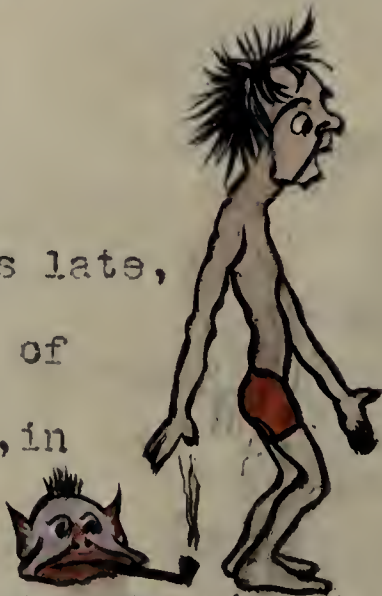
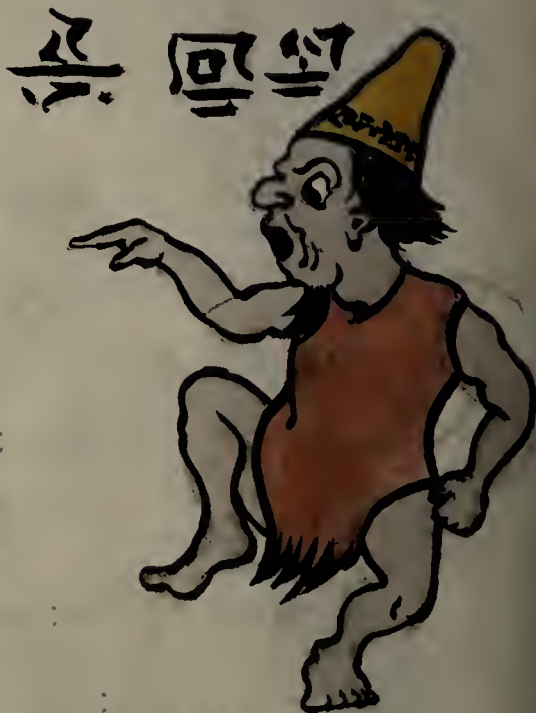
Golden Sunset.



The picture-writing of this wonderful land rivals that of the Egyptians and the Phoenicians. This is King Hashbaz-Ben Beebo, in attitude of salutation.



King Babu-Ben Beppo had a passion for justice. He is here seen administering justice in a passion. 



1920

Illustrations

76 Lecture

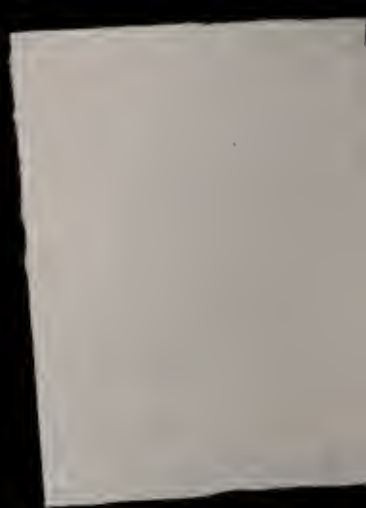
Southern

Bawa

J G W

All 3 pages





THURSDAY,

Aug. 5,

B. 29.20

T. 60'

Clear,

N.W.

If there had been a heavy wind we might have

felt sure of what the day would bring forth; and

the wise ones might have tightened their belts and

cut short their dinner. But it was too nearly calm to

scout except under desperate circumstances.

I forgot to mention yesterday's whirlwind. It came just before swim, and was violent enough to pick up a big paste-board box and carry it from the bonfire to third base, beside scattering things about on the ball-field generally. It was very small in area, as we did not feel or see any by the shore.

MAJOR LEAGUE GAME.  
WOPS VS. KIKES.

This was a remarkably close game, with little. The Kikes got a lead in the second inning, but the score after the third, and the Wops slowly forged ahead. Batting averages are almost negligible, as no one got more than one hit, but E.S.E. and G.M.I. each got a good two-bagger.

Seven men were left on third base, and each team had a man out at the plate.

B.L.L. fanned 19 men, and walked four. H.D. fanned 14, but gave only two free tickets to first.

BUG LEAGUE GAME.

No names were given to these two teams, but their score was a close one, and the sounds of joy ~~for~~ and sorrow that rose from the field showed that there was plenty of excitement. Lowell fanned 9 men, Stackpole 5. The Hutchinson brothers figure high in the batting list; especially Jack, with four hits and five runs out of five times at bat.

4744



THURSDAY  
(Cont'd.)

# FLTA LEAGUE GAME.

This noble aggregation does not always attain to the dignity of a full score, but to-day A.D.H. acted as special reporter on that field. They played five innings, and their energy certainly deserved the swim with which it was rewarded.

Wape vs. Kiser						of August 5 <sup>th</sup>												at		I		
PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batt'g No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	
2	0		1	Pulman	6	4 <sup>o</sup>	K			1-6 <sup>E</sup>		1-3		1-3 <sup>E</sup>				5	0	1		
14	1		2	W. N. S.	2	1-6 <sup>E</sup>				1-6 <sup>E</sup>		K		1-3 <sup>E</sup>				5	2	1		
1	5		3	H. D.	1	1-6 <sup>E</sup>		K		1-3				K				5	1	1		
7	0		4	J. R.	3	1-6 <sup>E</sup>		K		K		1-3		K				4	0	0		
2	0		5	N. S. W.	6	1-6 <sup>E</sup>		K			1-6 <sup>E</sup>							3	2	0		
C	1		6	Hitchcock	8	K			1-6 <sup>E</sup>		K		K					3	0	0		
1	0		7	Jackson	4		K		1-6 <sup>E</sup>		K		K					4	0	0		
0	0		8	Leland	9				K		K		K					3	0	0		
0	0		9	N. Hard	7		1-6 <sup>E</sup>		1-6 <sup>E</sup>			1-6 <sup>E</sup>		1-6 <sup>E</sup>				4	2	0		
			10																			
			11																			
27	7		TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....		Runs total.	2	0	2	0	2	1	3	1	4	1	5	1	6	1	7		
Balks.	Hit by ptc. h.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.												36	7	3		
				2	14	1-b. on errors.												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	

PUT OUT.		Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.				
1	0			1 S. Hearl	5	K	K			K		K						4	0	0					
18	0			2 E. S. E.	2	95				95		74						4	1	1					
5	0			3 Dabney	3	K		K				93						3	0	0					
0	4			4 B. L. L.	1			90		76			K					4	1	0					
1	0			5 G. M. L.	6			K			K							4	1	1					
2	2			6 J. W. S.	4				K		K		K					3	1	0					
1	0			7 Eldridge	7		K							93				4	0	0					
0	0			8 C. Good	8				86					93				4	0	1					
1	0			9 F. J. J.	9		93		(K) 25		91			93				4	0	0					
				10																					
				11																					
				TIME OF GAME.		Runs total.																			
				Hours.....	Mins.....	0	0	3	3	1	4	9	4	0	4	0	4	0	4	0	4	0	4		
																				34		4		3	
Balks.	Hit by ptc. h.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out.	1-base hits.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.														1-base on errors.		
				4	19																				



vs.		of												at			
Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	
1	L. Tower 6	01		◇		3		1-3	◇		◇			6	3	2	
2	H. Tower 2	K		K		2-3		F1	◇		◇			6	2	0	
3	A. Biss 3	◇		◇		0-3		◇	◇		◇			6	2	2	
4	Stucky 1	K		K		◇		◇	◇		◇			6	2	2	
5	H. Tower 4	2-3			F1		◇	◇	◇		◇			6	2	2	
6	Haskell 8		K		0-3		0-3	F4	◇		◇			6	3	1	
7	U. Miller 7		F1				0-4		◇		◇			6	1	2	
8	G. Wood 9			K	F1		K		◇		◇			6	1	2	
9	J. Wood 5			◇		◇		◇	◇		◇			6	2	2	
10																	
11																	
TIME OF GAME.		Runs total.															
Hours..... Mins.....		0 0 0 2 0 2 1 3 1 4 3 7 14 0 14 20															
Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out.	1-base hits.	1-b. on errors.											Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
																	0

vs.		of												at		1		
Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.
1	J. Hutch	3	◇	◇	◇		6-3			◇	◇				5	3	3	
2	Gray	4	◇		K		1-3			◇	◇				5	3	0	
3	Rich	7	◇	1-5		F4		0-3		◇	◇				6	2	1	
4	H. Biss	2	F4	2-3		◇		1-3		0-3	◇	◇			6	2	1	
5	Carry	8	◇	◇		◇		F1		◇	◇				4	4	2	
6	Lowell	1	◇	◇		1-3			◇	1-3	◇	◇			6	2	2	
7	Reynolds	6	◇	K		◇		1-3		◇	◇	◇			5	2	2	
8	H. Wood	5	◇		F4	2-1-4		F4		◇	◇	◇			3	1	0	
9	W. Tower	9	K		5-3		K	K		◇	◇	◇			5	0	0	
10																		
11																		
TIME OF GAME.			Runs total.															
Hours..... Mins.....			6 6 0 0 0 3 0 0 0 1 0 3 6 14															
Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out.	1-base hits.															
			1-b. on errors.															
				0	1	2	1	1	0	1	1	1	5		11	6		0

vs. <i>Kilmer</i>		of												at			
Batting No.	<i>Notes</i>	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4 <sup>3</sup>	5 <sup>3</sup>	6 <sup>4</sup>	7 <sup>4</sup>	8 <sup>5</sup>	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-bas. hits.
1	<i>Wegman</i>	2 <sup>5</sup>	1	E	x	-	x	=	x						7	5	2
2	<i>Wegman</i>	5 <sup>2</sup>	SO	SO		x	x		x	x		SO			7	3	0
3	<i>Wegman</i>	4	SO	SO	SO	-		SO	SO						5	0	0
4	<i>Bennet</i>	1		E	x	1/3	=	x		=	x	0 1/2			6	2	0
5	<i>Fuller</i>	3		SO	1 1/3	x	-	1/3	-	x		SO			6	2	1
6																	
7																	
8																	
9																	
10																	
11																	
TIME OF GAME.			Runs total.														
Hours..... Mins.....			0 0 2 6 5 0 13 13														



THURSDAY  
(Cont'd.)

vs. _____ of _____ at _____			1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
Batting No.	Kuba	Pos'n & No.															
1	1	1				SO	SO								5	3	1
2	2	2	1/2	SO			1/2								5	2	1
3	3	3			SO		SO								5	2	0
4	4	4		SO		1/2									4	0	0
5	5	5	SO	1/2	SO	1/2									4	0	0
6	6	6	SO												4	1	2
7																	
8																	
9																	
10																	
11																	
TIME OF GAME.			Runs														
Hours.....	Mins.....	total.	2	4	2	2	0										

While the games were still in progress, Mrs. Edwards arrived, with Jonathan, who is to take Kim Cheney's place.

*Helen Bance Edwards*

After supper it was boats; and though the breeze came up, we boated merrily.

The Monkey was in sight when we came in, but was as hard to see as usual.

The half-past niners played Tea-kettle, for the first time this year. In fact it is a game that you can't play very often, for the number of words that have enough useful meanings is not large. The prize answer of the evening was Stackpole's. The word was pole (or poll) and when asked what was the chief end of man, he replied at once, "To be old enough to go to the tea-kettles."

FRIDAY

Aug. 6,

B. 29.20

T. 64'

Overcast

S.W.

This morning A.D.H. gave us a very interesting

talk on going into politics; the kind that makes

you think. He speaks with authority, for he was

district attorney of Massachusetts at one time. He was also judge-advocate, with the rank of colonel in the war, and is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

Mr. Chittenden and Mrs. Edwards left this morning.

We finished "The Voyage of the Discovery", and also had the newspaper account of Captain Scott's last fatal trip. Never did an explorer leave a more heroic record behind him.

I should have said yesterday that we finished "David Copperfield", and began "The White Company."

The "Hill-top high" squad has finished its job; the clearing of trees from the top of what old campers still call Alexander's pasture. It is so pleasant as a bare hill-top that we don't want it to grow up to scrub birch.

Great swimming this morning. Class swam to the Point and back, and as soon as they started back, Class B started down. The bay was fairly crowded for a while.

We have now four non-swimmers in camp, for Jonathan Edwards is not ready for the test yet.

All the morning we had disapproved of the weather. It was a pleasant day, but too still and too warm; not the kind of day we wanted. Yet there was a little breeze, and we had hopes. At dinner the breeze rose a little. It went on rising. C.H.C. was seen going lightly from dormitory to dormitory with a diminishing white bundle under his arm. By the time Skipper appeared with the score board, we were all ready for business.



FRIDAY

THIRD SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

(Cont'd.)

It was still pretty warm, but there was a good breeze. We have scouted on much worse days, including flat calm and steady rain.

The first game went to the Algonquins, six runs to one. They also had a slight lead on shots.

In the second game the Algonquins led on shots again, but Carey, making the only run of the game, turned it into a victory for the Iroquois.

The third game was the hottest of the series. The firing was heavy and again the Algonquins led on shots, in spite of H. Heard's splendid performance, six shots. As the runs were tied, two all, this gave the afternoon to the Algonquins, two to one. The Iroquois still lead for the season, by one game.

Besides H. Heard, whom we have already mentioned, Hines, Dabney, & Gourd did notable shooting, with four each in one game, and totals of eight, six, and six. H. Woodbridge also shot four in one game.

There was a bad slip in the second game, when Mann and MacLeod missed the "All in", and went merrily on into the third game. Luckily they did nothing but get killed, or C.H.C. might have been at work still trying to straighten out the score. Of course they didn't count as playing in the third game at all.

There was also confusion in the third game, caused by a call that sounded so much like "all in" that several players were fooled by it. The curious thing is that it was reported from both ends of the field, but those who heard it at the south end were not caught.

It is a pity to hear occasionally some people trying to see how near they can come to breaking the rule without doing it. That spirit belongs to the cheap lawyer, and the cheap professional

# Algonquins

	I				II				III			
	Killed	Shots	Runs		Killed	Shots	Runs		Killed	Shots	Runs	
H.D.	X				X	•			X	•		
J.R.	X	•			X	••			X			
J.G.W.	X	•			X				X			
B.L.L.	X				X	•			X			
G.M.T.	X	•			X				X			
A.M.R.		•			X				X			
Bigelow, H.			/		X				X			
Dabney	✓					••••						
Eldridge	X				X				X	••		
Fuller			/			•••			X	••		
Gourd	X	••••			X				X	••		
Gray	X				X				X	••		
Hallowell	✓				X				X	••		
Haskell	X				X	•••			X	•		
Hill			/		X				X	•		
Hines		•			X	•••			X	••••		
Hutchins'n, Jim			/		X	•			X			
Lasater		•			X				X			
Lowell	X				X				X			
MacLeod			/		✓				✓			
Mann		•			✓				○	○		
Osgood		•	/		X				○	○		
Pulnam	X	••			✓				✓			
Richardson	X	•			X				X			
Tower, W.	✓				X				✓			
Woodbridge, H.	✓				X				••••			

# Iroquois

	I				II				III			
	Killed	Shots	Runs		Killed	Shots	Runs		Killed	Shots	Runs	
C.H.C.	X	••			X				X			
N.S.W.	X				X				X			
E.S.E.	X	•			X	••			X			
W.R.S.	X				✓				✓			
J.H.S.	X	•			X				X			
Batchelder	✓				X				X			
Bennell	X	•			X				X			
Bigelow, A.					✓				✓			
Carey	X				X				X			
Degen	X				✓				✓			
Heard, H.	X				X	••			X	••		
Heard, S.	✓				X				X			
Hitchcock	✓				X	•			X			
Hutchinson, Jno.	X	•			X				X			
Jackson	X	•			✓				X			
Leland		•				•••			X			
Miller, D.	✓				X				X			
Miller, F.	X	•••			✓				✓			
Phillips	✓				X	•			X			
Reynolds	✓				X	•			X			
Stackpole	X				✓				X			
Thompson	X	•			X				X			
Thurber	X				X	••			X			
Tower, L.	✓				X				X			
Wiggins	✓				X				X			
Woodbridge, G.	X				X				X			



FRIDAY        baseball player. We don't have much of it here, and we  
(Cont'd.)  
don't want any. The scout who devotes any time or thought to trying  
to beat the rules is putting just that much time and thought into  
spoiling the game.

The partridges that were reported by the bush-whackers some  
time ago are still living in the woods, for all seven of them were  
seen to-day by the Algonquins, on their way to the north end.

Just before dinner to-day the Shaws arrived, to take up their  
abode at Fourway for the rest of the month.

After dope talk we had Quiet Games, more or less, and then came  
a peaceful forty-five minutes with "Mr. Standfast." We seemed to  
feel peaceful to-night. I wonder why.

SATURDAY      If this temperature had been taken at seven a.m.  
Aug. 7,  
B. 29.00      we should have had a suffering day. But for once  
T. 73'  
Cloudy      Bud slipped up, and the report was not made till  
S.W.  
seven p.m.

This morning we began "Sailing Alone Around the World."  
It is always pleasant to meet Captain Slocum again.

Mr. and Mrs. Hill left this morning, to our great regret.

#### Squad Notes.

The Mammoth steps are being done over, in good shape.  
Please try to walk up and down by them, and not by the bank.  
If the grass is once killed thoroughly down that bank, we  
shall get what we got before; a guttered channel two feet  
deep.

H.D. took a squad out this morning to safeguard the bog-  
hole in the swamp. It is strange that with all our scouting,  
no one ever found it till last year. It may not be bottomless,  
but the bottom is too far down to be of any use, and it is  
big enough to need seven or eight strokes to get you across.  
It is now marked with red flags, and logs have been put down  
by way of bridges and boundaries. When you see those red flags  
it is a good idea to keep out.

-----  
O'Grady caught most of Class A napping this morning.

Just before dinner Mr. and Mrs. Gallagher came over from  
their camp to see Dick Thurber.

And still closer to dinner-time another car arrived, with  
two guests whose mail began to come yesterday. We had been  
wondering where they were.

Abbot Stevens  
Cashier



SATURDAY  
(Cont'd.)

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

As before, there were three squads; the Black Hand, the Rising Sun, and the Lone Pine. We will take them in that order, which was the order in which they finished.

The Black Hand.

1 Stronger than Hercules, but a bit thick in the dome.

This made a slow start. After some hints, Put suggested the atlas, and H. Woodbridge found the next.

2 Keep off the grass, enormous one; you are too large and heavy.

H. Bigelow doped this, and found the next clue in the Ouananiche.

3 Think not of him. He is more aloof than gloomy Katahdin, and as cold as ice.

This was a sticker. After some hinting, S. Heard got the idea, and Put found the clue, in the old ice-cream freezer in the shop.

4 The kite that whistles above us now  
Were gorged till she could not fly.

Batchelder doped this correctly, and H. Woodbridge found it, on the old box kite up in the shop.

5 Change cars for Southbridge and Worcester.

Batchelder also doped this, and found the next in Worcester's dictionary.

6  $15 \times 9 \times 12 = 2 \pm 1 \times 18 - 5 \pm 12.$

S. Heard finally reduced this to its letters, and spelled out "oil barrel", after which Eldridge found the next.

7 And being an important man, and a man of great weight,  
he bought a large chest, and stowed his treasures therein.

Bennett suggested that Hefty had a large trunk, and Hefty himself found the map. It showed the Mammoth, steps and all, and above

SATURDAY a rising sun, with the words "Footprints on the  
(Cont'd.)  
sands of time." Jackson doped this out, and H. Woodbridge found  
the treasure in the sand pit by the foul line, at six and a  
half minutes past four.

### The Rising Sun.

- 1 He met Rebecca at the well,  
And straight in love with her he fell.

Hints were necessary, and there was a little complication  
from the fact that it was not really Isaac that met Rebecca  
at the well, but Eleazar, who took no interest in her so far  
as we know. Also some thought that it was Jacob who married  
Rebecca. Finally the next clue was found, in Ike's cubicle.

- 2 And Sinbad was ware of a great cloud that seemed  
like unto a bird in shape.

Leland got the idea of the Roc, and H. Heard went out to  
Pickerel, where he found the next.

- 3 Where the bee sucks, there suck I.

After much hunting through Shakespeare, and many hints,  
H. Heard ran the next to earth on the field, where Class B has  
its addy-humps every morning.

- 4 4026 B.C. "Over Edom shall I cast out my shoe."

This held them up for a good while; for though Carey  
looked in the right shoe (or was it the left shoe?), and H.D.  
most obligingly lay down and let him look all he wanted to, it  
was not till the third try that he found it.

- 5  $16 \times 9 \times 3 \times 11 = 16 \times 15 \times 12 \times 5.$

This was cipher for pick-pole, and several had a hand in  
decoding it.



SATURDAY  
(Cont'd.)

6 "I'll tell you, if you care to ask,

That Peter was his name."

It is not strange that Pirate guessed this, and went straight to the picture of the Bishop of Runtifoo.

7 Little Boy Blue!

No, this was not a reference to J.H.S. H. Heard had the right dope, and found the map in the horn.

8 This was a large picture of a beast with up-curving tusks. Below were the words "30 paces west", and a picture of a smaller beast, sitting on a mound. Someone suggested a polar bear sitting on Mt. Erebus; but it was a woodchuck. And the reference was to the old hole west of the Mammoth, where the treasure was found, at 4-12 1/2.

#### The Lone Pine.

1 To the top of the house, to the top of the wall,

Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!

They certainly did dash away, and every roof in camp was tried. Then Farnsworth doped it right, and found the second clue at the top of Wall St.

2 "Hearts of Oak," our captain cried.

There are several oaks in the neighborhood, but Dabney suggested the triple oak that forms the scouting boundary, and there it was.

3 Come into the garden, Maud,

For the black bat night has flown.

This was not in the garden, but on a bat in the shop; Dabney doped it, and Lowell found it.

4 Hang a lantern aloft.

The first thing done was to run the flag down for inspection. Then many lanterns were tried. The right one, the old lantern in

SATURDAY      what was once the loft of the North Dormitory,  
(Cont'd.)  
was found by F. Miller.

5      Tara's harps are silent,  
         And the joy-bells ring no more.

This was a tough nut to crack, and put the party back badly. In fact it cost them their lead, which they had maintained till now. They tried every bell, and everything connected with music. After a few hints about silent bells, Bud thought of dumb-bells, and a hasty trip to the shop was rewarded.

6       $2 \times 15 = 24!$

Haskell read the cipher, Box, and F. Miller found the next.

7      Mary had a little lamb,  
         Its fleece was white as snow;  
         And everywhere that Mary went  
         She met an old man,  
         All clothed in leather.

This also was a very hard one. Hints about lamb and man, lamb to man, suddenly set Bud off, and he found the dope, behind the Dutchess Trousers sign.

8      The picture showed a man with a gun and a setter. Above it was "Colinus Virginianus, Requiescens in pace." The man was evidently hunting, so a trip was made to the Hutch, as associated with rabbits. (You don't hunt rabbits with a setter.) Someone happened to look in the Bob White, and found the treasure. After that a little dopping backwards revealed the fact that Colinus Virginianus is Latin for quail.

After the treasures had all been disposed (and I have my opinion of the man who left a sample on the cover of the Log,) most of the company adjourned to the Point for Skow-



SATURDAY began. There was much lively playing, and a good deal (Cont'd.) of lively recrimination, so everyone was extremely busy till nearly supper-time.

Princes		.	//	X		X		:	/		//
W.R.S.		.	/	X	.	X		X	:	.	.
Beard H	X	.		X	.	X		.	/	X	
S	X	.			.	X		X			//
...	X			X	.	/	X	.		//	//
...	X	.		X	.	/	X		X	.	X
...		.	/	:		X	.	X		X	.
...		.	//	:	/	X	.	X	.	X	
...	X			X	.	/	X		X		X
...	X	.		X	.		X	.	X	.	X
...		.	/	:		X	.	/	X	.	o o v
...			//	X		X		X		o o o	
Putnam	X	.		X	:		X	.	X	:	X
...	X			X	:		.	//	X		o o o
...	X			X			X		X	.	X
...	X			X			X		X		X
...	X	.		X	.		X	.	X		X
Townsend	X			X	.		.	//	X		X
...	X			X			X		X	.	X
...	X			X	.		X		X	.	X
Richardson	X	.		X			X	.	X		X
...	X			X			X		X		X
...				X		.	//	X	.	o o o	
...	X			X		.	o o o	X		o o o	
Engel H	X	.		X			X		X	.	X

Various people went fishing, and Louis Gourd and his boat got a bass.

Total number of fish 1.

As for the manner in which this fish passed into the possession of Dabney and Stackpole, it is more true than tellable. How the matter was finally settled we have not heard.

#### CHARADES.

ELDERBERRY. The first scene, elder, was very fine. J.G.W., C.H.C., N.S.W., and A.S., bearded and solemn, appeared as elders of the "Holy Jumpers", a sect that we had not met before. They were certainly holy, and they jumped in a most edifying manner. Then Brother Snooks (Put)



SATURDAY was accused of dancing on the village green. He  
(Cont'd.)

denied it, but was finally convicted, and sentenced to jump on the village green on Wednesday next, from three a.m. to six p.m. The second scene was the burial of Josiah Higginbotham, at which J.G.W. delivered a moving address in tears. The whole scene was the illicit making of elderberry wine. There was a good deal of difficulty about the proportions; and from the shudder which C.H.C. gave as he tasted it, perhaps it was just as well that the police interfered.

INCUBUS. The first scene was in the Pied Merlin (see "The White Company.") A group of peasants sat reveling, Phillips as Alleyne was busy over his painting, and Hordle John (G.M.I.) was half asleep in his chair. Samkin Aylward, otherwise W.R.S., came swaggering in, tried to hug the hostess (A.M.R.), but was repulsed, and then called in his followers, bent under the weight of featherbeds, silk, velvet, and other booty. He was indignant at the lack of manhood in men who would sit and drink at home, when there was plunder and glory to be won in France. That roused Hordle John, and in a moment the fight was arranged. Samkin flung aside his cloak, big John, stripped off his shirt, and to it they went. Twice size and weight prevailed, but the third time Aylward flung his adversary neatly, and landed him in the middle of Donald MacLeod, who had been snoring in the corner. It was really a splendid scene. The second scene was a billiard match between Wrenn and G. Woodbridge. It was an exciting one, but as the two players talked in whispers, it was hard to get the details. Then came a trip on a motor-bus. S. Heard cranked the machine, Leland made a very pro-



SATURDAY. Professional chauffeur, and Lowell discoursed through the (Cont'd.) megaphone with eloquence. The last scene was brief and painful. G.M.I. had supped not wisely but too well. Hardly had he got to bed when he began to toss restlessly. Soon a dread shape glided in, and sat down heavily upon the middle of the sleeper. The curtain soon concealed his agonies; but if you think they were not genuine, let Donald MacLeod drop on your stomach.

BANQUET. Here was tragedy. J.H.S. as the cashier of the bank, and Eldridge as the paying teller(?) were held in talk by Stackpole, very smooth and plausible, till his ruffianly accomplices, led by Batchelder, could get round behind. Eldridge was bound hand and foot; J.H.S. refused to give the combination, and was shot. But the arrival of the police cut their triumph short, and we have no doubt the villains met the fate they deserved. For the second scene, we had a rain that rivalled the heaviest shower we have had. It poured without ceasing, and the campers, led by J.R., were as wet as those who scouted the last day in 1919. We dislike crabbing; but it really seemed as if they had ground for complaint, especially Ham, who was brought in half drowned. The whole word was the banquet scene from "Macbeth." J.R. was superb as the guilty king, B.L.L. a ghastly figure as the ghost.

HYPNOTIZE. I wish I had got the names of the different wrestlers who took part in the first scene, but I never was good at Japanese. First Gray encountered Hallowell, then Haskell downed Bigelow. But the climax was when Hines, hopping like his namesake, not only downed Dabney, but broke his hip. For the second scene, H.D., F.S.E. and Farnsworth were revealed, trying to do their mending. They were making heavy weather of it, some because they had no knots, some because they had too many. Finally they were rescued by E.R.C.

SATURDAY

The third scene was dramatic not to say melo--  
(Cont'd.)

dramatic in the extreme. F.R.C. and E.S.E were settling down in a charming apartment, but she could not be comfortable. She felt chilly, and had a painful sense of someone watching her. And sure enough, round the edge of the door appeared a ghastly face, with glaring eyes. With a wild shriek she cowered on the floor, and confessed that she had murdered "him" for his money. Who the victim was we did not learn, but it was a splendid scene. The whole word showed H.D. as a lecturer on hypnotism. He got his audience under his control, and made them all hold up their hands. Then his assistant went through their pockets, and the two scamps levanted with the spoils.

After the dust had cleared away we played Boston, at the north end of the room. It is less disturbing to the south dormitory. Also we played quietly, which makes the game a great deal better.



SUNDAY      The hottest day we have had this season. The wind died,  
Aug. 8.  
3.29.02      and though there was a haze, the sun was right on the  
T. 69.  
Hazy      job.  
S.W.

After service the pair-oar was varnished, and now looks as good as new.

Great doings at swim. Richardson and Edwards passed the test. Mann very nearly did it, but would not swim in the right direction, in spite of much coaching, and landed a few yards short. But he will do it tomorrow, if the weather is good. Wiggins swam beyond the Ouananiche, which is farther than he has ever gone before. So we come on well.

Three little non-swimmers,

Asking for some more.

Edwards came to stay a while,

and then there were four.

Four little non-swimmers

Sitting by the sea;

Hank passed the swimming test,

And then there were three.

Three little non-swimmers

Filling up on stew.

Edwards came right after him,

And then there were two.

Just before dinner C.W. and L.E.W. blew in for the night. They are off on a camping trip tomorrow.

After dinner we finished "Macbeth", with one eye and one ear on a big shower that sat and growled at us from the northeast.

SUNDAY  
(Cont'd.)

PICNIC TO SOUTH BEACH.

OUANA NICHE.

H.R.

Gourd	Stackpole
Fuller	A. Bigelow
F. Miller	Jim Hutchinson
Batchelder	Jack Hutchinson
Carey	MacLeod

C.S.

E.C.

Mann

TOGUS.	CORKER.	ABOL.	EBEN.	RIP.	ALLEGASH.
E.S.E.	G.M.I.	C.H.C.	A.S.	W.R.S.	J.H.S.
S. Heard	Haskell	W. Tower	D. Miller	Hines	H. Heard
Hallowell	Thurber	Degen	Gray	L. Tower	Reynolds
Farnsworth	A.M.R.	E.R.C.	Osgood	Putnam	Jackson
WILLIWAW.	VAMMER.	IDENTICAL.	PANTASOTE.	EREBUS.	TERROR.
H.D.	N.S.V.	R.L.L.	J.G.V.	C.W.	Dabney
H. Woodbr.	Leland	H. Bigelow	Hitchcock	Eldridge	Lowell
Richardson	Lasater	G. Woodbr.	Phillips	L.E.W.	Wrenn
Edwards		Hill	Thompson	Wiggins	

We started very late, as the shower would not make up its mind; and after we started, it looked for a while as if we should need the rain coats which we had brought. But at last the shower moved off, and we had time for three good games of Skowhegan. W.R.S.'s team won the first two games, J.H.S.'s team the third.

It is some years since we have camped on this beach, as there was a sign up, posted by some queer people who said they had a cat in the woods. The lady who told us this was attired in pink embroidered chiffon, with silk stockings and satin slippers to match. There really was a cat, for we saw him.

We came home in "battle front" most of the way. Then we shifted to "line ahead", canoes leading, and finished in such style that Noah must have thought he was having two birthdays this year.

We had two stories, "With the Main Guard", and "A Young Man in a Hurry."

F. Miller is now a half-past niner.



Camping Trip  
August 9<sup>th</sup>  
— — —

MONDAY A lively morning, especially for  
Aug. 9,  
B. 29.09 C.H.C. with two camping trips  
T. 68'  
Hazy and a party round the Horn to  
Calm. pack for. Also a morning of de-  
partures.

Hallowell  
Heard, S.  
Gray  
Jackson

First the Stevenses left, with a nice  
bunch of sweet fern in their radiator,  
and A.S.S. written in the dust on the  
back. But they found the handsomer of the  
two boulders that loving friends had put  
in for ballast.

J.G.W.  
J.H.S.

Ebenezer  
Caughcomgomock

Harry Eldridge also found the collection of stones that Stack  
had put in his suit-case. We think that he and Reuben got away  
unencumbered.

J.G.W. and his campers were next on the docket. They headed  
west, but where they were going we do not know.

Next came the Wigginses, in the Togos. They also headed west,  
but we know more about them, as will be seen later.

The Horners should have started next, but time passed, and more  
time passed. Not only did they have to wait for G.M.I. to come back,  
but Skipper wanted to see the mail, and have a word with Doctor  
about Johnny Bennett, who is in the infirmary. And just as we were  
ready, with mail and Doctor connected, and G.M.I. straining at the  
leash, Skipper was called to talk it over with Mrs. Bennett. So it  
was 11-30 when we got off.

The rest of the campers considerably delayed their swim,  
so that we should not sit sweltering while they wallowed in the  
water; also we watched Dabney and Hitch take down the long dead  
branch of the oak by the South Dormitory.

MONDAY  
(Cont'd.)

ROUND THE HORN.

OUANANICHE.

H.R.

A.M.R.  
Stackpole  
F. Miller  
W. Tower  
Batchelder

F.R.C.

F.G.

Richardson

Edwards

G.M.I.  
Hitchcock  
Gourd  
Jack Hutchinson  
Wrenn

ABOLJOCKAMEGUS.

H.D.

H. Heard  
Carey.  
A. Bigelow

We had said a great deal about the delightful amount of time we were going to have, with two meals out instead of only one. But when you don't get off till 11-30, it alters the case somewhat. It was very hot all across the pond, but we were only forty-one minutes to the Mills. We have a new and authorized carry now, next to Beane's store, so the Central House need no longer worry about its grass.

We paddled down Long Pond against a light head wind, but we rather liked it, as it helped to cool us off a bit.

As we passed an island on our right, who should come out and wave but the Wigginses. We were not near enough for much conversation, but we gathered that all was going well.

At the last point before the stream we called a halt, and had chocolate all round; for it was nearly two o'clock, and we generally dine at 12-30.

We had no trouble with either bridge, and the carry at the dam being all smooth grass, we slid the boat round.

Then came swim for most of the party. Stack and Hitch did not want a swim, so they explored the mill, which is now to be run by steam, and found a huge water snake, which they killed, more or less.

We dined copiously on beans, and drank as much milk as we could, knowing that it would not be likely to keep till supper



MONDAY time.

(Cont'd.)

We got away again at 4-15, with a shower threatening to the southwest of us. But its threats came to nothing. All it did was to kill the south wind, which we had been looking forward to on Mass-a-lonskee.

We saw many ducks, including one flock of eleven, and herons were thick. But it was hot, and when we got to the mouth of the stream, the pond looked pretty long. "An hour at least" was one estimate; an optimist said "thirty-five minutes." We paddled pretty hard, and landed in forty-seven minutes. We were so hot, and dinner was so recent, that we were not very hungry; but oranges, and the one can of milk that had stayed sweet went to the right spot. The two sour cans we piously brought home, to be made into gingerbread.

The road was dusty, but we came over in good time to Gleason's, where we found five faithful rangeleys waiting for us.

And then came such a swim! No one who has not tried it knows what a swim is like in the evening, when you have paddled twenty-four miles on a hot day. There will be swims like that in heaven.

Now we will go back to the middle of the morning, and take up the affairs of the rest of the camp.

The great thing was Billy Mann's passing of the swimming test.

Two little non-swimmers

Paddling in the sun.

Mann flopped in from the Point,

And then there was one.

Now, Johnny Wig, it is up to you.

Mr. Rawle arrived by the mid-day train.

Francis Rawle

MONDAY  
(Cont'd.)

RUBBER WATER SPORTS.

ENEMY IN CAMP.

PINK.

Dabney

Degen

H. Bigelow #

SQUANNACOOK.

Farnsworth

Fuller

Hines #

HECUBA.

Osgood

Haskell

Thurber #

The check indicates the enemy. No one really swamped, as all three boats tipped over; Hecuba first, Pink second, Squannacook third. A passing motor-boat was much perturbed, and anxious to do some rescuing. No doubt our reputation as duffers is well established.

AN OLD-TIME JOUST.

PINK.

Putnam

Reynolds

SQUANNACOOK.

H. Woodbridge

G. Woodbridge

GRAYLING.

Leland

L. Tower

HECUBA.

Jim Hutchinson

Mann

The first match was between Pink and Squannacook. There was much wild punching, and heavy wobbling. The boats swung away, and then wheeled for a second attack. The pounding was heavier, but ineffective. In the third attack, G. Woodbridge struck Reynolds fairly in the chest and tumbled him over, thus upsetting the boat.

In the second match, between Grayling and Hecuba, there were no separate attacks. Leland boarded his rival bodily amidships, but was expelled. Then came wild sparring, after a few minutes of which Mann dealt L. Tower a heavy blow, which crumpled him up, and capsized his boat. (We see by the report that Leland had the Squannacook and Jim Hutch the Pink. We gave the names as they were posted.)

In the final round, G. Woodbridge's weapon lost its business end, so the contest was finished with brooms. Mann was hardly able to stand up under the terrific attack of G. Woodbridge, and finally went overboard, leaving the Woodbridge



MONDAY  
(Cont'd.)

brothers handsome winners.

ANGRY BULL RACE.

PINK.	SQUANNACOOK.	HECUBA.
MacLeod	Phillips	Thompson

This is the same as the Crab Race; and the latter name would seem to be the better one, because as the wind had risen, instead of charging they went swooping in every direction but the right one, and all their progress was backwards.

FACULTY CIGARETTE RACE.

N.S.W.  
J.R.  
C.H.C.  
B.L.L.

The contestants started east of the float, in water about up to their shoulders. Each was handed a cigarette and a match. As soon as he had lighted the cigarette, he was to climb out, cross the float, and swim to the Pie-plant. B.L.L. was fast, but we hear that he put out his cigarette trying to swim the crawl. N.S.W. was first, with J.R. and C.H.C. tied for second.

Mrs. Bennett took John off with her, to consult a very particular doctor, who happens to be at the Mills, in regard to possibilities of appendicitis. We hope to have him returned shortly.

E.S.E. and Lasater went over to Runoia to ask about Johnny, and had a long and interesting visit, staying to supper, and barely getting home in time for Garland to go to bed properly. The girls cheered them when they came into the dining-room, and altogether they had a very good time.

J.R. and B.L.L. took the rangeleys over to Gleason's, and waited for the Ouananiche crew.

The rest of the company for the most part played Skowhegan on the Point; seven games of it. As the score is pretty voluminous, we

MONDAY do not give the entire card. Dabney's team won the  
(Cont'd.)

first, second, fourth, sixth, and seventh games. The scores were

as follows: First game, Dabney, 3 runs to 2.  
Second game, Dabney, 3 runs to 0.  
Third game, Leland, 3 runs to 1.  
Fourth game, Dabney, 2 runs to 0.  
Fifth game, Leland, 5 runs to 0.  
Sixth game, Dabney, 3 runs to 0.  
Seventh game, Dabney, 5 killed to 11.

The Personnel of the Teams.

Dabney	Leland
Hines	Putnam
L. Tower	Reynolds
Jim Hutchinson	H. Bigelow
H. Woodbridge	Farnsworth
Thurber	Haskell
G. Woodbridge	Degen
Fuller	D. Miller
Osgood	Wiggins
Mann	Thompson
Hill	Phillips
MacLeod	

After swim, the half-past niners, except for those who  
were too sleepy, went on with "Mr. Standfast."

Here are the figures of the trip round the Horn, as a  
guide for an average crew:

Start	11-30.
Mills	12-11.
Left Mills	12-45.
Point at head of stream	1-48.
Left Point	2-00.
East Mt. Vernon	2-45.
(dinner and swim)	
Left E.M.V.	4-15.
Messalonskee	5-58.
Started up M.	6-00.
Station	6-47.
(supper)	
Left station	7-23.
Gleason's	8-10.
Camp	8-33.



TUESDAY

AUG. 10,

B. 28.96

T. 69'

Cloudy

S.

J. R.

Osgood

Reynolds

Hines

Degen

RETURN TRIP ROUND THE HORN.

OWANANICHE.

H. R.

Leland

Putnam

Fuller

Jim Hutchinson

Thurber

Wiggins

Phillips

Mann

Thompson

ABOLJOCKAMEGUS.

N. S. W.

L. Tower

Haskell

Dabney

The start was made just about ten, the duffle going over by Anderson. The weather was not so hot as Monday's weather, but the wind, which had been a nice little breeze at breakfast time, rose fast, and on Messalonskee and all the early part of the stream it was very bad. They hugged the west shore, but when they reached the mouth of the stream, all hands were ready for a rest, and chocolate. After a rest of about ten minutes they started on, and did not stop again till they reached the place for dinner; the old camping place in the woods. Here they made a good long nooning.

The wind was light on Long Pond, but it was a fair wind, and every breath helps on the end of a long day. They had supper on the float of the Belgrade Lakes Association; a rather public place, but you enjoy supper more if you know that your carry is over. They got home soon after eight, ready for a swim, and bed. Here are the

figures:

Left Camp	10-2.
Left North Belgrade	11-23.
End of Pond	12-43.
Left end of Pond	12-53.
Camping place above R. R. bridge	2-14.
Left camping place	3-50.
East Mt. Vernon	4-27.
Left East Mt. Vernon	4-52.
Point in Long Pond	5-33.
Left Point	5-35.
Mills	6-30.
Left Mills	7-32.
Camp	8-11.

They lost thirty minutes on Messalonskee, and lost on the stream all the way to the camping place, with the head wind. But

TUESDAY they made up all but fourteen minutes of the  
(Cont'd.)  
time, which is doing very well. All the passengers but Phillips  
took a turn at paddling, thus spelling the younger members of  
the crew.

They saw in the air at one time twenty-five ducks, five  
herons, one eagle, one kingfisher, and one sandpeep. They also  
saw, not in the air but at the end of Long Pond, Mr. and Mrs.  
Wiggins.

Comparing the two trips, Monday suffered from the late  
start, and the heat. Tuesday had a better start, and less heat,  
but they made up by having a canoe test wind on Messalonskee.

---

Now for the rest of the company. The great event of the  
morning was the arrival of John Corning, otherwise Buggins. He  
has grown about a yard, but except for that looks about as he  
used to .

At afternoon reading we began "In the Fog", as it seemed  
a pity to read "The White Company" with so many away. Yester-  
day they had "The Linge of Monsieur", and "Back There in the  
Grass."

GREAT BUMBLE-PUPPY GAME.  
YALLER DAWGS VS. MONGRELS.

We don't always have a regular score card for this noble  
sport, but this game was so exciting that it deserved it. Just  
consider the closeness of the score.

Features abounded. Gourd played a capital game at third,  
making four outs. One was really dramatic. He caught H.D.'s  
fly, went on the back of his neck, and nearly stood on his  
head, but held the ball.

In the sixth there was excitement in the Miller family.



TUESDAY Donald caught Carey's fly, and threw to first, catching  
(Cont'd.)  
Ray off.

The most startling performance was H.D.'s, in the eighth. He tagged Corning on the way to first, and got back across the diamond in time to tag Gourd, who had wandered rather far from second. That's covering ground.

Yaller Daws vs. Monrals of Aug. 10 at 1																							
PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.		
2	3		1	<i>W. H. H.</i>	10					0-1		0-3						4	1	0			
1	0		2	<i>H. H. H.</i>	2		0-2			0-3		10-3						4	1	0			
2	4		3	<i>St. H. H.</i>	1													4	4	1			
0	7		4	<i>B. L. L.</i>	6	0-1												4	1	1			
4	0		5	<i>Gourd</i>	8			0-10					1-0					4	1	0			
18	0		6	<i>Corning</i>	3			0-3		0-3			0-1					4	0	0			
0	0		7	<i>H. H. H.</i>	4	0-2		10-3			0-3		0-3					4	0	0			
0	0		8	<i>H. H. H.</i>	7	0-1			0-3	5-3								3	0	0			
0	0		9	<i>H. H. H.</i>	10		0-3		0-10	0-5								3	0	0			
0	0		10	<i>H. H. H.</i>	11		K		0-2			K						3	0	0			
			11																				
2	14		TIME OF GAME.		Runs total.	4	4	0	4	1	3	0	3	1	6	0	6	0	6	2	8		
Hours.....		Mins.....																					
Balks.	Hit by ptc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.										2-base hits.				3-base hits.		Home runs.	

Monrals vs. Yaller Daws of Aug. 10 at 1																								
PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.			
2	3		1. H. Heard	10		0-2				0-3			0-3					4	2	1				
0	0		2. N. Woodbridge	11									0-3					4	1	2				
3	0		3. B. B. B.	2		0-2		0-2		0-3			0-3					4	0	0				
5	9		4. H. H.	1				0-2						0-3				4	2	2				
13	0		5. H. H. H.	3						0-2				0-3				4	0	1				
0	0		6. W. W. W.	4		0-3		0-2			0-2			0-1				4	0	0				
0	0		7. N. Woodbridge	6					5-0		0-3			0-3				4		0				
1	1		8. H. H. H.	5					0-2				0-3					3	0	0				
0	0		9. H. H. H.	7					0-2				0-3					3	0	0				
0	0		10. Hill	8			0-2			0-3		K						3	0	0				
0	0		11. H. H. H.	7			0-1			0-3			0-2					3	0	0				
2	13		TIME OF GAME.		Runs total.																			
Hours.....		Mins.....																						
Balks.	Hit by ptc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.										Earn'd runs.								
						1-b. on errors.										2-base hits.								
																3-base hits.								
																Home runs.								

TUESDAY

J.G.W. and his campers came home rather early,

(cont'd.)

in spite of the fact that the head wind was not all on Mess-  
alonskee.

After supper we had three good games of Skowhegan on  
the Point. This time the field was changed, the play running  
east and west, instead of north and south. The score does not  
balance very well, as stray shots make confusion, but J.H.S.'s  
team won all three games.

Instead of half-past eight games, we finished "In the Fog".

And then came "Mr. Standfast", except for those who went  
straight from swim to bed.

J. H. S.		X.	.	B. L. L.	X.	X	X
Gray	X..		1	Carey	X	X	X
S. Heard	X.	X	X.	MacLeod	X	X	.
H. Heard	X	..	1 X..	Larsen	X	X..	..
Jack Hutch.	..	X.	X	F. Miller		X	
Fourd	X..	.	X..	Steeple	X.	X	X
Batselder	X	X	X	Hitchcock	X	X	X
Corning	.	.	1	Jackson	X	X.	X..
Farnsworth		X	1	H. Woodbridge	X.	X..	X
Edwards	X	X	X	G. Woodbridge	X..	X.	X.
H. Bigelow	X..	X..	. 1	D. Miller	X.	X.	X
Richardson	X	X	X	Hallam	X	X	X
8 10 0 8 11 3 7 9 2				11 8 0 12 7 0 9 7 0			



WEDNESDAY  
Aug. 11,  
B. 25.96  
T. 70'  
Cloudy  
S.  
Farley  
rain.

A real dog-day, havey and damp. Combined with the trip  
round the Horn, blueberry pie, and various other things, it  
added several to our hospital squad.

One little stomach-ache,

Feeling rather blue;

Wrenn met a bumble-bee,

And then there were two.

Two little stomach-aches,

In the Infirmary;

Frog paddled round the Horn,

And then there were three.

Three little stomach-aches,

Adding up their score;

Fay overdid a bit,

And then there were four.

Four little stomach-aches,

Looking more alive;

Bertie ate a piece of pie,

And then there were five.

Five little stomach-aches,

Rather in a fix;

Wiggins thought he'd take a nap,

and then there were six.

These developed during the day, except for a couple who were  
laid off before. W.R.S. headed the list. There were others feeling  
off, but not enough to be out of sing-song.

WEDNESDAY

As it was pretty wet at squad time, we had half (Cont'd.)

an hour of singing. It was pretty warm with the lamps going.

While we were singing, George Smedberg came over, to make a visit. It is fine to have him here.

*George Smedberg*

A large boat-building squad was on duty this morning.

Class A swam to the Point and back, instead of the usual addy-humps.

#### FISHING.

WILLIWAW. IDENTICAL. VAMMERSCHOONER.

PANTASOTT. TERROR.

C.H.C. N.S.W. B.L.L.

G.M.I. J.G.W.

Jackson Leland Putnam

Osgood F.R.

Thurber Gray Hallowell

Lasater Fuller

Richardson Phillips Edwards

Reynolds

ARKLET.

CHUB.

HORNPOUT.

Dabney Farnsworth T.S.E.

Gourd S. Heard Jack Hutchinson

Mann D. Miller Smedberg

Corning

Not a good day, as no one caught anything over size. In fact the only fish kept during the afternoon was the one that R.R. caught in her pocket. This sounds like a big fish story, but it is true. She had a shirt-waist soaking in the pond, and when she took it out there was a little fish in the pocket. So she put him in the aquarium.

H.D. was listed for a fishing-boat, but trouble on the Mexican border detained him.

Those who were not fishing worked on their boats. There was some racing of boats already finished, but the wind was rather too light. The annual quest for arrow-wood is going on, and shellac is being to turn up in strange and unsuitable places. It is a little early to prophesy yet, but we ought to have some good boats.

M.P. came back by the afternoon train; and if I had a red ribbon, I would print the fact in red letters.



WEDNESDAY  
(Cont'd.)

SEVENTH SING-SONG.

1. Overture, "Cockadoodle Duet"...A.M.R., J.R.
2. Piano Solo, "Peer Gynt".....A.M.R.
3. Choruses.....The Highlands, Fishing Song, Rio.
4. Stunt, "O'Grady's Goat".....G.M.I., J.H.S., & Co.
5. Drum and Piano Duet.....Reynolds, A.M.R.
6. Stunt, "The Triumph of Little Abie".The Faculty.

With Frog in bed, Jackson didn't see how he could play a duet by himself, so the Cockadoodle cocked and doodled, as it were.

The selection from "Peer Gynt" is not really meant for the piano, especially a piano that has got a frog in its throat from the muggy weather. (Or is it a stomach-ache, like so many others?) But there are reasons why it is a good plan for us to know something about it.

"O'Grady's Goat" makes a fine dramatic stunt. G.M.I. sang the song. J.H.S. filled the role of the Goat with fire and force. At rehearsal he was so forceful that we thought H. Heard might have to retire from the cast with a broken head. D. Miller lent grace and dignity to the part of Widow Casey, even when he was knocked over the wash-tub. Jack Hutch moved us to tears as Pat Doolan's wife, weeping over the mangled remains of the flannel shirt. Ike was a fine lively Pat Doyle, and H. Heard as Biddy Shea was a darling. As for the somersault which the lady turned, it was magnificent. Woodbridge H., Degen, Hallowell, Jim Hutch, Haskell, and S. Heard were the party at McCune's, and they certainly looked as if they were having fun, when the goat descended on them. As for the final scene, it was enough to move a stone to tears. The crimes of the goat were forgotten, and all hands stood and wept over his lifeless form.



WEDNESDAY

The drum really ought to have a fife with it,  
(Cont'd.)

but I can't play the fife. It was an impromptu, anyhow, without rehearsal, but both marches went with great snap.

The faculty stunt was a most wonderful movie show. The camping mosquito bar gave the slight dimness which is so much more effective than clear, hard detail, and the flicker of the light was done with an amazing windmill, which revolved in front of the lights. These were two of the big lamps, with boiler covers behind them for reflectors.

The cast was as follows:

Interlocutor,	J.G.W.
Little Able	E.S.E.
Wicked Uncle	H.D.
First Councilor	J.R.
Second Councilor	Corning
Abena Girl	C.H.C.
First Werrymearer	N.S.W.
Second Werrymearer	B.L.L.

J.G.W. explained, in the finest broken German, the difficulties of filming this romance, and gave us such a careful commentary on the story as it progressed that we quite agreed with him that it was better than the customary writing on the screen. We are promised a narrative version of this thrilling photodrama, so we will not give the outline here, but confine ourselves to the characters. E.S.E. as the hero realized to perfection the combination of injured innocence and triumphant virtue which the situation required. H.D. as the wicked Uncle was a monster of iniquity. His rage when he received the bill of extra charges will long linger in our memories. J.R. and Corning, lying fatly on their pillows, in peace broken only by the onslaught of the outraged uncle, reminded us forcibly of a certain letter, telling how a camp should be run. They certainly had the idea. N.S.W. and B.L.L., though they



WEDNESDAY remained in the background, gave a vivid picturization (Cont'd.) of those strange and terrible creatures, the Werrymeachers; rowing or paddling always in time, with heavy packs on their backs, and knives in their teeth. As for C.H.C. as the fair heroine from Abena, words almost fail me, when I try to describe that graceful girlish figure. No wonder the Uncle forgot his wickedness, and yielded to such charms.

If we are to single out special scenes, where all were delightful, they would be the following: the onslaught of the Uncle upon the fat Councilors. No wonder they fled before him like chaff before the gale.

The elopement; the fair lady reclining gracefully in the canoe, facing her devoted lover, and the sudden entrance of the rowing Werrymeachers.

The rescue of the Uncle from the two trees between which he had stuck. He did not deserve it, but this only filled us with greater admiration for the noble-minded hero.

We ran over time a little, but not much, considering.

Fourway Lodge was well represented in the audience; J.S.W., Harry and Elizabeth, and Rachel and David Darling, who are visiting them.

It was too hot for anything but reading, and too hot in the house for that, so we read on the piazza, to the great excitement of all the nasty little things that fly about on muggy evenings.

The last event of the evening, at a late hour, was a great F.S. tournament, in which E.S.E. beat everybody else. J.R. had to swim under the float, H.D. had to swim under the float, and turn two somersaults off the springboard, and B.L.L. had to swim twice under the float, and take two somersaults off the springboard. He went flat the last time, to the great delight of the rest.



## The Triumph of Little Abie.

Little Abie, being left an orphan, comes to the office of his rich but wicked uncle, who receives him warmly.

(Appropriate close-up; picture of the greeting.)

In private, the wicked uncle curses Abie for the expense that he will be and decides to send him to Camp Kennybunk, that he may be there lost, and probably destroyed by the ferocious Werrymeathers, a savage race that carry large canoes on their heads, and always paddle in time.

(Picture of uncle's soliloquy, with vision of Werrymeathers.)

Telegram: "Will you take and lose Abie?"

The arrival at Camp Kennybunk. Abie is warmly greeted by two fat counsellors, who receive him kindly, taking his valuable watch and opera glasses. (Picture of this friendly scene.)

Scenes at Camp Kennybunk: Abie learns to swim, Abie goes canoeing, Abie goes camping. (Three pictures, in each of which the faculty is represented by two fat counsellors, lying on their backs reading newspapers.)

At Bean's Store.

Abie meets a beautiful Abena girl at the soda-fountain. It is love at first sight. Through twin straws they sip the same pineapple soda. The fair one chokes, and Abie gives first aid. (Picture of store, flirtation, and rescue. Fat counsellors in background.)

They decide to fly together in a sponson canoe. On their way across the pond, they are terror-stricken at the sight of two Werrymeathers, with knives in their teeth, rowing in a pair-oar. (Appropriate pictures.)

In the mean time, the wicked uncle arrives at Camp Kenny-



bunk. He indignantly brandishes a bill of \$550 for Abie's extras, and hurls the two fat councillors to the ground. (Picture of the fight.)

He then sets out in pursuit of Abie and the Abena girl. (Pursuit scene.)

The uncle wedges between two trees, and calls for help. Abie and his Abena girl turn back and finally manage to extricate him. Touching scene, in which she tells of her father's fabulous wealth, and the happy pair receive the uncle's blessing.

(Appropriate pictures, curtain.)

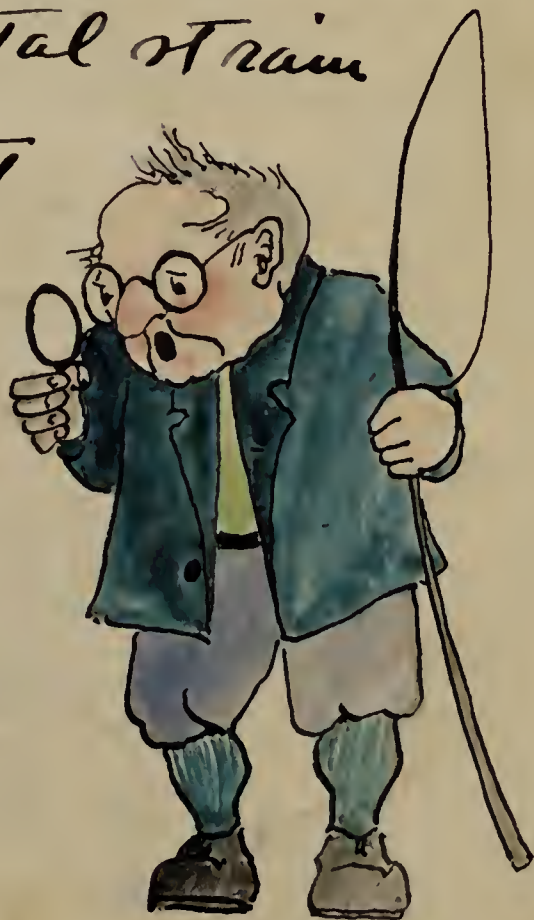
Camp  
Nothing Doing  
on  
Trout.



Going Fishing

I want to make this proposition  
Before I log this camping trip,  
And give a bit of information  
Which otherwise might be let slip.  
Old men have not got the ability  
To gather straggling wits enough  
To set down with the least facility  
Descriptions of this camping stuff.  
Young men, with minds and thews intact  
Should undertake this mental strain  
Faculty's faculties don't act  
This job is for the prefects  
"Twain".

Man hunting  
for Trout brook





That's what I to my prefect told,  
 But what did that young white hope do?  
 He payed no heed and brazen bold  
 Left me to pen this stuff for you.

I squeeze my brains some thoughts to gle  
 nicks turn but Sherburnes all serene  
 In getting old and call it mean.

Dottard  
 Squeezing  
Brains



Neptune by day Orpheus by night!  
 Splash the paddle twang the jaw harp.  
 Aurora floods the pond with light,  
 Gilds the ripples off canoes harp.  
 (A fine night might do worse  
 Pretty good for Dottard verse.)  
 Skipper standing on the slip -  
 Borne the horn and shout the campers  
 Laughing gomooh leads the trip  
 At her heels the even scampers.  
 Over the lake the corker glides  
 Far behind the even floats



Nereus  
Planning  
Jokes

Phoebus tans his campers hides  
Hallowell tells anecdotes.

Thus his expedition started  
And at noon or there about  
Northward toward the Sandy River  
Did we stalk the speckled trout,  
Stalk o'er miles of dusty highway  
To a land where brooks had been  
Phoebus had declared a highway  
Just to broil us campers in.

Finally we found some water  
Quite enough to fill a tub,  
Got one tiny biter and caught her  
Proved to be a two inch chub!  
So the mudhole we deserted.



Arizona's unbaked plain  
Was a phrase, so John asserted,  
To an August day in Maine.

Morphus wrapped his camp in sleep  
Chinny's mores his echoes woke  
While follow his waters deep  
Herens planned a little joke.  
When two meals are cooked and eaten,  
Downward points his paddler's prow,  
Like a skunk in Sunday meeting  
Longpond starts an awful row.  
Old man Herens at the bottom,  
Old man Apicus atop,  
Had their little frolic; rot em!  
Heavily swamped us neck and crop.  
So heroic 'gainst the crashing  
Billows so we strive and press,  
After hours of weary splashing,  
Reach his hills in some distress.  
Peered with Peetus, ore on Eurus  
Cursing all the funny nation,  
Joyfully we see before us,  
Camp, our welcome destination.

---

THURSDAY

Still muggy, but not so bad as it has been,

Aug. 12,

8.23.96

because a south breeze helped most of the day.

T. 70°

Cloudy,

Miss Gregory left us this morning. Per contra

Calm.

Shower the Wigginses came back from their trip, so we are one p.m.

in.

This morning the Ouananiche was washed. She needed it, for the milk that was spilled in her on the return trip round the Horn had turned into cheese, and the effect was more pungent than pleasant.

Six little stomach-aches,  
Thought they'd go to heaven;  
Mann found he had a pain,  
And then there were seven.

Seven little stomach-aches,  
Stayed in bed too late;  
Gray went a-swimming,  
And then there were eight.

Eight little stomach-aches,  
Sleeping in a line;  
Jake thought he'd stay in bed,  
And then there were nine.

Nine little stomach-aches,  
Aching now and then;  
Gourd liked the looks of it,  
And then there were ten.

But some emerged before others went in, and at one time the infirmary got so gay that we thought we should ask it to make less noise. So things are on the mend. If only the weather



THURSDAY would change! We think of putting the weather-man  
(cont'd.) through the mill every night till he treats us better.

SALMON HUNTERS.

WILLIAMS.	VAMMERSCHOONER.	IDENTICAL.	EREBUS.	TERROR.	PANTASOTE.
W.D.	J.R.	J.G.W.	B.L.L.	Dabney	Wernsworth
Osgood	D. Miller	F.R.	Leland	Batchelder	Thurber
Hill	Hallowell	Edwards	F. Miller	Phillips	Wrenn
1 bass	2 bass	1 bass	1 bass	1 bass	
	3 perch		1 pout		
	1 pickerel				

After supper B.L.L. and J.G.W. went out again and caught a  
bass. Total number of fish, 12.

A decided improvement over Wednesday's score; perhaps because  
the people who went really went to fish, and not to lie round in a  
boat loafing and shouting at their neighbors.

SALMON INSPECTORS.

TOGUS.	ABOL.
G.H.C.	N.S.W.
Richardson	Degen
Thompson	W. Tower
Putnam	Corning

This double quartette, and a company of pedestrians, went over  
to the Hatchery. The first stop for both was at the saw-mill, where  
we had a good chance to see things running. Then we went on to the  
Hatchery, where the little salmon were very lively. There was a frog  
in one tank, but we caught him, and fed him to the bass in the pond.

Those who were out of bed, but were not up to paddling or walk-  
ing, built boats in the shop, and we hear that great progress was made.

After supper we had Digestion Club, for the first time this  
month, and then half-past eight Boston.

After that we turned to on the Smelling Game, till we wished  
that noses had been left out of the scheme of creation. It is a terr-  
ible thing to meet the ammonia bottle when it is fresh. And there  
are all sorts of dreary bottles, that seem to have no smell beyond  
a mild unpleasantness.

THURSDAY Here is the list of the smells, and some of  
(Cont'd.)  
the wrong guesses:

Camphor	menthol.
Benzine	ether, castor oil, wood alcohol.
Ammonia	ether.
Lavendar	apple sauce, citronella, fish, turpentine.
Cologne	apple juice, vinegar, mosquito dope.
Vinegar	ham, gravy, brown sugar, horse liniment
Menthol	carbolic, photomount, listerine.
Witch Hazel	castor oil, linseed oil, orangeade.
Gasolene	sulphonaphthol, tar.
Checkerberry	sour milk, white sugar.
Turpentine	shoe polish, paint.
Coffee	chocolate, frankincense, food.
Iodoform	ether, peroxide, talcum.
Clove	mint.
Cinnamon	nutmeg, cassia, allspice.
Ginger	listerine, cocoa, nutmeg, pepper.
Curry	licorice, pepper, coltsfoot, fertilizer
Belon	mint, citronella, rose.
Alcohol	mucilage, arrowroot, shellac, banana.
Sulpho-naphthol	creosote, collodion.
Vanilla	cocoa, cold cream, prunes, pudding.
Banana	ambroid, new skin, checkerberry.
Kerosene	paint remover.
Whiskey	brandy wine.

Best Lists.

E.R.C.	19
H.D.	17
Corning	15
Osgood	15
F. Miller	13
A.M.R.	12
J.R.	12
J.H.S.	11
Dabney	11
Gourd	11
Hitchcock	11
Leland	11

The bottles had been filled over ten days ago, so some of them had deteriorated. But the ammonia was in fine form, and so was the ginger. Alcohol is hardly fair nowadays, for it is all mixed with other things, to make it indigestible.

J.G.W. called most things fish, for he was just in from fishing, and had caught a bass.



FRIDAY

AUG. 13,

8.38.99

T. 69°

Cloudy

S.

Showers

m.p.

Just what we shall do to Garland Lasater if this goes

on, we really do not know. There has not been such a spell

of muggy weather for a long time.

The latest game<sup>is</sup> to be thrown off the slip in Moab.

L. Tower and Farnsworth have done it successfully, but most people swamp at once.

Submarine telegraphy is also a good game. You drop something conspicuous, say a toothbrush, in to the water, and then signal to the searcher by hitting two stones together under water; one for left, two for right.

But don't throw stones to friends in the water. Hitch got one on the head, and swelled up instantly. He spent most of the day in a bandage, with a headache, and did not really feel fit till supper-time.

Most of our invalids are out and about. Mann and H. Bigelow are still in bed, but we hope to see them up tomorrow.

Mrs. Bennett came over this noon with John. He is feeling all right, but her New York doctor thinks that a young man who has had one appendicitis flurry had better have the thing out without more delay. So they are going right down to Portland for the operation. It is too bad, and we shall miss him very much.

At dinner the Tink, with heroic self-control, managed a silence, and got faculty butlers.

During the day B. L. L., C. W., J. G. W., F. R., and Osgood went fishing, and got four bass.

Total number of fish, 4.

We began senior ball, bug league, and flea league, but after one inning it began to rain. We kept on for another, in hope of its clearing, but it only rained harder. So we sought shelter, and built boats or played ping-pong, as our fancy suggested.

FRIDAY . The progressive ping-pong table had six lively  
(Cont'd.) games, the fourth and fifth with "mucker tietaes."

H.D. beat J.E.  
H.D. beat Putnam.  
Hines beat Putnam.  
(M.T.) H.D. beat Reynolds.  
" Putnam beat H.D.  
Putnam beat Jackson.

As we were setting the table for supper (Cyril is on the stomach-ache squad) we were suddenly stopped by a commanding voice, and there was John Simons. He is having his first vacation since 1916, and he and Mrs. Simons just came right along. A very proper thing to do.

*Signature: B. Simons* . . . *John W. Simons*

After supper it was Digestion Club; it was really too wet for anything else.

Then came "Spin the Platter", with some fine redeeming of forfeits.

In the leap-frog race Osgood and D. Miller beat MacLeod and Lasater. This was not wholly unexpected.

In the rooster fight, a sport of Ancient Greece, J.H.S. beat Edwards, and in three falls, Batchelder won two against MacLeod.

The match race H.D. vs. Corning, was superb. H.D. at one point got his match in among the feet of the spectators, but extricated it, and crossed the line first.

In the wheelbarrow race E.S.E. and G. Woodbridge were superior in speed and endurance to H. Woodbridge and Hallowell. In the losing team, the man and the barrow were too nearly the same size.

Blackboard Relay followed for the half-past niners, to



FRIDAY        be followed in its turn by "Horned Lady". We relayed at  
(Cont'd.)  
the north end, for the sake of the South.

A cat is at the old mill..

Pigs eat many queer things.

My baby wails in the big nursery.

An oyster sat by the dark shore.

We think the last is the best, though the statement about pigs  
is undoubtedly true.

We can't give the whole list of things presented in Horned  
Lady, but here are a few: a three-toed elephant, a golliwog, an old  
shoe, a paddle-stick, a pink-toed snake, and a side-hill badger. There  
was not time to go round more than once and a half, but the horns  
were already sprouting thick and fast.

SATURDAY,            We thought that we'd seen dog-days;  
 Aug. 14,            The dread, oppressive days  
 P. 28.98            When it's muggy, sultry, foggy, hot, and damp.  
 T. 67'                But none of us have ever seen  
 Cloudy                The equal of the week  
 S.                    When Lasater was weather-man at Camp.

Rain                    They may like such things in Texas, but we wish  
 p.m.                    it distinctly understood that we don't here.

We are having boat-building squads every day now, but in spite of that there will be some people who will not get a boat done. It is too bad, as the race is good fun, and better fun if you have something at stake in it.

This morning Mrs. F. T. Bradstreet and Miss Anne Darling came out from Gardiner for a call.

Mr. White, of Pomfret and Pine Island, came up to dinner. Unfortunately he was late, and had to have his dinner by himself.

#### SECOND ABORTIVE BASEBALL AFTERNOON.

We had a full list posted, with the three leagues. And at once the weather cocked its eye at us, and the thunder began to roll. We started, and so did the rain. The Major League got through three innings, with a score of 15-13. The ball soon became as heavy as lead and as greasy as lard, and every base was simply a butter-slide. J. W. S., going from first to second, slid the last half of the way, and arose with a fine chocolate-colored shirt-front. It was very exciting, and extremely funny, but it could not really be called baseball.

The Bug League, on the contrary, had the best game they have had this season. They adjourned to the shope and other places for a while, but when the rain slackened, as it did for a while, their cry arose, "We want Mr. Corning." And the game went on again.



SATURDAY,  
(Cont'd.)

The score card is rather the worse for weather, so we leave it out. But the final score, after eight merry and dripping innings, was 10-9, in favor of Jackson's team.

Batteries, Jackson and Hallowell,  
Stackpole and A. Bigelow.

Just before supper the Wigginses left, but we hope to see them again before the summer is over.

#### CHARADES.

APPEARING. The first syllable, <sup>ape</sup>, was very lively. H.D., the ape, sat and chattered in the attic, throwing things at all the company in a most Wiggins-like manner. The second syllable showed how it is sometimes necessary for an employer to keep an eye on his office force. Certainly E.S.F.'s clerks were the kind that need watching, especially when E.R.C., the stenographer, came in. Ring was a full dress wedding. Wiggins made a charming bride, with veil and bouquet, Lasater a most impressive bridegroom. Hines as maid of honor did all that was needed to make the ceremony go off well, and Hallowell were too sweet as the bridesmaids. We don't know just what church requires its ministers to wear striped waistcoats, but Farnsworth was a model of dignity. The whole word was puzzling, but very funny. They kept appearing, one at a time, in all sorts of places, and saying "hello." It ended with H.D. dropping off the beam.

FORFEIT. The first scene shows to what lengths people may go to win what they want. Here was G.M.I. with four relatives between him and the dukedom. It looked bad, but A.M.R. had hopes, especially as it being his twenty-first birthday, some of the obstacles might come to call. Sure enough, Chilly, the Duke, came with his good wishes. He was promptly poisoned, and dragged out of the way. S. Heard was neatly strangled. Corning was smothered with a pillow. As for Donald MacLeod, he was dropped out of the window and over the precipice. Serve him



SATURDAY right for sitting on Jerry so hard last time.  
(Cont'd.)

The second syllable was a valuable temperance lesson, for the smaller members of the side got hold of a jug of whiskey, and had appalling fits all over the floor. Osgood discovered them, and they were all carried off to hospital. The whole word was thrilling. Buggins, suspected of robbery, was seated in a chair, his hands tied behind him, under guard of a posse of vigilantes, headed by G.M.I. His friend had gone to get the missing money and unless he returned by twelve o'clock, Buggins would swing for it. The rope was in place, and the word given to hoist, when a sound of hasty feet was heard outside, and W.R.S. dashed, or rather slid in, crying "Am I too late?" He wasn't, and all ended happily.

INGRATE. It is strange what exciting things happen at charade inns. This time, while most of the company were reveling, and C.H.C. was passing the bottle round, one group sat at the side, engaged in earnest conversation. Suddenly came word that the king had gone, and they hastened out. Next came J.G.W., as the most peevish king it has ever been our ill fortune to meet. He didn't think his people liked him; and we should guess that he was right. N.S.W., his chancellor, brought in various loyal subjects with gifts, but he didn't like them. F. Miller's gift of a jug of whiskey was the only thing that lightened the royal gloom for a minute. The whole word was a fine illustration of its meaning. N.S.W., after receiving help from M.P. and C.H.C., was so very mean as to rob and murder them both, as they lay sleeping in the forest with their treasure under the pillow.

Gideon There was no mistaking the first scene. Stackpole



SATURDAY as Alan Breck led the way across the hazardous chasm,  
(cont'd.)  
while J.R. as David Balfour tottered on the rock in the middle,  
dizzied by the roar of the linn. Next came a shopping scene. R.L.L.  
and Bigelow (Hugh being in the Infirmary, with his nose flattened  
against the window, watching, we know that it was Bertie.) fitted  
out their customers in great style. Reynolds was hard to suit, but S.  
Heard was fine in his panama and Kuppenheimer coat. As for Hitch,  
in Louis Gourd's coat, we were filled with admiration of his appear-  
ance. The whole word was the great spectacle of the evening. The be-  
sieged city was ably defended. But J.R. made a stirring and Scriptur-  
al speech to his followers; they marched round the doomed city. And then  
with a crash of lamps and pitchers, a blast of trumpets, and "The  
sword of the Lord and of Gideon", the victory was won.

We went on with "Mr. Standfast". Ivery has got away, and things  
look badly.

And just before Taps, in came "the chap the old boys called  
Chuggy, and the old ones Cap. Henderson", and Mrs. Henderson. Their  
train, strange to say, was late.

*R. B. Henderson*

*Lucy Gregory Henderson*

SUNDAY, Does this look natural? It is a pity that Jack  
 Aug. 15,  
 B. 29.03. Degen, our new weather-man, can't be a little  
 T. 69'  
 Misty, original. A snow-storm would be better than this  
 W.

dog-day pattern, which we have had so long.

Edge  
 of This morning the August boys were measured. The  
 shower  
 p.m. full list of heights will be posted shortly.

The pair-oar was out to-day, with B.L.L. and J.G.W.

Lady butlers to-day, for the first time this year. It was  
 also the first time we have had chicken. Fowls are hard to  
 come by these days.

At afternoon reading we began "The Merchant of Venice."

PICNIC AD RIPAM? HYPERBOREANAM.

EREN.	CORKER.	ABOT.	TOGUS.	ALLGASH.	RIP.
W.R.S.	R.G.H.	C.H.C.	B.L.L.	J.H.S.	J.G.W.
Thurber	H. Heard	Reynolds	Jim Hutch.	S. Heard	Fuller
Richardson	L. Tower	Jack Hutch	Hines	Hallowell	Gray
A.M.R.	J.W.S.	M.P.	E.R.C.	F. Miller	Leland

WILLIWAW.

J.R.  
 H. Woodbridge  
 Mann  
 W. Tower

OUANANICHE.

H.R.  
 Dabney  
 Lasater  
 Haskell  
 Degen  
 Carey  
 E.R.  
 A. Bigelow  
 H. Bigelow  
 Batchelder  
 D. Miller  
 L.E.R.  
 L.H.  
 MacLeod

IDENTICAL.

E.S.E.  
 Putnam  
 Phillips  
 R.R.

YAMMERSCHOONER. NREBUS. TERROR. PANTASOTH.

N.S.W.	G.M.I.	Corning	Hitchcock
Jackson	Stackpole	Farnsworth	Osgood
Hill	Wiggins	G. Wood.	Edwards
E.R.S.	Thompson	Wrenn	Smedberg

We thought it was threatening when we started last  
 Sunday, but this time it looked worse. There was a big black  
 shower to the north, and apparently we were going right into  
 it. But Skipper said "Start", and he has a way <sup>of</sup> <sub>^</sub> doping the  
 weather right. As we went north the shower went east, and we  
 reached the beach without getting a drop.



SUNDAY

(Cont'd.)

After a little consultation, the company went up to the neighborhood of the empty camp for a game of Skowhegan. Most people walked, but Pirate Bill, who is having the same kind of knee that Bud did, proceeded in state on Hitchy's shoulders. Donald MacLeod is in no way disabled, but he is fat and scant of breath, like Hamlet, so Tom Dabney shouldered him.

There was time for only one game, but that was a good one.

The only trouble was hornets. We are having them thick everywhere, and almost everyone in camp has been stung at least once. Poor Jim Hutch got the worst, for a hornet got up his nose, and others attacked various other places. Perhaps they recognized him as the prize hornet-slayer of Merryweather, and wanted revenge. If so they certainly got it.

We supped in a long row under the big pines, as it was spattering a bit, and the cover was better there. But it didn't rain enough to bother anyone, and we ate merrily, to the ultimate jam and chocolate. The only moment that was not merry was when three or four sad gentlemen got the can of sour milk that had been put away to make cheese.

We came home in a good line, and finished with "line ahead", which is certainly our prettiest formation.

I forgot to mention one great event. As we were getting ready to start, Camp Abena came by, close in shore, singing some sort of song, evidently intended as a serenade. There is no accounting for tastes.

When the half-past eighters went to bed, the Volunteer Choir went on singing. We were stronger than usual, and tried various things for which we ordinarily haven't enough bass and tenor.

Our story tonight was "His Private Honor.", one of the best Kipling ever wrote.

SUNDAY      The Skowhegan score card is a bit wild, so I will  
(Cont'd.)  
not put it in. Some particulars, however, are interesting.

The Nesmucks, under Hitchcock, beat the Beaver-tails, captained  
by Dabney, six runs to three.

R.L.L. heads the shooting list, with four shots to his  
credit. S. Heard shot three, but was shot himself. M.P. made a  
run and shot two before the enemy finally got her.

Stinglets.

Twinkle, twinkle, little bee,  
We have little use for thee.  
Hasten to your honey-comb;  
Sweets are best enjoyed at home.

Twinkle, twinkle, little wasp,  
Worse than Cleopatra's asp.  
Go and burrow in the ground,  
Till no trace of you is found.

Twinkle, twinkle, little hornet,  
Your behavior, sir, we scorn it.  
Your attack on Jimmy's nose  
Has procured you many foes.

Twinkle, twinkle, wee red ant.  
You are very small, I grant,  
But my fun you seem to check  
When you travel down my neck.

Twinkle, twinkle, mosquito,  
Don't you think it's time to go?  
Still we hear your droning tune,  
Underneath the rising moon.



MONDAY,

Aug. 16,

3.29.00

T. 70°

Foggy,

F.

Last night for a little while the west wind came in strong, and the stars shone bright. We thought we were

out of our troubles. But this morning there was the same

heavy gray sky, and heavy gray air. We are not the only sufferers, however. We hear of automobiles running with headlights all day down along the coast, and golf tournaments that are held up because the fog is so thick you can't see the ball. So at least it is no local weather devil that has got us.

How local the hornet plague is we can't tell. This morning E.R.C.'s finger, which had swollen badly as the result of a sting, was so painful that a select committee filed her ring off; a very painful process, as it was impossible not to file her finger more or less at the same time. She had it in a poultice and a sling most of the day, so we hope it will be better tomorrow.

Various methods were tried this morning to reduce the number of the beasts, but not wholly successfully. Kerosene and ammonia they rather like. But sulpho-nap makes them sick, and boiling water is fatal. Unfortunately we can't boil the camp.

This morning the Simonses left, taking Mr. Rawle with them. Next time we hope to have better weather for them.

L.E.R. and R.B. went in to Gardiner, one to spend the night, the other to do errands and come out this afternoon.

At morning reading R.G.H. told us about the work of the light railways in France. He was in that all the time we were in the war, and came home a major. So he knows a good deal about it.

We also finished "Sailing Alone Round the World," and left Capt. Slocum and the Spray safe at home.

It was a great day for swimming, and Johnny Wiggins celebrated it by passing the swimming test.

MONDAY  
(Cont'd.)

One little non-swimmer,

Sitting on a stone;

Wig passed the swimming test,

And

then

there

were

NONE!

So we have a clean slate, and are a very proud camp.

#### FINAL TRACK AND FIELD MEET.

We hoped for scouting, of course; but the weather was not at all suitable, and track and field had to be done too. There were signs of it all the morning; for when two leading Algonquins foregather with a heap big Iroquois in his tent, you may feel reasonably sure that it is not scouting that they are at work on.

Gourd was not in, nor W. Tower. Hines started, but his dinner was not in the right place, so he dropped out almost at the start. H. Woodbridge got stung on the ankle, late in the day, and retired from the field.

<u>Class A.</u>	<u>Class B.</u>	<u>Class C.</u>
A. Bigelow	Batchelder	Carey
H. Bigelow	Degen	Edwards
Dabney	Fuller	Hill
Farnsworth	Gray	MacLeod
(Gourd)	Hallowell	Mann
S. Heard	Haskell	Phillips
Hitchcock	H. Heard	Richardson
Jackson	(Hines)	Thompson
Leland	James Hutchinson	L. Tower
Osgood	John Hutchinson	(W. Tower)
Putnam	Lasater	Wiggins
Putnam	D. Miller	G. Woodbridge
Stackpole	Reynolds	Wrenn
	Thurber	
	H. Woodbridge	

F. Miller, of course, has been out of track and field all summer.



MONDAY  
(Cont'd.)

CLASS A HUNDRED YARD DASH.

FIRST HEAT.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>	<u>Time.</u>
Dabney	scratch	12 2/5 s.
Farnsworth	12'	12 3/5 s.
Osgood	15'	

A very good heat, though Dabney was not straining himself.

Farnsworth was about three feet behind at the tape.

SECOND HEAT.

Leland	1'	13 1/5 s.
Putnam	10'	13 2/5 s.
Hitchcock	12'	

Nearly a second slower than the first heat, but lively.

Hitchcock in particular was working hard for his place.

THIRD HEAT.

Stackpole	scratch	13 s.
A. Bigelow	10'	13 1/5 s.
S. Heard	12'	

Stackpole was not going his fastest, naturally. Bigelow passed Heard about half way down the course.

FINAL HEAT.

Stackpole	12'
Leland	12 1/5 s.
Dabney	

The fastest heat, and the closest heat. Leland was hardly more than a foot behind Stackpole at the finish, and Dabney, who tripped in the string at starting, was a very good third, while Farnsworth almost tied for third.

CLASS A RUNNING HIGH JUMP.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>	<u>Height.</u>
Leland	scratch	4' 8"
Stackpole	4"	4' 5"
Dabney	1"	4' 4"

Leland has come up an inch since last time, though he did not quite reach Ives's mark. Five more men did four feet or better, so it was a lively event.

CLASS A RUNNING BROAD JUMP.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>	<u>Distance.</u>
Leland	scratch	16' 6 1/2"
Stackpole	1"	15' 11 3/4"
Dabney	scratch	15' 6 3/8"

All three men have gained since last time. In this event handicaps practically didn't count at all.

MONDAY

CLASS A SHOT PUT.

(Cont'd.)

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>	<u>Distance.</u>
Stackpole	2'4"	27'1"
Dabney	scratch	26'11"
Farnsworth	6'9"	26'9"

Here the handicaps made a difference, especially in the case of Farnsworth, who could hardly have got a place without his. Dabney's put was the best that he has made this year.

CLASS FOUR-FORTY YARD RUN.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>	<u>Time.</u>
Stackpole	scratch	1 m. 3 2/5 s.
Leland	6'	1 m. 4 1/5 s.
Dabney	12'	

In spite of some fairly long handicaps Stackpole led the field at third base, and never lost his lead. Leland was about ten feet behind at the tape, with Dabney a little farther behind him. Farnsworth was not allowed to run in this event, for fear he might start up his knee again.

CLASS B HUNDRED YARD DASH.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>	<u>Time.</u>
Lasater	scratch	13 2/5 s.
Fuller	3'	
Hallowell	8'	

The second watch gave out here, so we have the time for only one man. Lasater led by about three feet, Fuller having a little more over Hallowell.

SECOND HEAT.

D. Miller	1'	14 1/5 s.
Gray	5'	14 2/5 s.
Jack Hutchinson	10'	

A slower heat. Miller was four feet to the good when he breasted the tape. Gray's lead over Hutchinson was a good bit longer.

THIRD HEAT.

Thurber	5'	15 s.
Reynolds	8'	15 2/5 s.
Batchelder	15'	

This was the slowest heat of the series, and the least close. Thurber had Reynolds by six feet, and Batchelder was a good bit in the rear. H. Woodbridge, who was to have run, had encountered a hornet.



MONDAY

(Cont'd.)

FOURTH HEAT.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>	<u>Time.</u>
Jim Hutchinson	5'	13 4/5 s.
H. Heard	3'	14 s.
Degen		

A very close heat between the three leaders. A blanket would have covered them.

FINAL HEAT.

Lasater	13 1/5 s.
D. Miller	
Jim Hutchinson	

This was a very fine race. All the men who placed were close, and Fuller very nearly tied for third.

CLASS B RUNNING HIGH JUMP.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>	<u>Height.</u>
Jim Hutchinson	scratch.	4'
Thurber	scratch.	3'11"
H. Heard	scratch.	3'10"
Degen	4"	3'10"

The only effect of the handicap here was to tie Degen for third place. D. Miller, who has jumped 3'11", was not up to his best form today.

CLASS B RUNNING BROAD JUMP.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>	<u>Distance.</u>
Gray	9"	14'1"
Jim Hutchinson	14"	14'
Lasater	scratch	13'5 1/4"

Gray and Jim Hutch both did much better than was expected of them; but even so, Lasater would have been first, if he had jumped as well as he did before. His old mark was 14'6 1/4"

CLASS B SHOT PUT.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>	<u>Distance.</u>
Gray	10" 5"	25'3 1/4"
D. Miller	scratch.	24'1"
Lasater	9"	23'10"

Gray and Miller made the best puts, even without their handicaps.

CLASS B FOUR-FORTY YARD RUN.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>	<u>Time.</u>
Jim Hutchinson	scratch.	1 m. 11 s.
Lasater	scratch.	
D. Miller	45'	

A very good race. Lasater got away from the handicap men at the

MONDAY back stop, with Hutchinson right at his heels.  
(Cont'd.)

As they came down the hundred, Hutchinson took the lead and kept it, in a very close finish. This event, the last one of the day, was particularly thrilling, as until it was over no one could tell how the Class B cup would go.

CLASS C HUNDRED YARD DASH.

FIRST HEAT.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>	<u>Time.</u>
Mann	scratch.	15 s.
Hill	12'	
Wiggins	12'	

L. Tower, who came in first, was disqualified for running on such a slant that he interfered with all the others. Mann was not trying to do more than qualify; but the match between Hill and Wiggins was a hot one.

SECOND HEAT.

Carey	2'	14 4/5 s.
G. Woodbridge	10'	15 s.
Wrenn	12'	

A very close heat, the leaders being not more than a few feet apart.

THIRD HEAT.

Richardson	4'	14 4/5 s.
Thompson	4'	
MacLeod	15'	

Richardson led Thompson by three feet, but was not working very hard. MacLeod owed his place in some degree to his handicap.

FINAL HEAT.

Richardson	14 s.
Thompson	14 3/5 s.
Mann	

This race looks as if the watch had been wrong when it gave Mann a time of 13 2/5 seconds. He was distinctly not up to his best today, but he would hardly have gone off so much as that.

CLASS C RUNNING HIGH JUMP.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>	<u>Height.</u>
Richardson	scratch.	3'7 1/2"
Wrenn	1 1/2"	3'6 1/2"
Mann	scratch	3'5"
L. Tower	2"	3'5"



MONDAY

Richardson did better than he has done at all this (Cont'd.)

year. Wrenn has never got a place in this event before, and even without his handicap, he would not have been cut out. There would simply have been a tie between him and Mann for second.

CLASS C RUNNING BROAD JUMP.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>	<u>Distance.</u>
Richardson	scratch.	12'8 7/8"
Carey	1"	12'3 3/4"
Wiggins	18"	11'10 1/4"

Richardson and Carey have both done a couple of inches better than their marks today. Mann was nearly two feet behind his best. Wiggins was helped by a big handicap, but he had also improved his jump by a foot and a half.

CLASS C SHOT PUT.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>	<u>Distance.</u>
Richardson	scratch.	21'5 3/4"
G. Woodbridge	1'6"	18'11 3/4"
L. Tower	1'9"	18'9"

Richardson bettered his old mark by nearly a foot and a half. The other two men owed something to their handicaps.

CLASS C FOUR-FORTY YARD RUN.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Handicap.</u>	<u>Time.</u>
Richardson	scratch.	1 m. 12 3/5 s.
Mann	scratch.	1 m. 18 s.
Wiggins	24'	

Richardson jumped the field before he reached third base, and rounded the back-stop well in the lead. Mann came up well, but did not threaten him seriously, as he came up the home stretch like a motor-cycle. Wiggins stuck to Carey like a burr, and just nosed into third place at the last second.

So ended a very good meet. Records were not broken, but times and distances were good. The fact is, that in Class A and B our records include some pretty good figures, when you consider what our track is like.

I must say a word about the costumes of the officials. We are used to straw hats, and last year silk hats came into vogue. This year E. S. E. wore a sailor cap, with a bunch of nasturtiums tucked



MONDAY under the brim, and added a long scarlet sash. Corning (Cont'd.) had a scarlet cap and a velvet waistcoat, which made him look like a cross between a gondolier and a pirate. B.L.L. had the "Merry Widow" hat, with the nasturtiums, and he and N.S.W. had on each other's sweaters for a while. But H.D.'s headgear capped the climax, as well as capping him. He had the old may-basket, which has already figured on the heads of various queens. The effect was truly chic.

# LIST OF POINT WINNERS.

## CLASS A.

	100.	High.	Broad.	Shot.	440.	Total.
Stackpole	5	3	3	5	5	21
Leland	3	5	5		3	16
Dabney	1	1	1	3	1	7
Farnsworth				1		1

## CLASS B.

Jim Hutchinson	1	5		3	5	14
Gray			5	5		10
Lasater	5		1	1	3	10
D. Miller	3		3		1	7
Thurber		3				3
Degen		1/2				1/2
H. Heard		1/2				1/2

## CLASS C.

Richardson	5	5	5	5	5	25
Mann	1	1/2			3	4 1/2
Thompson	3					3
G. Woodbridge				3		3
Wrenn		3				3
Wiggins			1		1	2
L. Tower		1/2		1		1 1/2
Edwards			3			3

Sorry that Edwards comes out of order, but his total was not put down, so I didn't see him at first.

Many congratulations to the winners, and to all.

R.R. came back in the afternoon, and George Sturgis also arrived for a visit. *George P. Sturgis.*

Evening events were Digestion Club, Quiet Games, and "Mr. Standfast", with several going to bed early.



TUESDAY . Exactly when our weather-man found it northwest in the Aug. 17, B. 29.07 proper hours for weather reports I don't know. Anyhow, it T. 69' Overcast, . was just the same hot, heavy weather as we have been N.W.

. struggling with for so long.

Early this morning B.L.L. and J.G.W. went a-fishing, but had no luck.

At morning reading we began "A Scotch Naturalist." He is a very interesting person, but he must have been difficult to bring up.

Some of the dopesters tried to think that we should scout, but the time is not so short as all that yet.

JUNIOR LEAGUE GAME.  
WHITE TAILS VS. YELLOW JACKETS.

This was an exciting game, from start to finish. The Yellow Jackets scored their first man; and it looked as if the White Tails would do the same thing, but H. Heard was out at the plate.

In the second inning the Jackets ran nearly through their order, and would have piled up many runs, had not two men been out at the plate. As it was they scored three. The Tails made their first score, but Stackpole was out before he could reach home.

In the third inning Leland hit to first. The ball started foul, rolled fair about half way down the line, and Leland, dodging Hitchcock, added a hit to his batting average.

In the fourth inning Stackpole was again cut off at the plate, this time by a throw in from left field.

In the fifth inning things went pretty wild. Putnam hit three men, and gave a couple of passes. Stackpole's two-bagger brought in two runs. And when the dust had cleared away, the Tails had had fourteen men up, and had sent eight of them home.

TUESDAY        In the sixth things tightened up again. Putnam  
(Cont'd.)  
fanned the first and third batters, and Gourd caught Farnsworth's  
fly, landing on the back of his head as he did so. Louis is  
pretty good at that game.

In the seventh Sturgis knocked a ball into the little  
pine tree beyond right field, and the fielder could not find  
it. It was counted as a lost ball, so he could take only two  
bases, but it scored Thurber.

In the eighth the Jackets added another score to their  
total, though S. Heard was out at the plate.

Except for one inning, Putnam was effective on the mound,  
fanning thirteen men. He also hit four, and two of them were  
Buggins, who ought to have several sore spots about him.

Buggins was rather wild, but as it is a year since he  
has had a baseball in his hand, we do not wonder.

<u>Batting Averages.</u>	
Stackpole	.666
Leland	.500
Thurber	.333
Gourd	.250
Hitchcock	.250
S. Heard	.250
W. R. S.	.333
Sturgis	.333

Sorry I did not get them arranged better.

MOSQUITO LEAGUE GAME.  
ANOPHELES VS. STEGOMYLAE.

This also was an exciting game. At the end of the first  
inning the score was tied. The heaviest scoring was in the third,  
when the Anopheles brought in five runs, and their opponents  
six.

Batteries, Hutchinson and Hutchinson,  
H. Woodbridge and Hallowell.



at

Yellow jacket vs. White Tail of Aug. 17 at

vs. \_\_\_\_\_ of.

vs. Guerrero of USA at

Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
1			1-3			K					
2									1-3		
3											
4						1-3				1-3	
5											
6			K	K		K		K			
7					4-3			K		6-4	
8						K		K		1-3	
9						K			4-3		
10											
11											
TIME OF GAME.											
Hours.....	Mins.....	Runs total.									

TUESDAY, Just as the players were coming out of swim,  
(Cont'd.)

Mr. and Mrs. Batchelder arrived; a delightful surprise for  
Larry and for us. We kept them to supper, and they will be  
over again tomorrow.

Half-past eight and half-past nine boats gave us a very  
aquatic evening. Some of us explored the Mouse-trap, and offer  
the following report:

Timber, elm and alder.

Herbs, water hemlock, mint, and thoroughwort.

Inhabitants, sandpipers.

E.R.C. caught a good bass down in the neighborhood of  
Pine Beach.

Total number of fish, 1.

During the night it really began to feel cool. And those  
of us who woke up and pulled up another blanket chuckled as we  
rolled over.



WEDNESDAY, It is a pity that such an eventful weather report  
Aug. 18.

Clear, mislaid itself, but these are the salient facts. The first  
Cool.

N. cool day, the first clear horizon in over ten days! At break-  
fast Skipper put the following on the board:

HUSH!!!

SSSH!!!!

HEAR THE DOPESTERS  
DOPE!

And there was a strange light in many eyes that had not been  
there for many days.

This morning E.S.E. began to tell us something about the parts  
of the body and how they work.

John Corning left for Bangor at half past eight. He has fitted  
in so perfectly that we almost forgot that he was not here for the  
rest of the season.

The Batchelders came over just before swim, and left early in  
the afternoon for Denmark. It sounds like a difficult trip for an  
automobile, but it is only Denmark, Maine, which lies near Poland  
and Naples.

This morning, instead of addy-humps, Class A swam to the Point.

At dinner another notice was put on the board:

Robinson Crusoe.

Sundry Stunts.

Fishing.

Which is it, oh ye Dopesters?

But the eyes of the captains were fixed on far things. The cry  
of "Fourth corn!" met with little response. And there were those of  
us who were glad that the pie was squash pie, that being less likely  
to rest heavy upon the soul of the scout. Reading was thrilling, but  
we had one eye out for trouble. And at quarter past two Skipper  
appeared. He said they had an interesting game of Robinson Crusoe  
planned; and then he revealed the scouting card. And the yell that  
rose might have been heard at Pine Island.

# Algonquins

	I		II		III	
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
H.D.		••				
J.R.	X		X	X		
J.G.W.	X		X	X		
B.L.L.	X		X	X		
G.M.I.		•		X		
A.M.R.		••		X		
Bigelow, H.	X	••		X		
Dabney	X		X	X		
Edwards	X			X		
Farnsworth				X		
Fuller				X		
Gourd				X		
Gray	X			X		
Hallowell	X			X		
Haskell	X			X		
Hill				X		
Hines		•		X		
Hutchinson, Jr.				X		
Lasater				X		
MacLeod				X		
Mann	X			X		
Osgood	X			X		
Putnam		••		X		
Richardson				X		
Sturgis, G.	X			X		
Woodbridge, H.	X	••		X		

# Iroquois

	I		II		III	
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
C.H.C.		•				
N.S.W.	X					
E.S.E.	X					
R.G.H.						
W.R.S.						
J.H.S.		••				
Batchelder	X					
Carey	X					
Degen	X					
Heard, H.	X	••••				
Heard, S.						
Hitchcock						
Hutchinson, Jno.						
Jackson						
Leland						
Miller, D.						
Miller, F.		•				
Phillips						
Reynolds	X					
Stackpole	X	•				
Smedberg						
Thompson						
Thurber	X					
Tower, L.	X	•				
Wiggins	X					
Woodbridge, G.	X	••				
Wrenn						



WEDNESDAY  
(Cont'd.)

FOURTH SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

One likes to have the account of the game face the score card, but sometimes it is impossible.

The day was a little too calm to be ideal, but it was pretty cool. The lack of wind made the playing perhaps a little more conservative. At least, that is a possible explanation for the fact that in no game did the deaths on either side get up in the twenties, as they sometimes do. The total number of runs was lighter than last time, too.

The first game was remarkably close; a tie on shots, with one run for the Iroquois.

The second was a victory for the Algonquins; five runs to none, and a margin of one on shots.

The last game was the crucial one, for a lead of two would give the Iroquois a very good start toward the cup. At first it looked like an Iroquois victory, for the Algonquins came in dead in considerable numbers. Then matters began to even up, and the excitement grew. Two runs were reported from each side, and the Iroquois were two to the good on shots. But there was doubt about Carey's run. Someone thought he had not reached the boundary. It was not a matter to be left in doubt, so after the game he showed the authorities just where he stopped. It was short of the line, so the afternoon went to Algonquins. And now we are tied for the season, with six games apiece. The next scouting afternoon is likely to be a lively one.

Late in the afternoon came most welcome arrivals. We had had some doubts about their coming, as the Groton paper reported that W.A.G.'s excellent Silas had whooping-cough; but he is all over it, and here they are.

*Julius C. Richards - H.H. Richards*  
*Amory Gardner. Hamilton*

WEDNESDAY

The usual dope-talks were omitted, on account  
(Cont'd.)  
of sing-song, and after a few wild rehearsals, we settled down  
to our

EIGHTH SING-SONG.

1. Overture, "Chopsticks".....Jackson, Hines.
2. Merryweather Rounders.....H.H.R., J.R., R.G.H., N.S.W.  
G.M.I., A.M.R.
3. Choruses.....Scouting Song, Camp Chantey.
4. Graduates' Song.....The Graduates.
5. Mandolin Duet, "The Mikado"....H.D., Leland.
6. Stunt, "Ben Allah Achmet".....W.R.S., J.H.S., G.M.I.
7. Stunt.....J.G.W. and Co.

Camp Song.

Our overtureists advanced to the piano in an attitude as graceful  
as it was quaint. When they reached the usual place for the  
interlude, paper darts came flying down from the ceiling. Then  
a flashlight winked, and last Stephen Heard grinned at us like  
the Cheshire cat.

The Rounders were not exactly a quartette. They sang  
three rounds, with new words, which we give below. There was to  
have been a fourth, but it is hard to divide six people into  
four pies, unless you take a hatchet. But we give the words, all  
the same.

Have we ever had two mandolins before? I am not sure. It  
is a good combination. And though the only rehearsal with the  
piano had had a crashing accompaniment of table tops, to say  
nothing of the voices of the assembling audience, the selec-  
tions from the Mikado went finely.

"Ben Allah Achmet" is one of the best of the Rab Ballads,  
and never have we seen it acted with more dramatic effect.  
W.R.S. was superb as the loving but hot-tempered Turk. G.M.I.



WEDNESDAY filled the part of the hapless Dr. Brown with dignity  
(Cont'd.)  
and pathos. It is hard to be run through by mistake for another man,  
even if your slayer offers you all the comforts of the tomb by  
way of compensation. Yet we felt that the fury of the Turk was not  
without excuse, when we gazed upon J.H.S. in the character of Miss  
Isabella Sherson. An interesting person indeed! No wonder that Turk  
and Doctor adored her.

As the second stunt required a good deal of preparation, we had  
two or three extra choruses by way of interlude; Renzo, I'm A-rolling,  
and the Camptown Races.

When the curtain fell, we beheld a Japanese wrestling troupe.  
The stage was hung with curious strips of paper, which had a reli-  
gious significance, and here and there were little cornucopias, from  
which the wrestlers sprinkled salt, to drive away evil spirits. At  
the back was a fine poster of a wrestler.

J.G.W. acted as master of ceremonies, and explained everything;  
for Japanese wrestling has to proceed according to certain rules.  
Before they got to work, there was a great deal of slapping each  
other. This is the custom; and you must not lose your temper, no matter  
how hard the slap may be.

The first pair were J.R. and H.D. After much stamping, to get a  
firm foothold, while J.G.W. went round and round the circle chattering  
"Maté, maté, maté", which means "hold on", they grappled. You do not  
have to get what we call a fall, but apparently if a man moves his  
feet more than a certain amount he is defeated. In this bout J.R.  
was the victor.

Putnam defeated H. Woodbridge, and E.S.E. mastered W.R.S. Then  
came another form of wrestling, in which Putnam finally defeated all  
the others in succession.

WEDNESDAY

The performance ended with a Japanese song.

(Cont'd.)

J.G.W. led, with a solo full of fire and spirit, and then the rest joined in the chorus. We are not able to give the full meaning of the song, but they looked and sounded as if they were in acute pain. It was very impressive.

And J.G.W. has been in Japan, and says the real thing is done just this way.

The costumes and make-up were extremely fine. Altogether it was one of the notable events of our sing-song season.

-----  
Merryweather Rounds.

I. (Scotland's Burning.)

Mighty scouting! mighty scouting!  
Skipper's up, Skipper's up!  
All in! All in! all in! all in!  
Nothing doing! nothing doing!

II. (Three Blind Mice.)

Three small scouts! three small scouts! three small scouts!  
See how they run! see how they run! see how they run!  
They all got up to the boneyard hill,  
And thoughts of a run their hearts did fill,  
But there their corpses are lying still,  
Three small scouts!

III. (Call John the Boatman.)

Call Dr. Em'ry, call him again!  
Jake has a sash-ache, and Paul has a pain.  
Doc is asleep, he's all tired out,  
A-chasing the fiend Impetigo about.  
Loud roars the Copley, the Mammoths all weep,  
But the louder you call Doc, the sounder will he sleep.

IV. (Old Chairs to Mend.)

Young boys to spank! Young boys to spank!  
Any fresh or untidy young boys to spank?  
New paddle-sticks! New paddle-sticks!  
Any fly-specks? Any fly-specks?  
Any cobwebs or dirty clothes?

L.E.R.



# Camping Trip August 19<sup>th</sup>

Bigelow, H.

Farnsworth

Heard, H.

Lasater

Stackpole

Woodbridge, H.

E.S.E.

N.S.W.

B.L.L.

Ebenezer

Caughcomgomock

Aboljockamegus

THURSDAY,

Aug. 19,

T. 59'

B. 29.02.

Fair,

N.W.

How long is it since we have

been glad of a fire at breakfast

time? About a year, I should say.

This morning, before starting on his

camping trip, E.S.E. told us something about

first aid. Here's hoping we shan't need to

try it while he is away.

The Hendersons left by the morning train,  
to our great regret.

And then went a great and wonderful band  
of campers, so big that the list fills a whole  
sheet of the proper size of paper. We understand

that the tutors took books and a pocket-blackboard along, so as  
not to miss a minute.

A cord wood squad is cutting up wood by the north end of the  
scouting field. One of these days we expect to see a raft come float-  
ing down.

This morning H.D. took off the rest of the dead branches on  
the big oak by the South.

During the morning Mr. and Mrs. Putnam arrived, and stayed to  
dinner. Too bad Put couldn't have got all over his impetigo before  
they came.

In the course of the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Osgood came over  
for a call. They will be over again tomorrow.

## SUNDY SUPPERS-OUT.

WILLIWAW.	EREBUS.	VAMMERSCHOONER.	TERROR.	IDENTICAL.	PANTASOTE.
J.R.	F. Miller	J.G.W.	Putnam	G.M.I.	W.R.S.
Gray	A. Bigelow	Jim Hutch.	S. Heard	Jackson	Fuller
W. Tower	Mann	Smedberg	Jack Hutch	Thompson	Haskell
Wrenn	Degen	2 bass		1 bass	2 bass
2 bass		1 pickerel			
		1 perch			

Total number of fish, 9.

THURSDAY,  
(Cont'd.)

OUANANICHE.

C.H.C.

A.M.R.	Hallowell
Sturgis	Hitchcock
Carey	MacLeod
Reynolds	L. Tower
Gourd	Richardson
	Hill
	Edwards
	Wiggins

TOGUS.

H.D.

Hines  
Thurber  
Leland

RIP.

J.H.S.

D. Miller  
G. Woodbridge  
Dabney

The boats underlined together had supper together. The rangeleys all fished, with varying results.

The two canoes headed right away for Gleason's, and made the carry to Ellis Pond in good time. They then headed north, and leaving Camp Kennebec to port, went up pretty near the head of McGraw. Here there was a great and glorious swim, with water leap-frog, heavy splashing contests, and many other sports. The place where they supped and swam was familiar to a good many of the party, as they had camped there already this season.

The Ouananiche went down the southeast bay, looking for a landing on the east side. We finally found a chance, and ran the boat out on logs, pinching Wiggins's foot in the process, but not fatally. Then we struck through the woods for Messalonskee. We had every variety of going except precipices, and finally reached our objective, where most of the party swam. The water was so deep that some could not reach the bottom.

The chief incident of the walk back was the loss of A.M.R.'s watch. She and Louis went back to look for it, but a small watch in a stubble-field is pretty hopeless. Luckily it was not a gold one.

After supper we slid our boat down over the logs, pinching Hill's foot this time, and started for home. The echo along that shore is wonderfully clear, and we must have almost tired it



THURSDAY out shouting at it.

(Cont'd.)

When we came in, the Monkey was in sight for a while.

After the first instalment had gone to bed, we played Limericks, each writing a line and then passing it along. We give some of the results below.

There was an old man of Bombay,  
Who was never inclined for to play.

One day he played ball  
In a bonnet and shawl,  
And 'twas said he resembled a jay.

There was a large prefect named Jerry,  
Who was crossing the Styx in a ferry.

When all of a sudden  
He fell in the mud, an'  
Old Charon had Jerry to bury.

There was a young fisher named Ives,  
Who was terribly ill with the hives.

He swore so darned bad  
That his mother went mad,  
That horrid young person named Ives.

There was a young master named Corning,  
The faculty coffee adorning.

When he stood up quite straight  
He appeared very great,  
And learned a new dance every morning.

There was a young person named Chili,  
Who was slender and tall as a lily.

When they said, "You're a nut",  
It him deeply cut,  
And he knocked them all down with a billy.

There was an old man from Calcutta,  
Who smashed up an awful old shutter.

When asked to tell why,  
He replied, "Hushaby!"  
And rolled over dead in the gutter.

There was an old maid named Maria,  
Who did nothing but smoke a French briar.

But when she felt ill  
She invented a still;  
I call her a rather high-flyer.

There was an old person named Hal,  
In love with a pretty young gal.

He mooned and he sighed,  
But she only replied,  
"You're a very objectional pal."

There was a young person named Put,  
And he was a terrible nut,

Who lived on hay-bales,  
Green apples and snails,  
And slept in an old Vodka butt.

There was an old man in the pond,  
Of whom all the fishes were fond.



So when he went under  
There<sup>were</sup> noises like thunder,  
And a dash for his head, which was blonde.

There came a young girl from Abena,  
As lean as old Pop, and still leaner.

When our Doctor passed by,  
This damsel so spry  
Preserved an impartial demeanor.

A fat little person named John  
Sat singing in southern Canton,  
He warbled a tune  
On a plaintive bassoon,  
Till the neighbors all bade him begone.

There was a young person named Smeddy,  
Who a spank-stick to use was allready.  
He paddled the Copley,  
And made it all hopley,  
Till everyone wished he was deady.

There was a young feller named Smeddy,  
Energetic and forever ready.

When the house caught afire,  
His only desire  
Was to rescue a certian young ledy.

FRIDAY, It was only a pond fog. Earlier in the morning it  
Aug. 20,  
R. 29.02. was all clear except for the bays. Otter stood out  
T. 61'  
Fog, against a solid white background, and so did Crooked  
Clearing,  
Island. As for Long Pond, it was entirely fogged under.

To-day Mr. and Mrs. Osgood came over to dinner, and were  
able to stay a little while afterwards.

Class B Chinning.

Jim Hutchinson	14.
Wrenn	13
Edwards	7
D. Miller	7
Reynolds	6
Carey	5
Richardson	5
L. Tower	5
G. Woodbridge	5

There are still a few zeros, but most of the class can  
do it at least once.

A fine group of arrivals just before dinner. J. A. L. came  
to see how C. H. C. is getting on with his secretarial duties,  
and Phil Wrenn's big brother came to have an eye to him. He  
says he wants to do any paddling that needs to be done, so  
Phil had better look out.

*J. Russell Lowell, Jr. George L. Wrenn, Jr.*

Then the Wigginses came, all but the littlest one. So we  
were a fair-sized party at dinner, even with our nine campers  
out, and three boys feeling queer.

MAJOR LEAGUE GAME.

LOW BROWS VS. DOME HEADS.

To be sure, one regular battery was off camping; but here  
was a recent distinguished occupant of the mound, and G. M. I.  
to act behind the platter. So to it we went.

It was one of the best games we have ever had. Think of  
a game with only four errors, unless you count two muffed



FRIDAY strikes.

(Cont'd.)

In the first inning two bashes on balls enable the Dome-Heads to score. Then no one got beyond third till the third inning, when Putnam tied the score.

In the fourth G.L.W. got to first on an error, and C.W. scored him by a clean single. Hines robbed the next man of what looked like a safe hit, catching S. Heard's fly at top speed, and the side retired in order. In the second half of this inning, the Low Brows did not reach first. C.W. assisted H.D. out with a startling one-hand catch and throw down to Dabney.

After this no one scored till the seventh, when H.D. knocked a timely two-bagger, and was scored by J.R., who did the same. That ended the picnic, however, for J.A.L. then struck out three men in succession. In the same inning, with a man on third, H.D. tagged Richardson off his base, and fanned W.R.S. The score now stood 2-2.

In the eighth the Dome-Heads again took the lead. J.A.L. got a two-bagger; and though the next two men fanned, C.W. scored him. In the second half of the same inning, with two men out, G.M.I. scored Putnam, and was himself scored by H.D.. This won the game, for the three men to come up next for the Dome-Heads fanned.

J.A.L. fanned ten men. H.D. fanned seventeen, but gave three passes. The Low-Brows got seven hits; but only two of the Dome-Heads, C.W. and the original Dome-head himself, were able to connect with H.D.

Batting Averages.

J.A.L.	.666
Hines	.666
H.D.	.500
C.W.	.500
J.R.	.500
G.M.I.	.250

No one else was able to connect with the ball. We congratulate the Frog.

FRI DAY

REVOS VS. UNOS.

This game was not so close as some. The chief trouble

came in the second inning, when the Bevos had twelve men at

bat, and made nine runs. After this things steadied down, but

the Unos could not make up the lead. The game was cut short,

as the umpire had to leave.

Law Bros vs. Dave Hand of Aug. 20 at

[illegible]

Dome Heads vs. Low Brw of Aug. 20 at

[illegible]



vs. <i>Low</i> of <i>Low</i>											vs. <i>Bevers</i> of <i>Low</i>										
PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.
			1	3	K	1-3	1-3	ruled						1	3	1-3			K		
			2	4					1-3					2	5						
			3	6										3	4	K			3-2	K	
			4	1										4	112				K		
			5	2	1-3				2-3					5	9	K		1-5		K	
			6	5										6	112					1-3	
			7	8	1-2									7	6						
			8	7			K	K	K					8	8	03		K			
			9	9										9	7	5-2					
			10	6				K						10							
			11											11							
TIME OF GAME.				Runs total.	4	8	1	13	4	2	TIME OF GAME.				Runs total.	1	1	2	4	2	4
Hours..... Mins.....											Hours..... Mins.....										

During the game we were much intrigued by the arrival of two strangers in a motor. Was it Tom Curtis? There was a rumor that he might be coming to-day. It couldn't be Tom Bennett, for he and Rosamon were coming together, and neither of these was a lady. When they came up the hill, more arguments. It was Marcus Morton. No it wasn't. It was too large, and had more hair. It might be Bill Platt. It was Tom Curtis. Finally the two came nearer, and it was Marcus, and his father. They were spending the night over at the Mills, and dropped in. We tried to keep them to supper, but they couldn't stay for more than a call.

The Bennetts arrived by train; and their train was not really late. There are advantages in not traveling on Saturday.

*Raymond V. Bennett*      *Thomas O. Bennett*

Our supper-table was a noble sight, with one of the writing tables added; forty-two feet and a half!

All our campers were back, with tales of great fish, and one of the fish to prove the truth of the tails.

How long is it since we have had Games on the Hill? A good while. And the yell that arose when it was announced was a record yell.

Then came half-past eight Boston.

FRIDAY  
(Cont'd.)

The half-past niners had a brief but lively indoor athletic meet. After various informal affairs, such as bridging chairs, and getting pins out of the legs of the same with your teeth, came the great nose-blackening contest.

#### Blindfold Nose-blackening Contest.

##### I.

Putnam got one good smudge on E.S.W., after much wrestling and rubbing in each other's hair, and was judged the winner.

##### II.

G.M.I. blacked G.L.W., who got him chiefly on the back of his neck.

##### III.

S.Heard did a fine job on Frog, and remained almost unsmudged himself.

##### IV.

The match between J.A.L. and T.D.B. was very fine. Both men advanced cautiously, and then made sudden dashes. It was declared a draw.

##### V.

J.G.W. smutted C.W. very neatly, but it is hinted that he was not so blind as he might have been.

We had not time for more than one to try the candle lighting on a balanced board, but H.D. is of the opinion that it can't be did.

Osgood and Gourd ran a fine obstacle race, Gourd getting over the course in fine style. Osgood was too cautious.

#### Ping-pong Ball Race.

##### First Heat.

Farnsworth  
Hines  
Putnam

Farnsworth got a long lead at once, and kept it, winning by nearly half the length of the room. Putnam's ball



FRIDAY                   strayed under the piano, but he finally got it out,  
(Cont'd.)  
and finished third.

Second Heat.

S. Heard  
Sturgis  
G.M.I.

Heard was very spry, and maintained a good lead.

G.M.I. had hard luck, for his ball, after hitting Heard's foot, rolled under the bench, and he could not get it out for some time.

Final Heat.

Farnsworth  
S. Heard

Farnsworth was a clear winner, for his antagonist got involved among the chairs, which delayed him a good deal.

We hope for more events next week.

There was a very pretty Aurora about half-past ten.

On Thursday, August 20<sup>th</sup>, the following notes  
greeted our expectant gaze:

Ebenezer

H. S. W.

H. Woodbridge

Stackpole

Aboljochamegues

T. S. F.

Sawyer

T. Amnerworth

Lancoungomoc

B. L. L.

H. Heard

H. Bigelow

after a hasty collection of most of the duff in  
camp, we finally shoved off at 9.45 A.M., the  
skipper having added an axe and two lanterns  
to our outfit with a patient matter concerning  
the camping experience of the party. On our reaching  
the hills, a slight H.W. wind sprang up and  
helped us materially in our paddle down  
Long Pond. We camped on the H.W. shore at the  
mouth of Belgrade Stream, where we found  
beds, a stone fireplace, and a pile of kindling  
for which we were most grateful to Mr. T.  
Wiggins. The beds were easily enlarged to hold  
a tent hung over the spot, and the Doc. assigned  
his place at the entrance to hold the wild animal  
at bay. H. S. W. and Sawyer secured shelter,  
short swim was followed by a cold lunch. T.  
worth craved hard-boiled, opened two, found  
them raw, and became discouraged. The notion  
that we have fried eggs for breakfast was  
animous, and the remaining eggs returned to the



box. After lunch H. S. W., H. Bigelow, H. Wood-  
bridge, and Stackpole started off for Eagle Pond  
and finally reached Hornbeam, which they  
climbed. B. h. h. and H. Heard and T. P. F.,  
Tarnsworth, and Foster went fishing and  
were quite successful after finding a hole  
very near camp. It is S. W. of the camp, nearer  
the west shore than the East, and may be located  
by tall weeds, which nearly come up to the  
surface. The bottom in this hole appears to be  
covered with small fuzzy pine. H. Heard land-  
ed 5 bass and 1 pout, B. h. h. 1 bass, and the  
Doc 1 bass and 1 pickerel. After a four course  
supper of fish, bacon, pie, and toasted marsh-  
mallows, we gathered around the fire to hear  
any stories, etc. forthcoming. Stackpole's solos  
were the feature of the evening. All slept  
soundly in spite of the usual noises: a great  
splashing was heard nearby, and H. S. W.  
immediately sensed a moose; a flock of eagles  
was also heard flying over with a great  
roaring of wings in the middle of the night.  
Foster, true to his upbringing down on  
the ranch, was up before the sun and  
succeeded in waking B. h. h. and H. Heard.  
These three fishermen sneaked off as quietly



as possible, picked up a few frogs and started off for the fishing hole. After spending most of the morning feeling around for the exact spot in the heavy mist, B. L. H. caught two bass, one weighing over  $2\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. H. Heard provided great excitement throughout the morning. On getting a bite, he would jump to his feet, in contradiction of all laws of equilibrium and to the peril of the comitose condition of his companions, and hook his fish with the greatest skill. All would lean breathlessly over the side, and in would come a yellow perch. Heard caught 6 yellow perch or the same one 6 times. About 6 o'clock the Doc's gray form had been seen slinking about in the cold, misty dawn getting breakfast started. The fire was lighted and the kettle boiling before nine. How that corn meal did swell! B. L. H. volunteered to fry eggs and brought down egg No 3 on the edge of the frying pan with a great crash. It was hard-boiled, as were the remaining six eggs. Breakfast being over about eleven, we busied ourselves cleaning and packing up, had lunch of apple-sauce and fire-cakes and broke camp about 1.45 P.M. H. Wood bid



provided considerable amusement by slyly  
chewing some of T. S. T.'s tobacco with the  
usual results. We loaded him in with  
the rest of the duffle and paddled down Long  
Pond, a strong S. W. wind behind us. At  
H. Hells refreshments were enjoyed by all but  
Hefly. There was a big turn-out to see H. S. W.  
carry his canoe across. A hard paddle home  
across the wind, followed by a most en-  
joyable swim, ended our trip.

SATURDAY, Northwest weather on a southwest wind. A per-  
Aug. 21,  
B. 29.13, feet day for scouting. The only question in our  
T. 56'  
Clear minds lay in the crippled state of the Iroquois.  
S.W.

Three in the infirmary, and two with bad knees. At the same time, we couldn't help thinking a good deal.

The Dicks left this morning for Squam. There are three more little Dickies there, and they don't like to be away from them very long.

During the morning Mr. and Mrs. Mann and Mr. Woodbridge came over from the Mills, to see their boys and stay to dinner.

As it was Louis Gourd's birthday, we wished him many happy returns at dinner. In his speech he referred to the perfidy of Hitch, who gave the secret away.

By dinner-time it was known that F.S.F. had turned Hitch out as fit to play, and J.H.S. and Chilly too. That left only Bertie Bigelow and Jake in trouble. So we were all waiting for something when Skipper appeared with the score card.

#### FIFTH SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

Conditions were almost ideal; cool, yet not cold, with a good wind. Of course people who were playing hard did not think it was cool, but that was because they were hot.

The first game went to the Iroquois, seventeen shots to fourteen. It is not often nowadays that we have a game without a single run.

The second game was also an Iroquois victory, six runs to two. That gave them a lead of two.

The third game went to the Algonquins, two runs to none. This leaves the Iroquois one up for the season, with only one afternoon more to play. If they win two out of three, they



# Algonquins

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
H.D.	X	•		X			X		
J.R.	X						X		
J.G.W.	X						X		
B.L.L.	X						X		
G.M.I.	X						X		
A.M.R.	X						X		
J.A.L.	X						X		
Bigelow, H.	X						X		
Dabney	X						X		
Edwards	X						X		
Farnsworth	X						X		
Fuller	X						X		
Gourd	X						X		
Gray	X						X		
Hallowell	X						X		
Haskell	X						X		
Hill	X						X		
Hines	X						X		
Hutchinson, Jas.	X						X		
Lasater	X						X		
MacLeod	X						X		
Mann	X						X		
Osgood	X						X		
Putnam	X						X		
Richardson	X						X		
Sturgis, G.	X						X		
Tower, W.	X						X		
Woodbridge, H.	X						X		
	17			10	13	2	18	15	2

# Iroquois

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
C.H.C.	X			X			X		
N.S.W.	X			X			X		
E.S.E.	X			X			X		
W.R.S.	X			X			X		
J.H.S.	X			X			X		
C.W.	X			X			X		
Batchelder	X			X			X		
Carey	X			X			X		
Degen	X			X			X		
Heard, H.	X			X			X		
Heard, S.	X			X			X		
Hitchcock	X			X			X		
Hutchinson, Jno.	X			X			X		
Leland	X			X			X		
Miller, D.	X			X			X		
Miller, F.	X			X			X		
Phillips	X			X			X		
Reynolds	X			X			X		
Stackpole	X			X			X		
Smedberg	X			X			X		
Thompson	X			X			X		
Thurber	X			X			X		
Tower, L.	X			X			X		
Wiggins	X			X			X		
Woodbridge, G.	X			X			X		
Wrenn	X			X			X		
	14	17		13	10	6	15	18	0

SATURDAY get the cup. If the Algonquins get two out of three,  
(Cont'd.)  
they hold it on a tie. The next afternoon is likely to be a  
lively one.

There was one very funny thing during the afternoon. An  
excited Algonquin reported to J.R. that an Iroquois had just  
made a run in his undershirt. This sounded as if either the  
runner or the man who saw him was mas crazy. But it appeared  
that it was only Cyril, running a mile for practice.

Mr. Woodbridge came over again to supper, and with him  
Colonel Degen.

After supper came dope-talks. It was decided some time  
ago that we would not have charades after scouting.

And then we had a good long time with "Mr. Standfast."  
I vowed once that I would never say "the plot thickens"  
again, I had said it so many times. But it really does; it is  
thickening at such a rate that no other words seem to express  
it.

In the course of the night J.G.W., B.L.L., G.H.I., and  
W.R.S. went fishing "by moonlight." The moon had retired  
by the time they started; perhaps that is the reason they got  
nothing but one horn-pout. For they did not count the dead  
bass they found on the shore.

Total number of fish, 1.

Then C.W. and G.L.W. took the Togue, thinking to go to  
North Beach. But they did not like the idea of paddling home  
to breakfast against a strong south wind, so they cruised  
round hunting for the fishermen. They hunted a good while, but  
at last found them, annexed J.G.W., and spent the night on  
Merryweather beach. They built a fire, but it got so big they  
had to put it out. Some Prometheans!



SUNDAY,      It was heavy fog when the Beach-combers came in, and  
Aug. 22,  
B. 28.99,      the fog began to spill over and drip fairly soon. The  
T. 70'  
Cloudy,      little showers during the morning reminded us of last  
S.  
Rain.      year's final scouting day. And we felt that there might  
             be the same outcome to the day.

During the morning Col. Degen and Mr. Woodbridge came over, and took their boys and Billy Mann off to dinner at the Salmon Lake House.

To-day being voting day, appeals and warnings began to appear on the door pretty early. We shall give a selection below.

G.W. began the speaking, exhorting all pie and rice pudding people to remember their principles.

H.D. called the rice pudding forces to the colors, in a few stirring words.

J.G.W. said in part as follows: "Friends, I stand before you as a convert. I used to stand for pie alone; a narrow New England Point of view. Now I have visited Japan and the Philippine Islands, and have expanded my views. Let me quote what Hashimura Togo says. (Here he quoted, with great emphasis, but being short of Japanese type we cannot give the quotation.) What could be more explicit?"

J.R. objected: "I do not want to eat what Filipinos, Japanese, and Chinese eat. The Chinese eat rats, and drink bird's nest soup. Let us not turn back to semi-civilized foods. It is said that rice pudding is wholesome, but what of that? Here is our chance to revel in toothsome foods. Why should it be wholesome?"

G.M.I. pointed out that since the passage of the 15th. amendment, there had been a great shortage of raisins, caused by the increased demand for rice pudding. It is the only substitute for liquor.

SUNDAY H.D., who had slipped out for a moment, now reappeared, (cont'd.)  
bearded, in long beard and silk hat, as the former young man who was sent to prison. (See below.) He drew a vivid picture of his sufferings on mustard and mice, and said that all that saved him was the one small help of rice that was doled out to him weekly. He admitted that he took what wasn't his. He stole a pudding-dish, to make a rice pudding in. He had recently consulted a medium about various matters, and asked how it had been possible to build the Pyramids. The answer, in picture writing, was "Rice pudding did it." It gave the Egyptians strength to build their greatest monuments.

N.S.W. had a special despatch to his paper, the Police Gazette, to the effect that the best Olympic athletes were all trained on Rice Pudding.

E.S.E. pointed out that the only argument that had been brought forward against rice pudding was that it was nourishing. Look at the man that brought that argument forward (J.R.) and consider his meagre and emaciated form.

J.A.L. guessed that H.D.'s medium was pretty medium. Rice pudding can't be so nourishing, because he was shot for H.D., in spite of the latter's moustache.

G.L.W.: "The two Wigginses say that after a good meal of pie they will stand the Camp."

B.L.L.: "My only objection to pie is that it stretches the mouth."

C.H.C. suggested that it was a pity to waste a vote on water-melon, when you can get all the water you want in the pond.



SUNDAY  
(Cont'd.)  
follows:

At last the actual voting began. The results were as

Blueberry Pie	52
Frog Dumplings	47
Apple Pie	46
Jan Tails	42
Gingerbread & Cream	36
Roman Nose	35
Washington Pie	33
Bananas	30
Vanilla Ice Cream, chocolate cow,	27

The low vote on ice cream was probably due to a split on the  
cow question, maple cow being also very popular.

Sunday.

Walk to Snake Point

E.S.E.

N.S.W.

B.L.L.

J.S.W.

Dubney

Gould

Hallowell

Hitchcock

MacLeod

Osgood

Phillips

Wren

Edwards



SUNDAY

The rest of the company built boats; for we want (Cont'd.)

to have the race Monday, if the wind is right.

The walk to Snake Point is a pretty one, and there was great sport over the training of Donald MacLeod. He doesn't like to run up hill, but he will sprint down, with the force of gravity to help him.

A select squad, consisting of J.G.W., N.S.W., B.L.L., Dabney and Hitchcock, ran home. A still more select squad, consisting of Wrenn, did the same, at a somewhat slower pace, being shorter in the legs.

During the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Hall came over from Gleason's, where they are spending a fortnight. He was our tutor for a couple of summers, years ago, but has not been up since his marriage.

Mr. and Mrs. Richardson also made a little call, with Miss Graves. She is the sister of Edmund Graves, who was killed in Poland last fall, when his aeroplane fell.

G.L.W. had to leave this afternoon, to our great sorrow. He mustn't stay away so long again.

But the great event of the afternoon is yet to be mentioned. H.D. was very busy over boat-building, and put Moab in the front of the boathouse, all full of water, to try out boats in still water. On a windy day it is the only way to get still water. Very well that. And then someone asked him to lend a hand with the Rob, which he did. Very well that. But he came up the slip backwards! And he forgot all about Moab, which yawned for him in the boathouse, and in he went! All the ladies at the moment in camp, and that included visitors, were lined up, too, as if on purpose to watch him. It was an occasion not



SUNDAY . . . to be forgotten; to be cherished with other historic  
(Cont'd.)  
duckings. For instance: Skipper and the two black cookees pulling  
as hard as they could on a rope attached to an anchor on the bot-  
tom. The rope broke, and they all went off the slip.

C.F.B. and L.C.Z. meeting at full speed on the swing slip. They  
cannoned off in opposite directions, each saying "You darned fool!"  
in mid-air.

Various people going off the slip with lighted lanterns. So  
nice for next day's lamp squad.

Jerry pulling his boat up on the float, so far that he pulled  
himself right in on the other side.

#### H.D. in Moab.

He looked full gay in his Sunday togs,  
His trousers creased and white.  
No Mexico for him to-day;  
He could boat to his heart's delight.

So he merrily polished the Greaser's spars,  
Till he cried, "Now here's the rub!  
Will she float her rig when the wind is dead?"  
And he filled the giant tub.

Just then came a call from a camper small:  
"Please help me up with the Rob!"  
And ever ready to lend a hand,  
He went and tackled the job.

He carefully backed along the slip,  
Past a bevy of ladies fair,  
He gaily entered the boat-house door;--  
But ah! What a trap was there!

A fall! A splash! He was well-nigh drowned,  
For Moab was brimming high.  
Was it laughter, horror, or sympathy,  
That burst from the standers-by?

So now in khaki and yellow clad  
We see him about the camp.  
His Sunday togs, alas the day!  
Are, to put it mildly, damp.

Sometimes the danger that lies behind  
Is greater than that before;  
So when you go for a backward stroll,  
Look out for a tub in the door.

A.M.R.

SUNDAY

(Cont'd.)

Hardly had the victim got his clothes changed, when C.W. had the event commemorated in pen and ink. If you want a musical version, turn back to "Herrmann's Revenge", and play the splash motif.



.SPORTS OF ALL NATIONS.

Bringing in Rob Roy with Moab attending  
(also ladies to cheer!)



SUNDAY  
(Cont'd.)

Supper was indoors, as it was raining harder and harder. Jam was on the piazza; and at intervals milk was on the floor. But we got fed and mopped in due course of time, and then came "The Dumberdene." We read it last year, and it is just the right thing for an indoor picnic.

We had more hymns than usual, not having to take time to put boats away, and the half-past nine choir went on till quarter of nine.

Then we had "The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney", broken only by the sad departure of J.A.L., who had to take the night train for Waterville. By this time the rain was pouring, to show its feelings.

And when C.W. started for bed, he found the Infirmary Pond so full that he didn't want to wade. Hitch, the faculty ferry-man, was in bed. So he got on the steps of the Tutorium, and jumped for the next steps. And in he went, just like H.D. into Moab, except that there were no ladies to see him go.

---

RICE PUDDING.

You meaner dainties of the Camp,  
That poorly satisfy our tums,  
More by your number than your stamp,  
You composites of egg and crumbs,  
What are you when Rice Pudding comes?

You dumplings brown that Froggy night,  
You Roman Noses sickly-sweet,  
You jam-tails and you junkets slight,  
(Which yet we stoop to) what's your treat  
When Rice Pudding our eyes doth greet?

You pasties and you tartlets smart,  
With Ethiop juices running o'er,  
You blackamoors of cookly art,  
That please the careless palate more,  
I own you seem to me a bore!

So when our pudding shall be seen  
In sweetness of her looks and taste,  
By virtue first, then choice, a queen,  
Who, who his appetite would waste  
On moon-faced eates compact of paste?

A PIE-OUS SONG.

Mid jam and ice-cream though our pathway may lie,  
Be it e'en of dried apples, there's no food like pie.  
A flavor divine seems to waft from it there,  
As it lies on the table, smooth, comely, and fair.

Pie! pie! sweet, sweet pie!  
There's no food like pie!  
Oh, there's no food like pie!

They may talk of frog-dumplings, bananas, and such,  
But a blueberry pie it does sure beat the Dutch.  
Its juices out-pouring like sweet mountain dew,  
Till all the world turns to one beautiful blue.

Pie! pie! sweet, sweet pie!  
There's no food like pie!  
Oh, there's no food like pie!

-----  
There was a young fellow whose vice  
Was to eat only things that taste nice.

He had lots of ice-cream,  
But he daily would scream  
For a large juicy pudding of Rice.

H.D.

-----  
They put this young man in a prison,  
For stealing of things that weren't his'n.

They fed him on rice, and mustard and nice,  
And mustard and nice,  
Which caused him to peak and to wizen.

-----  
The season's foods, so succulent,  
(The word is poor, but e'en well-meant)  
Have come and gone where all grub went;  
Here rhyme and tense are slightly bent.

But who would now immortalize  
Rice pud'? What need to eulogize  
The memory of aught else but pies?  
All right, I'll stop; you sympathize.

-----  
Stacky won the cup of Class A  
'Cause he eats RICE PUDDING every day.  
Rich won the cup of Class C  
For the same reason, don't you see?  
Jerry Ives is called the Iron Man  
'Cause he eats RICE PUDDING when he can.

H. Heard.

-----  
Twinkle, twinkle, little Rice,  
Some folk think you're mighty nice,  
But for me, I think you're not!!!  
Better in the cooking pot!!!!

-----  
Rice Pudding is as bad as Impetago!



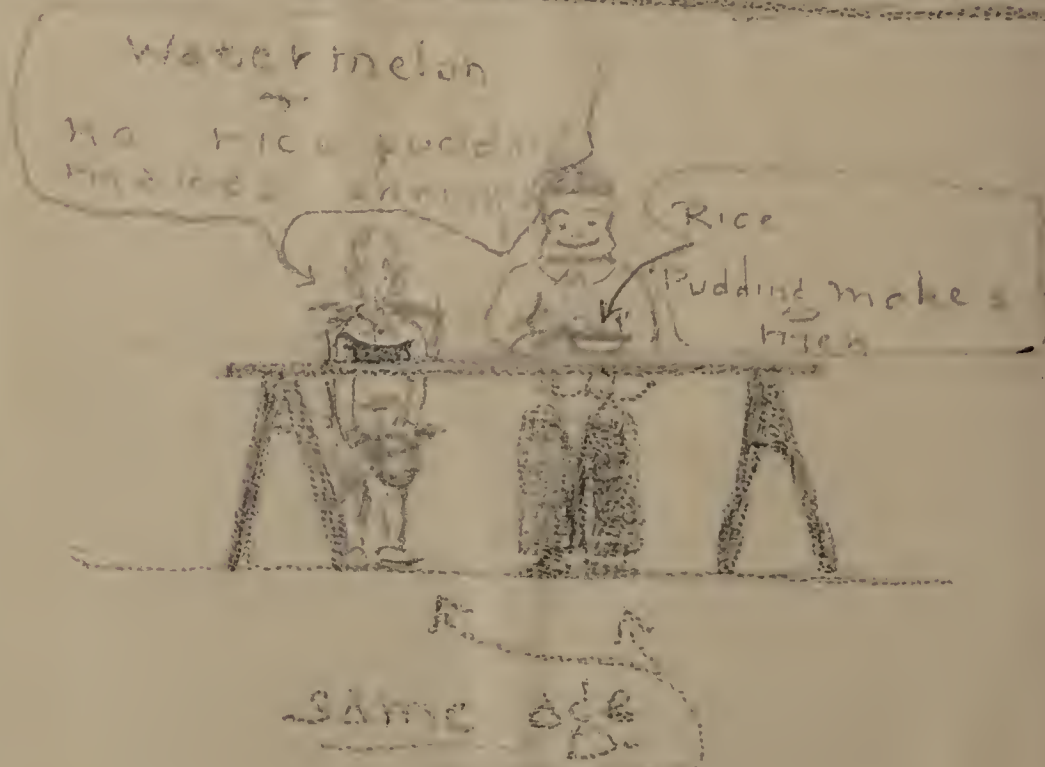
Queen of puddings, sweet and fair,  
 Now the squash and stew are past,  
 Stuffed with raisins plump and rare,  
 Be the crown of our repast.  
 One and all entreat thy light,  
 Pudding excellent and white.

Pie, let not thine envious shade  
 Dare itself to interpose.  
 Pudding's wholesome taste was made  
 Folk to cheer ere dinner close.  
 Hither, then, to our delight,  
 Pudding excellent and white.

Give thy gentle treasure now,  
 With brown sugar lightly blending,  
 While the smoothly pouring caw  
 From the pitcher is descending.  
 Thou that makest a day of night,  
 Pudding excellent and white.

A.M.R.

## UP WITH RICE PUDDING!!!



Sell your souls to the pie party if you must;  
 Ruin your digestions if you will;  
 Squander seven votes on indiscriminate messes if you  
 are so inclined;  
 But for goodness' sake preserve your self-respect by  
 one final vote for RICE PUDDING.

-----  
 The Pie's the thing  
 With which to please the palate of a King!



Portrait of a Stomach  
Full of Cherry Pie



Portrait of a Stomach  
Full of True Pudding

VERS LIBRE.  
(By Miss A-- L-----.)

I  
Will not have  
Pie for  
Dinner.  
My bosom dwells at the  
Thought of  
    A delicious pudding made of  
Rice.  
    It is the food of poets, and  
Some of them evidently thrive on  
It.  
They glow with delirious  
Frenzy when they  
See it; and when  
They devour it with a  
Spoon,  
    They writhe in rapture like  
Paradiseal serpents, and  
Feel that they will never taste  
Anything so resembling  
Olympian ambrosia.  
Oh Goroo! goroo!  
I call this divine poetry.  
    How about you?



Oh dish beyond price!  
Thou pudding of rice.  
Oh raisins and pice,  
Your fumes might suffice  
Boys, girls, men, and mice.  
Even cream of the ice  
Isn't nearly so nice—  
So take my advice,  
And vote at least twice;  
Or if needful, vote thrice.

-----  
I care not for pie--  
Squash or apple--not I.  
Away with your blueberry stuff,  
Your plums and your peaches;  
You may make fine speeches,  
But everyone knows it is bluff.

You may talk till you bust  
Of the delicate crust  
And the rich and delectable flavor  
Of rhubarb and quince,  
Of cherry or mince,  
Or any old thing you may favor.

W.A.G.

A Word from Switzerland.

There ain't no good in pie, me boys,  
'Cause it makes you fat an' soggy;  
An' yer eyes gits dim,  
Or yer laigs gits slim,  
An' yer ain't gawt nawthin' like pep 'n' vim,  
An' the holes in yer brain gits foggy.

But jist yer try some rice, b'gosh,  
Like they cooks at camp in summer;  
Yer kin have more joys,  
Yer kin make more noise,  
Yer kin beat both the Gonks and the Irryquois;  
By jinks, yu'll be a hummer.

(A literal translation from the verse of St. Beatus, a Swiss monk of the 4th. century A.D., who, having left his pie-eating friends at the age of 30, and lived as a hermit, in the rocky caves, existing solely on rice, died in his 250th. year from the shock of reading an editorial about pie in the "Cryptographic", the illustrated daily newspaper of his time.)

This came from T.L.; and though it was a day late, we put it with the others, for the sake of continuity of thought.

MONDAY, A. A. glorious day, though not a day to linger over one's  
Aug. 23,

P. 29. morning swim.

T. 59'

Clear, This morning we went to work on ropes, whipping  
N.W.

the ends. Tomorrow we begin on knots.

George Sturgis left by the morning train. Some day we  
hope to have him and Howard here together.

Georgie Smedberg left in the other direction, by boat.  
The wind was high, so W.R.S. annexed Louis Gourd, and the crew  
started out. They were late to dinner, as everyone expected,  
but came sailing home at a great rate of speed, with a rain-  
coat drawing finely.

Much of the morning was devoted to boats, as the race  
was on for the afternoon. There were some catastrophes, of  
course, in the way of split boats and broken spars. And the  
Must-Go, when Pirate tried her off the flat, decided that she  
must go, and went, round the Point and off for the southeast  
shore. Before a boat could get after her she was already out  
of sight. She was too well named.

The course of the race was from the neighborhood of  
Pickrel down to the neighborhood of the Point. Boats were  
assembled on the south beach, and spectators gathered on the  
point and along the west beach. The wind, though lighter than  
in the morning, and gradually getting lighter all the afternoon,  
did not fall anywhere near the drifting point, and we ran off  
the first two rounds; sixteen heats in all. There was not a  
heat in which at least one boat did not qualify, and in almost  
every heat there were two.

We do not give the heats here, as it is clearer to give  
the whole race consecutively.



MONDAY During the afternoon the Wigginses went in to Gardiner;  
(cont'd.)

all but J.G.W. and Johnny, of course. It has been splendid to have them out so much this summer.

At supper Skipper paid a most well-earned compliment to the officials of the race. It is all very well to yell, "Pick her up!" But if by doing so they must blanket or head off a boat that is going fast, it is not so simple as it looks.

After supper came Games on the Hill, and then half-past eight Towel. We cannot let this opportunity to say a word about the activity of Messrs. Bennett and Putnam in this noble sport. One or the other of them was in the middle nearly all the time.

The half-past niners were to have done various things; but as the things involved a certain amount of noise, and Frog had gone to sleep in the South with a bad headache, it seemed better to go on with "Mr. Standfast." Dick Hannay is going strong. He crossed a mountain pass in record time, also in a blizzard, trotted a good distance with an exhausted comrade on his back, and then ran three miles. They give you good training in the British army.

We close with the arrival of Tom Curtis. He came just before supper, bigger than ever. He says he hasn't grown since last time, but we don't believe him.

Tom Curtis

THURSDAY  
Aug. 24,  
B. 29.07  
T. 56'  
Clear,  
W.

I have taken the liberty of changing the weather report in one point. It said "cloudy." It is true, there were a few mare's tails from time to time, and for a while a light polar band. But anything less like a cloudy day it would have been hard to find.

When we sat down to breakfast we missed B.L.L. and N.S.W., who had slept on the Point. We waited a few minutes, and then J.G.W. and H.D. went out to investigate. Their watch said half-past eleven, so they had gone to sleep again, thinking, presumably that it was eleven thirty p.m. They were waked, with some thoroughness, and appeared before the tables were cleared.

#### ALL DAY EXPEDITION.

##### TO ELEPHANT MOUNTAIN AND YORK HILL.

TERROR.	TREBUS.	WILLIWAW.	VAAMERSCHOONER.	IDENTICAL.
T.C.	T.D.R.	C.H.C.	G.H.I.	T.S.F.
Leland	H. Bigelow	Hitchcock	Stackpole	Farnsworth
Wiggins	Mann	W.A.G.	Reynolds	Thompson
Wrenn	Phillips		Richardson	
	PANTASOTE.		OUANANICHE.	
	Dabney		H.D.	
	Jackson		A.H.R.	R.R.
	Hill		M.P.	Osgood
	Edwards		W. Tower	Hallowell
			L. Tower	Batchelder
			F. Miller	H. Woodbridge
			R.R.	
			E.R.C.	
			A. Bigelow	
			MacLeod	

##### TO MUSKRAT MOUNTAIN.

RIP.	TREN.	AROL.	CORKER.	TOGUS.
J.H.S.	N.S.W.	B.L.L.	W.R.S.	J.R.
H. Heard	Fuller	Degen	Carey	Jim Hutchinson
Jack Hutch	Gray	D. Miller	Haskell	G. Woodbridge
S. Heard	Thurber	Gourd	Lasater	Putnam

We give the list as posted; but remember, "Elephant" is really Philip Mountain. What we climbed one day on a supper-out is Tracy's Bluff; because Old Man Tracy, many years ago, killed the last moose in Kennebec County on it. Philip Mountain was named for Philip Snow, in honor of whom Messalonskee is often called Snow Pond.



TUESDAY      The Ouananiche and her attendant rangeleys got away (Cont'd.) first, as the canoes had to wait for J.H.S. to come back with the mail. We reached the Northwest Brook in fair time, and got under the fallen tree without even grazing the nose of the Ouananiche. We also got by without grazing the big nest of white-tailed hornets, which hangs just a Ouananiche-length from the landing, so that H.D. had to sit for some minutes with it six inches above his head.

As the brook is not a pleasant place to swim, and the beach is too public, we got busy at once on dinner. No one seemed to mind dinner at half-past eleven. We were very gay, with marshmallows and fruit for dessert.

When we reached the road, we found a scare-crow in a box, with the following signs, one on the fence above, the other on the box:

PLEASE DO NOT DISTURBED KISER. HE HAS TROUBLE  
OF HIS OWN. U.S. PILLS TO STRONG FOR HIM.

---

FRIENDS OF THE U.S. BOYS MAY NOW VIEW REMAINS OF OLD KISER.

We "viewed" the remains, and then filled our canteens at the spring, for York Hill is a long walk, and there is no good chance to drink along the way.

When we saw a sign on the road, "NO PASSING", per Del Kelly, we thought it was another joke. But soon we found that the road was being repaired, so that a motor would have been a good deal bothered.

Both parties kept together through Rome, where there is a new house and a new town-house. In fact we didn't separate till we passed the road that runs down to Mskrat, Monataka, Beaver Spring, and other southern localities.

The York Hillers lagged it right along the road, undisturbed

TUESDAY      except by an occasional dog; and they didn't disturb us half so much as we disturbed them. At the corner where the roads fork we rested a bit, and soon we got high enough to see the mountains. We rested again at the foot of the road that turns up York Hill. Some wanted a drink, but we knew that we should want it more on top. The road up is not bad, and soon we turned out into the field, and through low bushes. We found one wonderful patch of blueberries, and had a hasty munch; then, avoiding New York hill, we made the real point of our expedition. It is a splendid broad top, all ledge and fern, with sheep lying about. As for the view, it was even finer than that from Hampshire, which is saying a good deal. We saw Washington, and perhaps Chocoma, while the whole northwest was blue with the Dead River mountains. To the east it is flat, but in the southeast we could see the Camden Hills, showing in the gaps between the Somerville Hills.

We had chocolate and water, and both were very good. Also we set up a fallen flag-pole. Wonder how long it will stand. Some of the sheep were very friendly, till they found that we had no salt for them, when they lost their interest.

On the way down we had more blueberries, but did not rest so often, as the road is almost all down hill. The vanguard felt so gay that they ran part of the way. But it was warm, and when we reached the spring, we all sat and filled ourselves and our canteens. And then H.D. and Edwards filled all the empty milk-cans, for supper.

The other party struck up through light woods, till they reached the clearing on the south slope of their hill. It is really two clearings, one above the other, and they rested in the upper one, under a big oak tree. The view, they assure us,



TUESDAY is the finest that can be imagined.  
(Cont'd.)

They then came down, and had a good long swim in Rocky Mountain Pond, where except for a muddy bottom, the swimming was good.

They got back to the landing about 4-45, and had stories, mostly improvised by R.R. and E.R.C.

The whole party had supper together, with more marshmallows to top off with. The milk had kept perfectly, and in addition we had three cans of wonderful spring water.

After supper there was much interest in the hornets' nest. Interest is all very well. But as for the intelligence of a man who throws things at a hornets' nest hanging over the brook down <sup>h</sup> which he must shortly pass, the less said the better. His initials ought to be N.E.

We passed safely, though, and got out of the brook with very little trouble. We made our start early enough to get home at eight, so there was time for all paddlers and oarsmen to have a most welcome and wonderful swim.

The Muskrats got off late, but reached the Mills in thirty-seven minutes, which is good time. They carried quickly, and reached Beaver Spring in good time and good order. They went up the brook, where the cardinal flowers were all in bloom, and followed the shore of the pond. This is not quite such good walking as the little trail, but it is a great deal easier to find. And along the shore they found a real beaver cutting, which is a thing not often seen in these parts.

When they came to the steep pasture, they found it inhabited by bulls, who roared at them a good deal. Report says that P.I.L. was on the other side of the fence, and that N.S.W. started to get up a tree. (Each gave the information about the other, so of course it must be true.) As for J.R., knowing that bulls do not like to go

TUESDAY up hill, a biological fact of which too many are (Cont'd.) ignorant, he continued to go up, and so escaped the danger.

They went right up without a rest, and then sat down to consider. The view, we are told, was really the finest ever. (This was the report from every party.) As they sat, a sheep came out of the woods. "Come on, Fred", said J.R. And it came right over and licked his hand. Which looks as if its name must have been Fred. (We didn't find out the names of any of one of the York Hill sheep, though one of them was very affectionate.)

Coming down they mostly ran. It is really easier, on account of the law of gravity. Even the bulls have found that out, but we hear of no trouble with them on the way down.

They got home first, and the last of them were just coming out of the water when the Ouananiche and the rangelays arrived. So ended a really wonderful set of expeditions.

Some of us went right to bed after swim, but "Mr. Stand-fast" appealed to the majority. And if some dozed a bit on their pillows, at least everyone was on his feet for Taps.



WEDNESDAY

Aug. 25,

Fair, caught.

Calm,

Warm.

No one expected a tooth-brush raid, so many were

Lives" in the morning.

In the middle of the morning the other Buggins arrived, for a visit. This one, by the way, is the original owner of the name.

*Howard C. Cuning, Jr.*

We hoped for a chance to finish the pages; so we spent most of the afternoon doing odd jobs. There were rehearsals, and much making of weapons and other properties. There was also much playing of sticky-knife, and drawing of pegs. Horace Fuller had a particularly nasty peg, and burrowed till he was perfectly black.

We finished "The White Company" at afternoon reading. It has been splendid reading.

During the afternoon Miss Ruth Richards, Mrs. Bradstreet, and Mrs. Souther came for a call.

The pair-oar was out this afternoon with two crews; first N.S.W. and B.L.L., then J.R. and J.G.W.

The plan was to have Skowhegan at five, but it was so hot that we had a swim instead. No one seemed to object to the change.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall came over for sing-song, and there was a large delegation down from Fourway.

It doesn't seem possible that it was our ninth sing-song, nor is it pleasant to think that it is our last one for the season. We have had a wonderful series; and this month in particular, there have been some really remarkable stunts. Some of us knew what would happen as soon as J.G.W. arrived. We do know his sweet Roman hand, whether on things artistic, or things dramatic.

(Cont'd.)

1. Overture, "Chopsticks".....Hines, Jackson.
2. Drum and Piano Duett.....Reynolds, A.M.R.
3. Merryweather Orchestra.....M.P., N.S.W., H.D., Leland,  
Reynolds.
4. Churuses.....Merryweather Races, Parting Song,  
October.
5. Piano Solo.....T. Curtis.
6. Stunt, "Labores Herculis Hodierni"...Tutors and Tutees.
7. Stunt, "A Japanese Tragedy"....J.G.W. and Co.

## Camp Song.

It looked at first as if our faithful two were missing. But when two black gentlemen appeared, and began asking each other riddles, we thought we knew their voices. And their touch was unmistakable. When it came time for the interlude, they called to their invisible assistant to get busy on the kerosene can; but as he was evidently asleep, they filled <sup>in</sup> on the front of the piano.

"The Turkish Reveille" is supposed to represent a corps marching by; very soft, louder and louder, then dying away in the distance. By way of encore we had "El Capitan", which is particularly good for the drum.

Our orchestra, under direction of E.R.C., gave three numbers; "Stars of the Summer Night", "Sweet and Low", and part of the big chorus from "Aida." The drum did not appear in the first two, being an instrument unsuited to lullabies and serenades, but it came out strong in the third. All three were extremely effective.

Tom Curtis gave us the "Song of Spring", by Sinding, and a fantasia on a Hungarian polka. Some of us wondered if the composer had been stealing the main theme from Liszt's Twelfth



WEDNESDAY Hungarian Rhapsody; but it is an old Hungarian air,  
(Cont'd.)  
which he and Liszt both used. Tom has grown, physically and musically,  
since the days when he and Pelham first played duetts for us at  
Camp. Here is a fragment overheard as they were rehearsing:

T. Curtis: Play it faster, you nut.

P. Curtis: I did, you big stiff.

We have had many things at sing-song, but we have never had a  
Latin stunt before. But what more appropriate than Latin, for such  
a learned body as our tutors and tutees? C.H.C. read the Outline of  
each scene, and then translated, for the benefit of those whose Lat-  
in belongs chiefly in the past, or the future. We give the original  
text.

#### LABORES HERCULIS HODIERNI.

##### I.

Antiquam quidem ad Castra Laetantempora venit, infans Hercules  
magnam vim monstrat. Irata Juno ingentem serpentem mittet ad eum in-  
terficiendum. Hercules et frater in magno periculo sunt. Fortis puer,  
autem, saevum monstrum suis manibus parvis rapit et occidit.

N.S.W. was superb as the baby Hercules, and B.L.L. really path-  
etic as his brother; for the youthful demi-god punched his brother,  
and abused him generally. To be sure, they must have been a tight  
fit in Moab. Farnsworth, in glittering apparel, was a fine "Irata  
Juno", though a little too fashionable in the length of his skirt  
for a Grecian goddess. The snake wriggled well, and was duly slain.

##### II.

Copla Plaza per triginta dies non purgata est. Hercules eam  
brevisimo tempore ante cornu purgare facile potest. Mirabilis puer!

This time Hugh Bigelow was Hercules; and he certainly made the  
dust fly when he got to work, to the great disgust of Juno, who evi-  
dently thought she had stumped him this time.

WEDNESDAY  
(Cont'd.)

III.

Apes, rostris acribus Styphali dibuis avibus ferociores multo, incolas Castrorum terrent. Harum quidem Hercules breve opus fecit.

We believe that "apes" are literally bees, but the idea is the same. We could not identify each separate hornet, but they certainly looked "ferociores" than most things. But Hercules (Hines this time) was too much for them.

IV.

Atlas terram circumnavigare temptat. Eheu! non satis viri est. Quis id facere potest? Rogate Hercules, hic scit.

B.L.L. was certainly in a bad way, toiling on with Moab on his shoulders. How could he circumnavigate it, when he was carrying it? But Hercules-Lasater evidently knew all about it.

-----  
The Japanese tragedy is a real one. J.G.W. acted as interpreter, for a good deal of it was in dumb show, and as I have said elsewhere, Japanese is not our strong point. T.S.T. and W.R.S. acted as orchestra, save where more retainers were needed.

Voritomo, a proud daimio, (W.A.G.) goes hunting in the neighborhood of Fuji-yama, followed by his two retainers, the two Towers. J.R., Mr. Tosa, also appears to go a-hunting, with his two brothers, H.D. and Putnam. They seemed friendly, but the jealousy of Voritomo was only veiled. A goat (Wiggins) hove in sight, and was shot. Who killed it? The dispute waxed hot, and eventually Voritomo stabbed his rival, and exulted over his dying agonies, which were prolonged and painful. H.D. vowed vengeance in forceful terms, and the scene closed.

The second scene revealed Voritomo in camp, very comfortable over a good dinner. He fairly purred over his food,



WEDNESDAY as the domestics brought in one savoury dish after  
(Cont'd.)  
another. Suddenly the folds of the tent parted at the back, and the  
brothers entered, very quietly. Voritomo felt the hostile presence,  
even before he turned and saw them. Then came a terrific fight. H.D.  
slew his brother's murderer, but was killed himself, fighting  
desperately against heavy odds. The younger brother too went down,  
with most of the retainers. And practically all the characters  
being now dead, the curtain fell.

It was a splendid performance; and it is extraordinary to see  
how Japanese an effect can be got out of lamp-shades, boxes, old oars,  
and a few other accessories, if you combine them in the right way.

But H.D. thinks he would not care to run relays in Japanese shoes

When the Japanese have a tragedy, they like to have a thorough  
one. We expected the brothers to triumph, but not a bit of it. There  
is one famous story, and a true one, which ends in the death of forty-  
seven men, two having been killed before.

Sing-song ran late, so the half-past niners were given extra  
time for boats. And we had the happy announcement that breakfast  
would be at half-past seven instead of seven.

大目三目人

今更由來





THURSDAY,            Rather a mournful morning, for the Bennetts went by  
Aug. 226,  
P. 29.30.       train, and a little later W.A.G. went by motor. But we  
T. 63'  
Cloudy       have had a very good time with them while they were here.  
N.E.

The latest game in squads is to find new names for one who helps in the parlor. "Parlor snake" was to be expected. Then came "drawing-room adder", and to-day he was "salon asp." What next?

We are piling the bonfire now, so as to have a fine one for the last night.

The lumber-jacks are getting a fine lot of firewood out, and by tomorrow some of it ought to be coming down.

As we have finished "The White Company", to-day we began "The Rose and the Ring."

#### BOAT AND CANOE RACES.

##### ORDER OF EVENTS.

SENIOR SINGLES, FIRST HEAT.  
SENIOR SINGLES, SECOND HEAT.  
JUNIOR DOUBLES, FIRST HEAT.  
JUNIOR DOUBLES, SECOND HEAT.  
SENIOR SINGLES, FINAL HEAT.  
JUNIOR DOUBLES, FINAL HEAT.  
SENIOR DOUBLES.  
FEATHERWEIGHT DOUBLES, RANGELEYS.  
JUNIOR FOURS.  
SENIOR FOURS.

The above is for the guidance of next year's committee. In our report we shall give the finals of a race right after the preliminary heats.

Conditions were ideal. A little breeze sprang up in the course of the afternoon, but not enough to make any real trouble. No towing of junior crews to their posts, as we have sometimes had.

Except where otherwise noted, the course was the usual one, out to Pickerel and back. The exceptions were the featherweight rangeleys, which rowed from Pickerel in, and the senior fours, which went over the course twice.

THURSDAY SENIOR SINGLES, STANDING.

(Cont'd.)

FIRST HEAT.

GRAYLING.	PINK.	SQUANNAHOOK.	HECUBA.	
Dabney	Putnam	Gourd	Osgood.	3 m. 32 1/5 s.

The Grayling was fast from the start, though inclined to yaw. Of the other three, the Pink led, then the Squannacook shot ahead. All three were very close. The Grayling turned first, the Pink and Squannacook almost neck and neck. The Grayling had a good margin at the finish, with the Pink second, and the Squannacook a close third. Two boats from each heat qualified.

SECOND HEAT.

HECUBA.	GRAYLING.	SQUANNAHOOK.	PINK.	
Stackpole	Leland	Hitchcock	Farnsworth	3 m. 43 4/5 s.

The Squannacook made the quickest start, but all were close all the way out. The Hecuba made the best turn, and kept the short lead this gave her all the way through. The Grayling was a close second, the Squannacook a good third. The Pink slowed herself down by too much steering.

FINAL HEAT.

HECUBA.	SQUANNAHOOK.	PINK.	GRAYLING.	
Dabney	Stackpole	Leland	Putnam	3 m. 28 3/5 s.

The Hecuba shot ahead at once, and lengthened her lead right through. The Squannacook and the Pink had a hot contest for second place. The Squannacook got it, but the Pink was not a length behind. Leland dove out of his boat as she crossed the line.

JUNIOR DOUBLES.

FIRST HEAT.

PINK.	GRAYLING.	SQUANNAHOOK.	HECUBA.	
S. Heard	H. Woodbridge	Jackson	H. Bigelow	3 m. 12 s.
H. Heard	D. Miller	Haskell	Carey	

A very even start. Soon the Pink gained the lead, with the Grayling next. All but the Pink were bunched, with no open water between them. The Pink turned first, and increased her lead on the home stretch, winning by three or four lengths.



THURSDAY      The Grayling made second place, though she nearly lost  
(Cont'd.)  
on steering, for the Squannacook was very close.

SECOND HEAT.				3 m.16 2/5 s.
GRAYLING.	SQUANNAHOOK.	PINK.	HECUBA.	
Jim. Hutch	Lasater	Thurber	Gray	
Jack "	Fuller	L. Tower	Degen	

A close heat again. The Squannacook led at one time, but her ragged stroke slowed her somewhat. The Grayling passed her, and won by less than a length; Squannacook second, Pink a close third.

FINAL HEAT.				3 m.15 4/5 s.
PINK.	SQUANNAHOOK.	HECUBA.	GRAYLING.	
Jim Hutchinson	S. Heard	Lasater	H. Woodbridge	
Jack "	H. "	Fuller	D. Miller	

A very close race all the way out, and at the turn. On the home stretch the boats opened out a little. When they finished, the Squannacook was about two lengths behind the Pink, with the Hecuba a little closer behind her. The Grayling steered a rather poor course.

SENIOR DOUBLES, STANDING.				3 m.4 2/5 s.
PINK.	SQUANNAHOOK.	GRAYLING.	HECUBA.	
Dabney	Putnam	Ieland	Stackpole	
Gourd	Farnsworth	Hitchcock	Osgood	

The Pink made the best start and the best turn, and led all the way. The Squannacook was second, several lengths behind. The Grayling was a fairly close third, the Hecuba, being rather unsteady, a conservative fourth.

FEATHERWEIGHT DOUBLE RANGELYS.				1 m.39 3/5 s.
WILLIWAW.	TERROR.	YAMMERSCHOONER.	IDENTICAL.	
Batchelder	Phillips	Thompson	G. Woodbridge	MacLeod
Hill	Richardson	Wiggins	Wrenn	Mann Mann
Hallowell	Reynolds	Hines	Edwards	H. Heard
(cox)	(cox)	(cox)	(cox)	(cox)

The course, as has been said before, was from Pickerel in. It was a remarkably close race. The Williwaw led all the way, but the Terror was a close second, and the Yammerschooner and Identical tied for a close third. Coxswains were not allowed to paddle.



THURSDAY

JUNIOR FOURS.

(Cont'd.)

3 m. 4 3/5 s.

RIPOGENUS. WORROMONTOGUS. ABOLJOCKAMEGUS. TRENEZER. CAUGHCOMGOMOCK

Lasater	S. Heard	H. Bigelow	Jackson	H. Woodbridge
H. Heard	Jack Hutchinson	L. Tower	Reynolds	G. "
Degen	Fuller	Carey	Jim Hutch.	Haskell
Hallowell	Gray	D. Miller	W. Tower	Thurber

Very close all the way out. The Corker had a slight lead at first, but the Togus soon took it. The Rip, however, made the first turn, and kept her lead, beating the Togus by about two lengths. The Abol was about the same distance behind the Togus. The Corker was disqualified for fouling the Then, which was a slow fourth, owing to the delay.

SENIOR FOURS.

ABOLJOCKAMEGUS. CAUGHCOMGOMOCK. 6 m. 2 3/5 s.

Dabney	Eland
Putnam	Stackpole
Gourd	Farnsworth
Hutcheock	Osgood.

This race, as usual, was out and back twice. The Corker led half way out on the first lap, but then the Abol passed her, and gained a little on the turn. It was very close till the last turn, when the Corker lost badly. Half way down the last lap both captains stood up and sprinted, so it was <sup>a</sup>very good finish, though the Corker was several lengths behind.

Everything was over a few minutes after five, so there was plenty of time for swim.

After supper we finished "Tournalin's Time Cheques."

Then came "Indoor Wolf", which we have played only once before this summer, followed by "Predicament and Cure."

The half-past niners played "Foot and Mouth", which is to say guessing eyes through a hole in a sheet. After doing eyes, with varying results, one side had a shot at noses. It is hard to say which looks more foolish all by itself, an eye or a nose.



FRIDAY  
Aug. 27,  
3.29.21  
T. 61'

The fog cleared soon after breakfast, but it was practically calm all day. A fine day, but not the pattern we wanted. What we wanted was wind, so that we could run off the yacht race in the morning, and scout in the afternoon.

At morning reading we began "The Book of the Long Trail", by Henry Newbolt.

#### SQUAD NOTES.

We had announcements not only in German, but in Japanese. This is unusual.

The "reception room rattler", was greeted with cheers.

A squad took a boat round to the beach, and brought back clean sand for the aquarium, as well as dace. As soon as the pickerel got back into their home, they had a lunch immediately. An aquarium dace has a short life.

The woodsmen brought over a cord of firewood, the larger sticks split and all ready for use. It makes a fine pile.

The curtain rod was put up tentatively. The curtain was also finished. A combination will be effected tomorrow.

#### LAST JUNIOR LEAGUE GAME. FLAT CLAMS VS. FAT CLAMS.

This game, though more loosely played than some we have had this season, was exciting. The Clams got a long lead at the start, piling up six runs, with ten men at bat. It really looked as if they never would get out. And there was not an earned run in the bunch.

After that things improved, though the score was still lop-sided.

In the fourth there was a violent collision between W.R.S., playing short, and Gourd, who was trying to steal third. Both were knocked out for a few minutes, but there was no lasting damage done, except to Louis's ear.

In the sixth the Clams had what J.R. aptly terms a hammer-fest, and in the seventh they tied the score, 12-12.

FRIDAY In the same inning the Clams, who had not scored (Cont'd.) for several innings, added one to their total; and in the eighth yet another. This gave them a lead of two. In the ninth the Clams scored, one, so the final score was 14-13, in favor of the Clams.

Farnsworth played a good game at centre, with three put-outs to his credit. G.M.I. seemed to have a fondness for sending long flies straight at him.

In the eighth Leland made a fine showing at left, with an assist and a put-out. Long legs are a good thing in that neighborhood.

In the seventh Putnam made a difficult assist. He sat down as he got the ball, and in that position slammed it to first, putting Richardson out.

In the eighth W.R.S. made an unassisted double play, catching Gourd's fly, with Thurber off base.

Of the two pitchers Putnam was the more effective, fanning eleven to Jackson's four. In the matter of passes they were even, but Jackson allowed more hits.

The trouble with the Clams was weak handling of the ball in the infield, especially in the first inning. You might say that the game was lost then.

	BATTING AVERAGES.
Putnam	.800.
Corning	.500
Osgood	.500
W.R.S.	.500
T.P.C.	.400
Stackpole	.400
Hitchcock	.333.
H. Bigelow	.333



C		vs.		of		at																
PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.		
0	4		1 S. H.		4	K						09						5	2	0		
3	5		2		1		K	01		K								5	1	1		
14	0		3 D.		3	(K)	K			04		K						4	1	0		
2	0		4 S.		5			K		03			7-1					5	2	2		
3	1		5 J. P. C.		2			8-0			5-0		07					5	2	2		
0	0		6		7						06							4	2	2		
3	0		7 F.		8		K		K		K		5-0					3	1	0		
2	1		8 W. R. J.		6	02			06									4	2	2		
0	0		9 Richardson		9	02			01			03						4	1	0		
			10																			
			11																			
27	11		TIME OF GAME.			Runs total.												39	14	9		
			Hours.....	Mins.....		6	6	2	8	4	12	0	12	0	12	0	12	1	13	1	14	
Balks.	Hit by ptc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.		
				4	4														3			
						1-b. on errors.																

You claim vs. [redacted] of [redacted] at																					
PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	
2	0		1 H. H.		6	0-3					2-5	2-1	0-3					6	1	1	
5	0		2 Hitchcock		3	0-3	2-5					2-3		(K)				6	1	2	
9	2		3 S. W. J.		2			2-8	2-8									5	4	1	
4	3		4 Pulman		1									4-3				5	3	4	
1	0		5 (4 in. 2nd) Carney		2			K	0-3					2-8				6	1	3	
1	1		6 [redacted]		7	0-3		0-3		4-3		2-1						5	0	1	
0	0		7 Dember		9		0-3		2-1	K	K		6-0					5	0	0	
0	1		8 (in 2nd) H. Beger		4		0-3				4-3							3	1	1	
2	0		9 Gourd		5					0-3			2-6					5	2	0	
			10																		
			11																		
24	7		TIME OF GAME.			Runs total.												46	13	13	
			Hours.....	Mins.....		2	0	2	0	2	3	5	0	3	4	9	3	12	0	12	13
Balks.	Hit by ptc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	
				11	11														4		
						1-b. on errors.															

### MOSQUITO LEAGUE GAME. SONS OF HUZ VS. SONS OF RUZ.

We have fewer details of this game, but it was a hot one. The Ruzzes led most of the time, but a timely rally at the eleventh hour, assisted if not produced by the cheers of the spectators, turned the tables, and the progeny of Huz won.

We give the score card on the next page.

During the game L.E.W. arrived, to spend the night.

After supper came boats, to everyone's great satisfaction.

And then the halfpast niners had Indoor Scouting. We give that score card on the opposite page too.



[illegible]

Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
1	Paper	5								
2	Tower	3								
3	Hall	2								
4	Mullin	4								
5	Hill	9						4-3 0		2
6	Edwards	8								
7	Carney	6								
8	Gray	7								
9	W. H.	1								
10										
11										
TIME OF GAME.		Runs								
Hours..... Mins.....		total.								

# Wine's Heart

S.E.	X		1	X	2
N.S.		2	• 3	X	3
N.P.	X • 1	X	1		•
Ming	X		1	X	
Hiller	X		• • • 1	X	
Tam	X • •	• • • 2	X		
Growth	X • 1		1		• 3
Chocoh	X		1	X •	
Sand	X		2	X	1
R.C.	X	X		X	
<hr/>					
	9	4	4	2	13829

N. S. W.		1 X	X	
M. P.	X	X		
B. L. L.		1 X		
S. H. H.		1 X		
H. H.		2	1	
J. S. W.		1 X		X
D. H. H.		1 X		
W. H. H.	X		3 X	
O. H. H.		2 X	2	
J. P. C.	X	1 X	2	
L. H. H.	X		1	
	4	9 10 9	9 3 8	



SATURDAY, Exactly where and when there was a northwest wind I  
Aug. 28,  
3.29.10 don't know. Most of the day it was the flattest kind of  
F. 64'  
Clear, calm imaginable, and hotter than Friday.  
N.W.

The day began merrily, with the throwing in of Bud and Put.  
There are rumors that Pirate would have joined the glad throng if  
he had not been a bit sashful the night before. Hefty might perhaps  
have got a dip too, but he got wise, and left his downy couch in  
record time.

Some good wrestling this morning. Gray downed Fuller fairly  
easily, but he had a good deal on his side in the way of age.

H. Woodbridge wrestled to a draw; a very exciting encounter.

L. Tower had it over G. Woodbridge, but couldn't get a fall within  
the time limit.

In the same way Osgood did better than Leland, but couldn't get  
more than one shoulder on the mat at a time.

The bout between H. Bigelow and Hallowell was a hot one. Hugh  
finally downed his adversary, but it took him pretty nearly the  
full time to do it.

---

At morning reading we began splicing. That is, we got our ropes  
whipped, ready to splice.

We finished Henry Newbolt's account of Captain Scott's last  
expedition, which is mostly taken from Scott's own journals. It is a  
tragic story, but it is good to know a man like Robert Scott.

Tom Curtis left by the morning train, to our great regret.

This morning the curtain was hung, and it is a wonder. It hasn't  
its running gear yet, but that is a mere detail. The figures are as  
follows: West panel, beginning at the top left-hand corner,  
three doughty men, (one had a sword, one had a shield, and one had a  
twanging bow); two Werrymethers, presumably C.W. and J.G.W., rowing;



SATURDAY a canoe test, Renzo, and the Devil. East panel, (Cont'd.) beginning at the top left-hand corner, Peer Gynt, and two pursuing goblins; the Bishop of Runtifoo and the dancing-man; John the Boatman; an Algonquin; an Iroquois; Bimi, or Bimi's brother, we cannot say which.

H.D. has also finished the Iroquois bracket, and a very pretty one it is. Curiously enough, only Algonquins had a hand in it, whether actually making it or acting as assistant.

We picnicked in the Pine Parlor, with apple pies and liquor of the aristocracy, to say nothing of ham, and eggs, and many other things. And we finished the Rose and the Ring, which is a most satisfactory story.

It was too hot for anything very strenuous. A good big decorating committee went to work, J.R. running the forestry end of it and J.G.W. the artistic end. There was making of crowns, horses, swords, and other things needed for the evening; there was also writing of camping trip reports. But there was a good deal of cheerful sitting round, with stick-knife, bean-bags, or a book.

During the afternoon we had a call from Miss Kelly, Mr. Dearborn, and Mr. and Miss Mellen. The last are cousins of the Woodbridges.

Late in the afternoon there was a great and glorious swim. I forgot to say that there was a trip to the lagoon, with fine results.

Just before supper L.F.W. left for Gardiner. She will hardly be out again, as they go up to Boston Tuesday.

By supper-time the big room was a bower of green, with red pine boughs along rafters and walls, and a wonderful cat-



SATURDAY      tail effect along the south wall. The scouting cup was  
(Cont'd.)

full of golden-rod, and altogether we looked vastly fine. A breeze  
had come up, and it was only warm, not hot.

About seven o'clock the fun began. Boys vanished, and in their  
places appeared "spirits of health or goblins damned", according to  
circumstances. The number of ladies increased miraculously, and there  
was much fastening of wigs and skirts. The grand march began almost  
on time, the order being to group by stunts. Here is the full list of  
characters, though we cannot give the order in which they marched.

A Robber Chief	J. R.
First Thief	E. S. E.
Second Thief	W. R. S.
Third Thief	Hitchcock
Fourth Thief	Leland
Fifth Thief	Putnam
Fortieth Thief	Farnsworth
Ali Baba	G. M. I.
Morgiana	Hines
Pyramus	S. Heard
Thisbe	H. Heard
Quince	F. Miller
Wall	D. Miller
Lion	Richardson
Moonshine	MacLeod
White Rabbit	Stackpole
Alice in Wonderland	C. H. C.
King of Hearts	J. H. S.
Queen of Hearts	W. Tower
Knave of Hearts	Hallowell
Bill the Lizard	Mann
First Juryman	Degen
Second Juryman	Fuller
Third Juryman	Jack Hutchinson
Third Juryman	H. Woodbridge
Betsinda	E. R. C.
Prince Giglio	H. D.
Prince Bulbo	J. G. W.
King Valoroso	J. R.
Macbeth	N. S. W.
First Witch	A. M. R.
Second Witch	H. Bigelow
Third Witch	Batchelder
First Apparition	Thurber
Second Apparition	Gourd
Third Apparition	Reynolds
Peer Gynt	J. G. W.
Goblin King	Lasater
First Goblin	Edwards
Second Goblin	Hill

SATURDAY  
(Cont'd.)

Third Goblin	L. Tower
Fourth Goblin	Wiggins
Fifth Goblin	Thompson
Sixth Goblin	G. Woodbridge
Seventh Goblin	Wrenn
Young Lochinvar	B.L.L.
Fair Ellen	M.P.
Bridegroom	Osgood
Bride's Father	Dabney
Bride's Mother	Corning
First Bridesmaid	Haskell
Second Bridesmaid	E. Shaw
Third Bridesmaid	Phillips
Fourth Bridesmaid	Carey
First Kinsman	Jim Hutchinson
Second Kinsman	Jackson
Third Kinsman	A. Bigelow
Fourth Kinsman	Gray.

I realize that I have put down one or two people twice. Of course they did not march in both characters. J.R. led, as the Robber chief, with R.R. as his partner. J.G.W. marched as Peer Gynt, as Prince Bulbo's figure is not comfortable to march in.

#### PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

We have had this delightful scene before, but never has it been better. F. Miller was a fine figure as Quince, and recited his lines with all the wrong punctuation. Donald Miller was a courteous wall, and let the lovers have as much chance as he could. The Lion was a fine beast, and Moonshine (does everyone realize that Moonshine is played by Starveling the tailor?) was as full and round a moon as we have ever seen. No eclipse about him. Pyramus was indeed a sweet youth, though not perhaps so tall as some. As for Thisbe, words fail us, when we try to picture that dainty girlish figure. Her golden curls were like a halo; and her lisp was fascinating beyond description. No wonder Pyramus killed himself at the thought of living without her.



SATURDAY  
(Cont'd.)

ALICE IN WONDERLAND.

This was the trial scene. J.H.S. was <sup>2</sup><sub>1</sub> most regal figure as the King of Hearts, and Pirate Bill as the Queen, in brown velvet and long lace veil, was superb. (He thought the apparitions, in running shirts and curtains, were more comfortable, though). Hallowell as the Knave looked as if he might have stolen any number of tarts. Stackpole was a perfect White Rabbit; and though we couldn't very well distinguish the various animals that made up the jury, they looked very well, and seemed an extremely intelligent body of quadrupeds. We could tell Bill the Lizard, because Alice stood him on his head. C.H.C. was a fine sight as Alice; realizing to the full the indignant protest, "You are; nearly two miles." He certainly looked it.

PEER GYNT.

How long is it since J.G.W. first showed us, by chance, how Peer Gynt looked when the goblins were after him? Several years, let us say. It was a thrilling as ever. The first note of the music showed him plunged in guilty thought; a very sinister figure. Slowly he slunk out, with an uneasy look over his shoulder, "Because he knows a frightful fiend doth close behind him tread." And sure enough, out they crawled; queer little black creatures, their long cap-tails bobbing, their claws all ready for a grab when the right time came. He passed across the stage, hurrying a little, obviously disturbed. A moment, and the goblins followed, going strong on the trail. The next time it was a real chase, and you fairly expected to hear the pack yelp. The third time he had dropped hat and cloak in his flight, and the gap between pursuers and pursued was shortening fast. Then he came staggering in with <sup>the</sup><sub>1</sub> Goblin King on his shoulders, and they downed him with a crash in the middle of the stage. (We have an idea, after trying to read Ibsen's "Peer Gynt", that it didn't end fatally. But so much the worse for Ibsen. This is the way the music ends, anyhow.)



SATURDAY  
(Cont'd.)

YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

Even if one had not known the ball<sup>d</sup>, one would have felt sure from the first appearance of B.L.L. that he was sure to win whatever he had set his heart on. The way he jumped his gallant steed over all obstacles showed that here was a man to whom obstacles were mere playthings. Yet it looked pretty serious when he entered the Netherby hall. Dabney was a stern and impressive father, Ruggins a very determined mother. To be sure, the Bridegroom has not much spunk, and Ike was a wonder, as he stood dangling his bonnet, with his knees knocking together. But the kinsmen looked like a dashing band, who would follow their chief through thick and thin; and even the fair bridesmaids, the Misses Foster, Fenwick, and Musgrave, had an air of determination about them. The minuet was charming. And then came the great moment. The couple mounted the gallant steed and were off in a flash. And such a pursuit! Knights and ladies, all mounted in haste, and followed. Ruggins as the mother was particularly fine, galloping in a black velvet gown. And the bridegroom, brought up the rear, still wobbly at the knees, and evidently having a hard time of it to handle his horse. Then we had one last glimpse of the happy lovers, and the story ended.

MACBETH.

Not the whole play, of course, but the scene around the cauldron, with lamps lowered, and a ghastly glare of changing lights illuminating the features of the "secret, black and midnight hags". (The aforesaid ghastly glare is trying to the eyes when you have to kneel by the cauldron, putting in one light after another.) Macbeth was a fine soldierly figure, in his blue and scarlet, but his scowl told how his crimes had



SATURDAY weighed upon his conscience. The apparitions, coming in (Cont'd.) from the dark into the glare of the hell-broth were enough to startle even less jangled nerves than those of the guilty monarch. Altogether it went off with great effect.

#### THE ROSE AND THE RING.

The scene chosen was the great warming-pan episode. E.R.C. made a charming Betsinda, and no wonder the Prince of Grim Tartary fell love with her at sight. Poor Bulbo! He was absurd and pathetic, as he expressed his feelings as clearly as two pebbles in his mouth would let him, and finally lay at her feet, "the trembling captive of Betsinda's eyes." But when Giglio came in, one saw that Bulbo had no chance. Consider his green satin cloak, and his moustache; to say nothing of the grace with which he offered his heart and hand to the lady of his affections. There was nothing left for Bulbo but to retire into a corner and tear his hair, which he did with great industry. King Valoroso was <sup>a</sup> most regal figure, even in night-cap and dressing-gown. His nose was particularly regal in its proportions. We could well believe that this middle-aged autocrat had been considered not ill-looking in his prime. But when a monarch proposes to murder his excellent spouse in order to replace her by another lady, however charming, the merest bystander must interfere. How much more, then, a lover like Giglio! The warming-pan descended, and so did the King.

#### THE FORTY THIEVES.

It is an eventful night when we have a brand-new opera. We love the old ones, but there is a thrill about a new one, and "The Forty Thieves" is one of the best. First came the robbers, under the leadership of J.R.; a terrible band, with a terrible chief. They were heavily laden with spoils, and after opening Sesame, put their sacks away in the cave. Ali Baba, who had been watching them, tried



SATURDAY the swell himself, and it worked perfectly.  
(Cont'd.)

The second scene showed the wrath of the robbers on discovering their loss, and their vow of revenge. We thought this reached the climax of energy. But the second chorus, "One vile robber to each", surpassed it. In fact the prancings of the robber captain surpassed everything we have ever seen, except his conducting of "Twelve Dirty Shirts." It would have stirred even a mummy.

The scene now shifted to the town, and we saw the robbers "crawling through an unfriendly town", till they found the house of Ali Baba.

The meeting between Ali and the Robber Captain was outwardly cordial; but Morgiana evidently suspected something from the first. The two lighted their hookahs (Jerry did not seem to smoke his very hard.), but when it came to food, the Captain refused to partake. This confirmed her suspicions; and at the end of her dance she stabbed him. As she had already boiled the rest behind the scenes, nothing remained but for her and Ali to "join hands for the dance of life", which they did. And certainly a gentleman who gets rid of all his enemies, finds untold gold, and wins the affection of Morgiana Hines, is a lucky man.

We shall give the full text of the opera later. At present we are a little pressed to get on with the daily news.

After the curtain had risen once more on the company, and the author had come out and bowed in response to wild calls, we lined up for the Virginia Reel. Just why we did not <sup>have</sup> two sets no one knows. We did dance it double; but even <sup>so</sup> it took fifty-one solid minutes to dance it. What would have happened



SATURDAY if we had tried it single, the hens know.  
(Cont'd.)

Then came sherbet. Too bad salt got into one freezer, but the other was all right, and was grateful and comforting, like Somebody's cocoa in the old advertisement.

We had a mighty Taps, with the goblins in the middle, round their king.

By midnight the table was set, and we hope it was not long after when the faculty got to bed.

During the evening we had a distinguished arrival. It was a little late to put him into a stunt, but we are just as glad to see him.

*E. Francis Leland, Jr.*

The following are cut from J.G.W.'s last squad list:



THE FORTY THIEVES.

Act I. Scene I. Outside the Robbers' Cave. Ali Baba concealed, watching.

Robber Captain. (Tune, "Into Parliament you shall go.")

This has been a royal trip,  
Cut and slash and rive and rip;  
Turk and Arab, Crete and Kurd,  
"Open Sesame"'s now the word!

Chorus: "Open Sesame"'s now the word!

Captain: Pearls and silks and golden treasure,  
Rubies more than we can measure;  
Open Sesame, Sesame, Sesame,  
Open Sesame's now the word,  
Open Sesame's now the word!

Chorus: Open Sesame, Sesame, Sesame,  
S-e-s-a-m-e's now the word,  
Open Sesame's now the word!

Exeunt into cavern. A pause, while Ali Baba expresses wonder and terror.

Robbers emerge, and sing. Tune, "Sleep, baby, sleep."

Chorus: Shut, Sesame, shut!  
Close and tight 'as a nut!  
Safe from storm and wind and rain,  
Keep our gold till we come again!  
Shut, Sesame, shut!  
Shut, Sesame, shut! Exeunt.

Ali Baba comes out from his hiding-place, and sings.

(Tune, "Into Parliament")

Marvels, marvels, strange and new!  
Can these wondrous things be true?  
Quickly let me try and see  
If the charm will work for me.  
If the charm will work for me!  
Close-shut door, I bid thee ope now!  
Come, fulfil my golden hope now!  
Open Sesame, Sesame, Sesame,  
Open Sesame now for me!  
Open Sesame now for me!  
Open Sesame, Sesame, Sesame,  
S-e-s-a-m-e now for me,  
Open Sesame now for me!

Door opens. Exit into cavern.

Scene 2. The same, 24 hours later. Enter Robbers from cavern, in great confusion.

Captain sing: (Tune, "Gideon's Band.")

Our gold is gone, our jewels too!  
Our gold is gone! What shall we do?  
We'll catch the thief, and make him rue  
The day our treasure he did view!



Chorus: We'll have revenge, my trusty band!  
We'll have revenge, my trusty band!  
We'll have revenge, my trusty band!  
So here's my heart and here's my hand!

Captain: Methinks I knew the ruffian's name,  
And Ali Baba is the same.  
We'll find and check his wily game,  
Or perish all of rage and shame!

Chorus: We'll have revenge, my trusty band! etc.

The thieves draw their swords and daggers, and perform a sword dance, singing with animation, and much flourishing of weapons.

Captain and Thieves: (Tune, "One Wide River to Cross.")

Revenge, revenge we rush to wreak!  
One vile robber to catch!  
Just let us find the paltry sneak!  
One vile robber to catch!  
One vile robber,  
And that vile robber is Ali;  
One vile robber,  
There's one vile robber to catch!

We rob the folk, we rob the king,  
One vile robber to catch!  
But robbing us is another thing,  
One vile robber to catch!  
One vile robber etc.

We'll tear him, rend him limb from limb,  
One vile robber to catch!  
And there will be an end of him,  
One vile robber to catch!  
One vile robber etc.

Exeunt, waving swords. Curtain.

Scene 3; street outside Ali Baba's house. Stage somewhat darkened. Captain and Thieves creeping about stealthily.

Chorus: (Tune, "I'm a-rolling".)  
I'm a-creepin',  
I'm a-crawlin',  
I'm a-creepin' through this unfriendly town.  
I'm a-creepin'  
I'm a-crawlin' through  
Through this unfriendly town.  
Oh, brother, can't you find him?  
Oh, brother, can't you find where he lives?  
Oh, brother, can't you find him?  
Can't you find the house of Ali Baba Black Sheep?  
I'm a-creepin',  
I'm a-crawlin' etc.



After singing this three times, the Captain finds the <sup>house,</sup> ~~has~~ and proclaims it with gestures of triumph. All sing tumultuously, though sette voce; Tune, "Frere Jacques".

Ali Baba,  
Ali Baba,  
Ali Baba,  
He lives here,  
He lives here  
He lives here!

We have come to kill him,  
We have come to kill him,  
We have come to kill him,  
That's quite clear!  
That's quite clear!  
That's quite clear!

(Curtain.)

Act 2.

Scene inside Ali Baba's house. Ali seated, smoking hookah; Morgiana in attendance. A knock; she opens, and enter Robber Captain.

Duet, Ali and Captain. Tune, "Begone, Dull Care."

Captain: Salaam! salaam! oh, schalem aleikum, I say!  
Salaam! salaam! thy serviter greets thee to-day.  
I bring thee oil, the fruit of toil,  
Likewise of the olive so gray;  
Salaam! salaam! most humbly I greet thee to-day.

Ali Baba. Salaam! salaam! oh, schalem aleikum I say!  
Salaam! salaam! I cordially greet thee to-day.  
Come in and sit, and eat a bit;  
My house is your own while you stay;  
Salaam! salaam! I joyfully greet thee to-day.

(In dumb show Morgiana offers food and drink, which the Captain declines. Seeing this, Morgiana sings aside, to the same tune.)

Morgiana. He will not eat! I like not the looks of the man!  
He will not eat! some harm to my master's his plan.  
'Tis he, the thief! the Robber Chief!  
And Ali is under his ban!  
I'll seek relief in any old way that I can!

Exit. Shortly after hellow groans are heard outside. Captain is manifestly uneasy: Ali, in dumb show, tries to soothe and entertain him. Presently Morgiana enters, and sings aside to the same tune.

Morgiana. In every jar a horrible robber was hid.  
They said "Ha! ha!" and peeped at me under the lid.  
With boiling oil I stopped their moll,  
And now of the ruffians w're rid.  
Hurrah! hurrah! I'm jolly well glad that I did.



Ali sings. Tune, "Dear Evelina."

Fair Morgiana, gay Morgiana!  
Haply our guest is both weary and worn;  
Tread now a measure! dance for his pleasure!  
Thou who art lovely and bright as the morn.

Morgiana.

Good Ali Baba! Wise Ali Baba!  
Swift to obey thee thy servant doth spring;  
Light be my feet now, gliding so fleet now,  
Hither and yon like a bird on the wing!

Morgiana dances, while the Robber Captain sings aside, to the same tune.

Captain:

Base Ali Baba! vile Ali Baba!  
Death hovers near thee, and thirsts for thy gore.  
Speak I the word now! soon as 'tis heard now,  
Enter my robbers, and thou art no more!

At the end of the dance, Morgian stabs him; he expires in torment, Ali looking on in terror and amazement.

Duet, Ali and Morgiana.  
(Tune, "How Can I Leave Thee?")

Ali:

Why didst thou slay him?  
He was thy master's guest!  
What fury now possessed,  
Maiden, thy heart?

Morgiana:

He was a robber vile!  
I've bled his men in ile;  
Thwarted his murd'reous guile,  
Thus played my part!

Tableau: embrace.

Duet, Ali and Morgiana. Tune, "Dear Evelina."

Ali:

Dear Morgian<sup>a</sup>, sweet Morgiana,  
Thou, my preserver, shalt soon be my pride.  
Dead lies the ruffian, hideous gruffian,  
Slain by thy hand in his murderous pride.

Morgiana:

Dear Ali Baba, brave Ali Baba!  
Love waked my terror, and love winged my knife!  
Rapture to save thee! Long since I gave thee  
Heart of my heart, sir, and life of my life!

Together:

Dearest and fairest, Bravest and rarest,  
Terror is banished, and joy reigns alone.  
Ours now the treasure; tread we a measure,  
Showing the glowing delight that's our own!

They dance, and sing together, while dancing. Tune, "I'm a-rollin'."

Ali: I'm a-rollin',  
I'm a-rollin'  
I'm a-rollin' through a love-lighted world;  
I'm a-rollin',  
I'm a-rollin',  
Through a love-lighted world!  
Oh, Mergy, won't you help me?  
Oh Mergy, won't you help me to sing?  
Oh, Mergy, won't you help me?  
Won't you help me sing and dance along the way?

Both: I'm a-rollin'. etc.

Mergiana: Oh, Ali, won't you help me? etc.

Both: I'm a-rollin', etc.

Both, Oh, Campers, won't you help us? etc., etc.

Curtain.





SUNDAY,  
Aug. 29,  
Cooler,  
Overcast,  
S.S.W.

When we woke up this morning, there was something queer. Not getting up late; we had expected that. No, there was something unfamiliar about the

world. Suddenly we realized what had happened. There was a breeze! Yes, after all these windless mornings, there were real little waves on the shore.

Sorry the weather-man did not get busy to chronicle this startling event, but perhaps he thought he didn't take the job over till Monday.

Soon after breakfast J.G.W. left. Anyone who thinks we liked to have him go deserves to be sent to Mexico for a week. It has been wonderful to have him here all this month. Affectionate friends attended to his baggage, and B.L.L. would have put Pickeral Rock in if it had not been a pity to disturb an important landmark.

After service came the photographing; except for the pictures in which J.G.W. figured, which were taken yesterday.

At dinner we had faculty butlers. We also had chicken, corn, cucumbers, chocolate cow with our ice-cream, and cranberries. So it was a gay meal.

At afternoon we finished "The Merchant of Venice."

And then all hands went out to the Point, and we ran off the last seven heats of the yacht race. So here I begin, with the sixteen heats that were run Monday. We have never had so long a gap between drinks before.

MERRYWEATHER YACHT RACE.  
FIRST PRELIMINARY HEAT.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Owner.</u>
Apache	Farnsworth
Umbazookus	J.R.
Bumblebee	Batchelder
Bobolink	Smedberg
Coyote	Hallowell

There was a nice northerly breeze. The finish line was



from the point to Mt. Royal, more or less. Contestants were lined up on the south beach. In this heat the Apache and the Umbazookus were the only two that stayed up. The Apache fouled the Umbazookus, but they were set up again. The Apache went over once more, but had a sufficiently long lead to win in spite of this accident.

#### SECOND PRELIMINARY HEAT.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Owner.</u>
Mexican	H.D.
Pollywog	Jim Hutchinson
Go. cart	Jack Hutchinson
Jelly-fish	Fuller
Zoom	Richardson

The Mexican led from the start. The Pollywog was unsteady, but after several capsizes she got her sails drawing well, and finished in fine style. The others did not finish, the Zoom in particular turning out to be a submarine.

#### THIRD PRELIMINARY HEAT.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Owner.</u>
Q.E.D.	S. Heard
Flivverine	Lasater
Brutus	W.R.S.
U-roit	G. Woodbridge

The Flivverine was rather the favorite in this heat, but she could not catch the Q.E.D., who demonstrated herself to be a speedy boat. The Flivverine lost second place when the Brutus passed her, but got it again when the Brutus took a tumble. The Flivverine took a header just on the line. The Brutus was almost third, but did not finish. As for the U-roit, she might have gone if someone had rowed her, but as it was she did not get far. By the way, I am not trying to give all the double ownerships. I give one owner, and by asking him, you can find out the other.

#### FOURTH PERLIMINARY HEAT.

<u>Name. I II.</u>	<u>Owner.</u>
Sumaki II	Farnsworth
Vindictive	A. Bigelow
Lady Alice, Section A.	Hines
Fad	J.H.S.
Ark	Richardson

The Ark led for a while, but proved herself a poor shelter in case of a deluge. The fraction of the Lady Alice went well, till



she went over, and got water-logged before she could be righted. The Sumaki put on a well-timed spurt, and won the race, with the Vindictive second.

#### FIFTH PRELIMINARY HEAT.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Owner.</u>
Greaser	H.D.
Tadpole	Jim Hutchinson
Pancake	Thompson
Mustgo (sub)	W. Tower

A lovely heat as far as the two best boats were concerned. The Greaser led all the way, with the Tadpole a very good second. The Pancake fell. As for the Mustgo, she was only a patched-up substitute for the real article, which had showed her qualities in the morning by getting away, and out of sight before a boat could be launched. In short, she felt that she must go, and went.

#### SIXTH PRELIMINARY HEAT.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Owner.</u>
Prefect's Pride	W.R.S.
Pegasus II	F. Miller
Go-go	W.A.G.
W. & S.	C.A.S.

A good deal of tipping over by all hands, but the Prefect's Pride finally made first place, with the Pegasus II second. (Is it fair to name a boat Anything Second, and then expect her to be first?) The Go-go had had her sail cut down so much that she was out of it early; and the W. & S. also gave up the struggle.

#### SEVENTH PRELIMINARY HEAT.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Owner.</u>
Firefly II	Jackson
P.D.Q.	Putnam
Arab	Ramsworth
Simple Toot	S. Heard

All the boats were over at one time or another, but the Firefly crossed the line in fine style, with the P.D.Q. a good second. The latter had a hard time, for she went over



half way down the course, and could not be picked up at once for fear of blanketing or blocking the Firefly. However, she qualified for the next round.

#### EIGHTH PRELIMINARY HEAT.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Owner.</u>
Pee Wee	Jim Hutchinson
Cinch	J.H.S.
Gastly Goat	H. Shaw
Mustang	Wrenn

The Cinch led most of the time, but her second capsize, when close to the line, put her into second place, the Pee Wee winning. Nothing else finished.

#### FIRST HEMI-SEMI-DEMI-FINAL HEAT.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Owner.</u>
Saracen II	Farnsworth
Ton of Brick	Batchelder
Hornet	Reynolds
Pup	H. Bigelow

The boats in this heat and the next drew a bye. All went over promptly, but the Saracen II finally got the dope, and crossed the line at full speed. The Ton of Brick was perhaps oppressed by her name, and it maybe that the Hornet got stung. The Pup did not live to be a full-grown dog.

#### SECOND HEMI-SEMI-DEMI-FINAL HEAT.

C.U.LATER.	J.H.S.
Hopper	G.M.I.
Loon	Thurber
Sampson IV	Hill

These also drew a bye. The Hopper led for a while, but occasionally hopped over. The C.U. Later was also a little erratic, but gained speed as she advanced, and won. The Hopper, after a good deal of delay, hopped across the line second. The other two did not finish.

#### THIRD HEMI-SEMI-DEMI-FINAL HEAT.

<u>Name.</u>
Apache
Mexican
Pollywog
Umbazookus

The wind was a good bit lighter, and it may have been that which set the Mexican over. The Apache had a long lead. A sudden puff

revived the Mexican, and she came in second. The Pollywog was badly steered, the Umbazookus rather conservative.

FOURTH HEMI-SEMI-DEMI-FINAL HEAT.

Name.

Sumaki II

Q.N.D.

Flivverine

Vindictive

The Sumaki won by superior stability, as she was the only one that did not tip over. The Q.N.D. made second place, but the other two could not be induced to stay up long enough to finish.

FIFTH HEMI-SEMI-DEMI-FINAL HEAT.

Name.

Greaser

Tadpole

Prefect's Pride

Pegasus II

Very close between the Greaser and the Tadpole. The former went over when well in the lead, but was able to make first place in spite of it. The Tadpole was a very close second but the other two did not finish.

Name.

SIXTH HEMI-SEMI-DEMI-FINAL HEAT.

Cinch

Pee Wee

P.D.Q.

Firefly II

All sailed prettily for a while, but then the P.D.Q. and the Firefly went over. The Cinch won by a good margin, with the Pee Wee second.

SEVENTH HEMI-SEMI-DEMI-FINAL HEAT.

Name.

Owner.

Brave Attempt

E.R.C.

Ornery Pup

J.H.S.

Wop

Leland

77

Farnsworth

All over but the Brave Attempt. The Ornery Pup showed terrific speed, but was unsteady, finally diving across the line in second place. This was another bye heat, so we give the names of the owners.



EIGHTH HEMI-SEMI-DEMI-FINAL HEAT.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>Owner.</u>
Resolution	Stackpole
Trig	E. S. E.
Wild Goose	Gray
Dark Hoss II	Carey

Not a very rapid heat, for every boat was over at least once.

The Trig, built by D.V.T. and rigged by E.S.E., had her rudder out, so it was voted to put her into the next round. The Resolution was finally carried.

This ends Monday's heats. The rest came Sunday, with a good wind from the S.S.E. The finish was at the point, but of course the boats were sailing in a northerly direction. That is, the course was practically reversed.

FIRST SEMI-DEMI FINAL HEAT.

<u>Name.</u>
Saracen II
C.U. Later
Hopper

The Saracen showed good speed, and was the steadiest boat. The C.U. Later had a checkered career, but finally made second place.

SECOND SEMI-DEMI-FINAL HEAT.

<u>Name.</u>
Mexican
Sumaki II
Apache
Q.E.D.

The Mexican and the Apache had a lively tussle for first place. The Mexican was in the lead when the Apache went over. This gave second place to the Sumaki, with the Apache a good third. The Q.E.D. proved that she could finish, by coming in fourth.

THIRD SEMI-DEMI-FINAL HEAT.

<u>Name.</u>
Greaser
Tadpole
Cinch
Pee Wee

The Cinch led for a while, but went over, giving the Greaser second place. The Tadpole was second, as the Cinch broke her main sheet, and became unmanageable. The Pee Wee lost her rudder.

#### FOURTH SEMI-DEMI- FINAL HEAT.

Name:

Resolution

Brave Attempt

Ornery Pup

Trig

The Resolution owed her place to her steadiness, though she headed rather far to the east. I think it was in this heat that the Brave Attempt had one spar damaged. The Ornery Pup was very fast, as before, but unreliable. The Trig was damaged, and could not get anywhere.

#### FIRST SEMI-FINAL HEAT.

Name.

Saracen II

Mexican

Sumaki II

G.U. Later

A thrilling heat, with white caps showing here and there. There was some capsizing, but the Saracen made her first place in spite of one accident. The Mexican and the Sumaki fouled, and preceeded, clinched, for some distance before anyone could get to them apart. Of course they could not be started simultaneously. The Mexican came in second, but it was voted, of course, to qualify the Sumaki too. The only difficulty was that she remembered her performance in 1918, and made a break for liberty. The pursuing crew did its best, but could not catch her. She reached Pine Beach safely, and was waiting for them there when they came up, without a scratch on her.

#### SECOND SEMI-FINAL HEAT.

Name.

Tadpole

Greaser

Brave Attempt

Resolution

The Brave Attempt, in spite of hasty repairs, proved unseaworthy. The Tadpole and the Greaser had a lively race, but both went over more than once. The Resolution showed the best qualities that she possessed, and was near the line, though far to the east, when the back wash from the beach



upset her. No one was within reach, so she drifted in, till Putnam waded out breast-deep and brought her in. By that time she was a good deal of a wreck. The Tadpole won, with the Greaser second.

#### FINAL HEAT.

Name.

Mexican  
Saracen II  
Sumaki II  
Tadpole  
Greaser

We have never had a prettier race, and the finish was a hair-raising one, the boats crossing in the order named. This gives the Mexican the cup again. So H.D. is maintaining family traditions, for Horace won two years, with the Would Duck. Hearty congratulations to the winning boat and her captain.

The Saracen had a very curious experience. She came up on the Tadpole and blanketed her, overlapping about half the width of her sail. The two boats went over forward, arm-in-arm, turned a complete somersault apiece, righted, and went on their separate ways rejoicing. Could the Resolute or the Shamrock IV do that? We doubt it.

Well, by this time it was too late to think of Hemlock Point, so we adjourned to the Pine Parlour. We had a little fire, just for sentiment, and food for more practical reason. Food was good, and singing was good; but there are things that are better than either. All of a sudden Johnny Wiggins gave a yell, and there was C.F.B., looking as if he had just been down to camp to get the butter, instead of travelling all the way from Seattle since Monday. All summer we have been quoting Walter Gleason at intervals, and saying "What we want is Batch"; and now we have got him.

*Charles F. Batchelder, Jr.*

Pretty soon someone said, "Have you seen anything of L.T.S.?"

"Not a thing", was the answer. But they can't have been far apart on the road, for L.T.S. appeared within ten minutes. What pleasant things do happen at picnics!

*Loring J. Swain*

We had much good singing, even when our fire smoked. And we ended with "The Merryweather Light", which is best of all.

Then it was "All down for hymns." And then we sang, I won't say till we could sing no more, for our lungs are good at Merryweather, but till we could hardly have qualified for grand opera solos.

What story did we have? Why, "The Maltese Cat", of course. We know that and "The Long Trail" almost by heart, and the better we know them, the better we love them. So ended a very good last Sunday.



MONDAY,  
Aug. 30.

3.28.91  
T. 65'

Overcast  
S.

This morning, as H.D. is squad man for the week, C.F.B.

took charge of splicing. We took the whole time, till half

past nine, and most of us produced a short splice and

an eye splice, though some of them were not very handsome.

To-day for the first time we had our own corn. Corn and jam-tails; but few went beyond seconds, and some barely finished a first. For the breeze was blowing; and though it was pretty hot, we knew from painful experience that to leave scouting to the last day is a risky proceeding.

#### LAST SCOUTING AFTERNOON.

The weather, as I have said, was hotter than one would choose, and the breeze was rather a delusion. Still, we have played on worse days.

A.M.R. was feeling queer, and J.H.S.'s knee kept him out. C.F.B. and L.T.S., having been here less than twenty-four hours, did not play. Buggins, however, was in the game.

The stillness, and the importance of every play, affected the game. There seemed to be very little, if any, of the headlong methods that have been seen at times this year.

The first game went to the Algonquins, four runs to none. They also led by a wide margin on shots, sixteen to five. This tied the score for the year.

The second game was much closer, seventeen shots to fifteen in favour of the Algonquins. Gourd was thought at first to have made a run, but made a mistake in the oak trees, and did not reach the line. The Algonquins now led, for the first time this season.

In the third game the Algonquins again outshot their adversaries, but Stackpole got through for a run, winning the game and tying the score for the season. A finer finish to a hard-fought year could hardly have been imagined.

# Algonquins

	I				II				III			
	Killed	Shots	Runs		Killed	Shots	Runs		Killed	Shots	Runs	
H.D.	✓					••				•		
J.R.	✓					•				•••		
B.L.L.	X	•••••	1		X	•••••			X	•		
G.M.I.			1		X				X			
Bigelow, H.	✓		1		✓				X			
Dabney	X				X	•			X			
Edwards	✓					•			X			
Farnsworth	✓				X				✓			
Fuller	X				✓				X	•		
Gourd	✓				X	•			X	•••		
Gray	X		1		X				X			
Hallowell		•••••			X	•			✓			
Haskell		•			X				X	•		
Hill	✓				X				X	••		
Hines		•••			✓				✓	•		
Hutchinson, Jas.	✓				X				X			
Lasater	✓				✓				X	•		
MacLeod	✓				X	•			X	•		
Mann	✓				✓	•			X			
Osgood	✓				X				X	••		
Pulnam		•				•				•••		
Richardson	✓				X				X			
Tower, W.	X				X				X			
Woodbridge, H.	✓				✓					•		
5	16	4	15	17	15	21	0					

# Iroquois

	I				II				III			
	Killed	Shots	Runs		Killed	Shots	Runs		Killed	Shots	Runs	
C.H.C.	✓				✓				X			
N.S.W.	✓				X				X	•••		
E.S.E.	X				X				✓			
W.R.S.	X				X				✓			
Batchelder	✓				X				X	•		
Bigelow, A.	✓				✓				X	•••		
Carey	X	•			X				X	•		
Corning, H.	X				X				X			
Degen	✓				X				X	•		
Heard, H.	X				✓				X	•		
Heard, S.	✓				X				X	•••		
Hitchcock	X				X				X	•		
Hutchinson, Jno.		•			X				X	•		
Jackson	X				✓				X			
Leland					✓				X	•••		
Miller, D.	X	•			✓				✓			
Miller, F.	X				X	••			X			
Phillips	X				✓				X	••		
Reynolds	X				X				X			
Stackpole	X				✓				X			
Thompson	X				X				X			
Thurber		•			X				X			
Tower, L.	•				X				X	••		
Wiggins	X				X				X	•		
Woodbridge G.	X				✓				X			
Wyenn	X				X				X	••		
16	5	0	17	15	0	21	15	1				



MONDAY  
(Cont'd.)

According to the decision made last year, the cup now goes to the middle of the fireplace. IT was decided some years ago that when the score was tied the team that had held it for the year should go on holding it. But as the score was at the time a tie, the decision may have been a little biassed. This is really fairer when you come to think of it; for neither side has won.

This is the third tie on record, if we remember rightly. (The record book is in Skipper's office, and the South is asleep, so I can't find out.) And one of the ties was caused by losing the last game on account of rain.

Well, we swam and supped, and then came Digestion Club. We read "The Floating Prince", and "How the Aristocrats Sailed Away", and then came down for "Earth, Air, and Water."

Most of the half-past niners went to bed with the juniors, but those of us who stayed up took an extra pillow, and finished "Mr. Standfast." "Improbable? Oh yes, of course; some of it quite impossible. But a rattling good story, all the same.

As that did not take all the time, we had "How Santa Claus Came to Simpson's Bar."

I forgot to say that in place of the regular afternoon reading we had our annual "parliament of manners."

TUESDAY, A merry celebration this morning, when Pirate,  
AUG. 31,  
Fair, Hefty, Louis Gourd, and Hallowell were all thrown in  
N.W.  
in their pajamas.

Rain

p.m.

As we finished our two splices yesterday, and many  
of us are hardly up to a long splice, even if we had not  
used up all our regular rope, L.T.S. gave us a talk on the  
structure of the body, and the importance of correct position.

#### Squad Notes.

I forgot to mention the "sofa scorpion" yesterday. This  
time he was "morning-room moccasin."

Bargain-hunters? Tidy up the shop, of course.

The Tree-sparers got more wood for the bonfire, and took  
out various good stick that had been put in, to use for fire-  
wood.

The Mephistophields went at the devil-weed, and got up  
a good deal. This is likely to be a perennial job, as the beast  
spreads by root and by seed.

Late in the morning arrived a camper who has not been  
here since 1911, when he was head of the South and Captain of  
the Algonquins; those far-away days when C.F.B. was a small  
boy. He must never let it be so long again.

*Robert F. Jackson*

WATERPROOFS.

UMBRELLAS.

RUBBER BOOTS.

GRAND FINAL WATER POLO GAMES.

DOGS VS. JOCKS.

This was the heading on the list, but of course it was  
senior ball. The names go back to 1911, when R.F.J. and Doctor  
Tobey used to pitch.

The game was a very exciting one, though not so well  
played as some we have had this year. People were feeling the  
effects of Monday's scouting; and we doubt if H.D. would have  
chosen to get two wasp stings on his right wrist as a pre-



TUESDAY      paration for pitching He found a nice new nest this mor-  
(Cont'd.)  
ning, and he and Edwards got a good sample of what its inhabitants  
could do.

In the first inning neither side scored. E.F.L. knocked a two-  
bagger, but was out at third, and G.M.I., trying to make home on C.F.B.'s  
single, was out at the plate.

In the second the Does almost scored, but R.L.L. was out at  
the plate, on a throw in from right field by way of pitcher, and the  
next two men fanned. The Jocks, with two hits and two passes, scored  
three runs, and nearly made it four, but Gourd was caught at the plate  
by a throw in from right field, through first base.

In the fourth G.M.I. went out, on a difficult foul fly, caught  
by L.T.S.C.F.B. sent the ball down well beyond the Rug League  
second base for three bases, but was out at home.

In the fifth the Jocks scored again, bringing the tally up to  
4-0.

In the sixth the Does struck their streak at last, and with  
hits and a pass or two brought in seven runs. Gourd did a good stroke  
for his team, when he caught E.F.L.'s fly to centre.

The Does were unable to score in this inning. In fact not a  
man reached first. Hitchcock did well, catching Putnam's fly to right.

In the seventh each team scored one.

In the eighth E.S.E. reached first on a pass, and by clever  
stealing got home; his third run for the afternoon.

In the ninth the Does got one more run, chiefly on E.L.L.'s  
two-bagger.

For the Jocks, H.D. made his third <sup>run</sup> for the afternoon, getting  
to first on a single, and tearing home after Farnsworth at centre  
had caught N.S.W.'s fly. L.T.S. fanned, and R.F.J. was out at first.  
This ended a thrilling game, and one of the best ball seasons we

TUESDAY have ever had.  
(Cont'd.)

BUG LEAGUE GAME.  
TAIL-ENDERS VS. LAST GASPS.

This game was much quicker than the big league, so the teams dodged most of the rain. Though not remarkably close, it was replete with excitement, as may be seen by a glance at the score card, filled out by F. Miller.

Major League Batting Averages.

H.D.	.750
C.F.B.	.600
E.S.E.	.500
A.L.L.	.400
N.S.W.	.333
E.F.L.	.250
G.M.I.	.250
R.F.J.	.200
W.R.S.	.200

Doe vs. Jacks of Aug. 31 at																			
PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.
13	2		1 E. F. E.	2	03												4	3	2
1	2		2 E. F. L.	6	05		K										4	0	1
0	0		3 G. M. J.	5	08												4	1	1
0	0		4 C. F. B.	7													5	2	3
2	4		5 B. L. L.	1													5	2	2
7	1		6 Dabney	3		K		K									3	1	0
1	1		7 Hitchcock	9		K			K	K		K		K			5	0	0
1	0		8 Jameswood	8			K		K								3	1	0
0	0		9 McHard	4													5	0	0
			10																
			11																
8	10		TIME OF GAME.		Runs total.												38	10	9
			Hours.....	Mins.....															
Balks.	Hit by pite. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out..	1-base hits.											Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.
				4	14	1-b. on errors.												1	0
Muffed	Missed	Muffed	Muffed	Wild	Passed	F'd'g											Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.



Brook			vs.		Don		of		Aug. 31		at		1									
PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	
0	0		1 Fulmer	6	6	0-3	K		K		0-9		E					5	0	0		
13	2		2 W.R.S.	2	2	2-5				0-3		K	(K)					5	0	1		
4	6		3 H.D.	1	1													4	3	3		
0	1		4 V.S.W.	7	7	K		0-3		1-5				0-8				3	0	1	1	
7	0		5 L.D.S.	8	8			K				K		K				4	1	0		
2	0		6 B.F.J.	5	5			K						0-3				5	1	1		
0	1		7 Beland	9	9		K		0-6	K		K						4	0	0		
0	0		8 Conroy	7	7						K		0-1						1	0		
1	0		9 Murd	8	8	0-3			0-3	0-1			0-3					4	0	0		
			10																			
			11																			
TIME OF GAME.					Runs total.																	
Hours..... Mins.....						0	0	3	0	3	0	1	4	0	4	1	5	0	5	1	6	
Balks.	Hit by pite. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b's.	Struck out.	1-base hits.												Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	
				7	12	1-b. on errors.																

*Brook* vs. *Don* of *Aug. 31* at *1*

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
2	3	1	1		0-3		0-3	0-3	0-3		0-3						4	2	1	0	5
3	3	1	2		0-3		0-3	0-3	0-3		0-3						4	1	1	0	6
1	0	0	3		0-3		0-3	0-3	0-3		0-3						3	1	0	0	6
0	0	1	4		0-3		0-3	0-3	0-3		0-3						5	2	0	0	5
0	0	0	5		0-3		0-3	0-3	0-3		0-3						5	1	0	0	1
0	0	1	6		0-3		0-3	0-3	0-3		0-3						4	2	3	0	4
0	0	1	7		0-3		0-3	0-3	0-3		0-3						5	1	2	0	4
0	2	0	8		0-3		0-3	0-3	0-3		0-3						4	3	1	0	1
0	4	0	9		0-3		0-3	0-3	0-3		0-3						5	2	1	0	2
			10																		
			11																		
TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....					Runs total. 0 0 1 1 2 4 5 1 1 2 1 3 2 5												39	15	7	0	36

*Brook* vs. *Don* of *Aug. 31* at *1*

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
0	0	0	1		0-3		0-3	0-3	0-3		0-3						5	0	1	0	2
0	0	1	2		0-3		0-3	0-3	0-3		0-3						5	3	3	0	4
9	2	0	3		0-3		0-3	0-3	0-3		0-3						5	2	2	0	2
0	5	0	4		0-3		0-3	0-3	0-3		0-3						5	1	1	0	6
2	3	2	5		0-3		0-3	0-3	0-3		0-3						4	0	0	0	2
2	1	0	6		0-3		0-3	0-3	0-3		0-3						4	1	1	0	1
0	0	0	7		0-3		0-3	0-3	0-3		0-3						5	0	1	0	5
10	0	2	8		0-3		0-3	0-3	0-3		0-3						4	0	0	0	2
0	0	1	9		0-3		0-3	0-3	0-3		0-3						3	1	1	0	2
			10																		
			11																		
TIME OF GAME. Hours..... Mins.....					Runs total. 1 1 2 4 5 1 1 2 1 3 2 5												40	8	10	0	26



TUESDAY

The Flea League also played a lively game, as  
(Cont'd.)

with a final score of 18-10. We are sorry we have no more  
particulars, but until we know more about the fourth dimen-  
sion, it does not seem possible to be in three places at once.

By supper-time it was raining pretty hard. All the more  
delightful, then, to have a visit from Mrs. and Mrs. Gardner  
Coolidge. They had come up with Mrs. Hill to get Arthur, and  
had run over from the Salmon Lake House, where they were  
spending the night. We kept them for the evening, and they  
promised to come over to breakfast.

When supper was pretty well over, the real business, as  
well as pleasure, of the evening began with the presentation  
of the "America's Cup" to the gallant captain of the Mexican.

H.D. said in response, "Those of you who have kid brothers  
will know that the Mexican simply had to win this year. Back  
in 1913 and '14 my kid brother won twice with the Would Duck,  
and that sort of thing can't be allowed to stand in a family."

The Dormitory Prizes went as follows:

1. Hines.
2. Jim Hutchinson.
3. F. Miller.

Honorable mention, Hitchcock, H. Heard, S. Heard, Farnsworth,  
Jackson, Reynolds.

The Track and Field cups we all knew about, of course,  
but it was a satisfaction to see them given out.

- Class A. Stackpole.  
Class B. Jim Hutchinson.  
Class C. Richardson.

The Watermanship Cup for the year goes to Tom Dabney.

The two scouting captains then took up their end of the  
things. H.D. said that it was hard to make a speech which was  
neither a presentation nor a receiving. He paid special tri-  
bute to the small Iroquois scouts, who had been the terror of



TUESDAY the Algonquins, and had won at least three games for  
(Cont'd.)  
their side.

C.H.C. congratulated the Algonquins on their fine play for the season. He also congratulated the Iroquois, and paid a special tribute to the two Iroquois prefects, and the way in which they had helped the morale of the team. He ended by saying that after all, the scouting spirit is the Merryweather spirit.

By this time our cups were full, so Skipper proposed the first toast: "We have never before had so many old Merryweathers back for the last night. I propose that we drink the health, standing, of Loring Swaim, Foster Batchelder, Robert Jackson, Francis Leland, and Gardner Coolidge."

C.F.R.: "There is only one come-back to that, the best toast of all; Skipper and Mrs. Richards!" Most of us had one foot on the table when we drank that.

Skipper then <sup>h</sup><sub>A</sub>anked all the camp, faculty, prefects, and boys, for the way in which they had pulled together the last part of the season.

W.R.S.: "The faculty."

J.R.: "The prefects."

G.M.I.: "The whole camp."

C.H.C.: "The ladies."

L.E.R. responded to this toast, with the assurance that whereas we had in past times been able to give thanks and affection, we should in the future be able to give our votes also.

H.D.: "A man whom we often think of, and should think of oftener if he hadn't been right on his job; our cook and his crew."

C.H.C.: "The Algonquins."

H.D.: "The Iroquois."

TUESDAY Skipper: "Our two captains."  
(Cont'd.)

H. Heard: "Mr. J. G. Wiggins."

H. Woodbridge: "The Tutors."

Hallowell: "Our overworked doctor."

E. S. E. proposed the old members of the faculty, and thanked them for the cordial way in which they had taken the new ones right in.

J. R. proposed the new members of the faculty, and paid a well-deserved tribute to the splendid <sup>work</sup> they had done with the non-swimmers. We have never had anything like it.

So far it had been impossible to get a speech out of any of the graduates, but when Skipper told L. T. S. that he must, tell us how things looked to him, he said: "It certainly looks good, Skipper. I have been west now and then, but whenever I am east, the year doesn't seem like a year unless I get down here for a few days. It is the same place, the same camp, the same spirit. I propose a toast to just straight Merryweather."

H. Heard: "The Secretary." (When asked for a speech,

C. H. C. said that one in an evening was enough.)

Hill: "Captain John."

And then J. R. called for the silent toast, to the dear campers who have gone beyond.

And so it ended, with the cup over the fireplace, where the two captains put it.

It was pretty wet, and many rain-coats etc. were packed, but the bonfire was ready, and there was kerosene. So up we went, and in a few minutes the flames were roaring up as if they didn't know what rain meant. We have never had a finer



THURSDAY      bonfire, not even the one that brought Pine Island up  
(cont'd.)  
against a gale of wind to put us out.

It was a little damp for sitting, but <sup>we</sup> had some good singing, and  
a wonderful circle for "Auld Lang Syne."

As it was such a very dark evening we had begun earlier than  
usual, so when we went down it wasn't really much after half-past  
eight. Instead of Taps, and all hands to bed, we had time for a rous-  
ing game of half-past nine Boston. It was a huge circle, and some  
of us didn't know each other by touch very well; but perhaps the  
finest miss was when someone felt Hitchy all over, and said "W.F.S."  
But called Mrs. Coolidge Miss Hill, but he was only a couple of years  
behind the times.

So the last evening was over; and a lovely evening, in spite  
of Jupiter Pluvius. And consider how safe a night for a bonfire.

WEDNESDAY,        Nice day. It didn't begin to rain at once, but  
Sept. 1,  
Cloudy,        there was not much lingering over dressing on the  
chilly,  
Rain        Point.  
a.m.

The first departure was Louis Gourd, who had to catch the early train to connect at Portland with a train for Canada. C.H.C. went over to the station with him, and came back to breakfast with the Coolidges.

No rush this time, as we are on daylight saving and the railroad is not. We swept out cubicles, finished packing, wrote in the address book, and Jonathan Edwards had another garter made. He says a mouse ate his other one.

And then we had time for a good jolly sing.

By the time the truck came it was raining. We put a pantasote over part of the bunch, but it was still a very open conveyance. L.T.S. and J.G.C. took some of us over; but H.D. and N.S.W., the latter in a thin white shirt, jumped on the back of the truck at the last minute.

It was a fairly damp crowd that arrived at the station; the people who had gone in cars did well, of course; but the truckers were wet; and C.F.R., who had come over with Walter on the trunk wagon was not exactly dry.

But where was B.L.L.? Gradually the horrible conviction penetrated our minds that he had been left at camp. He had been very busy making out bills, and the truck had not come all the way down. It was too late to send back for him; and we had visions of his arriving on foot, soaked and exhausted, ten seconds after the train had pulled out.

Suddenly a flivver came hurtling down the hill, and there he was, suit-case and all. He had run to Cook's, taken a bicy-



WEDNESDAY    cle as far as the second culvert, where the rim broke,  
(Cont'd.)  
run to the corner, and flung himself upon the mercy of the nearest  
owner of a flivver. So Rome was saved. But it wouldn't have been if  
the train had not been a bit late.

Well, it poured, and we tried to keep people out of the wet,  
with about as much success as you would expect. And then the train  
came in, and the whole dear bunch got on board the Verbena (it ought  
to have been Abena). E.S.E. and E.L.L. were in charge, with E.R.C.  
as lady-superior. The rest of the faculty are staying over, and with  
the old hands, we had a mighty trunk-slinging squad in action. At  
last the final trunk went on, and the train pulled out, with the back  
door of the Verbena packed with shouting and waving Merryweathers.  
Good luck to them all    and sundry!

I made a mistake, by the way, in saying that all the bunch got  
on the train. Arthur Hill went by motor with his family; and when  
we got back to camp, (N.S.W. wrapped himself in a blanket, or he,  
would have frozen) there were Garland and Reggie, peacefully playing  
parcheesi with L.E.R. They were to take the night train for New  
York. Pretty good to have two boys left for a little while.

The Shaws came down to dinner, so we had a fairly good sized table.  
After dinner we began "The Voice in the Rice."

There was a good deal of clearing and packing away of furniture,  
the Copley and the Mammoth being all stripped except for the two  
survivors, H.D. and N.S.W., each of whom was left in solitary state.

Late in the afternoon a fine large Ouananiche crew took R.R.  
up to Pine Beach on an errand. We went up in fifteen minutes, and came  
back in ten and a half. The wind was northerly, you may observe.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall came to supper, and stayed for sing-song. J.W.S.

WEDNESDAY came down too, with Harry and Elizabeth, so we had  
(Cont'd.)  
a good crowd.

FIRST SEPTEMBER SING-SONG.

1. Overture, "Cockadoodle Duet".....A.M.R., J.R.
2. Violin Duet, "Salut d'Amour".....K.P., N.S.W.
3. Impersonations.....L.T.S.
4. Mandolin Solo, "Pinafore".....H.D.
5. Stunt "The Trials of F.I.L.".....G.M.I., W.R.S., J.H.S.
6. Stunt, "Ferdinando and Elvira".....R.R., H.D., J.R., A.M.R.

Choruses.

Rather a good programme, isn't it? The Cockadoodle is always fun, even if it does not fill quite the place that Chopsticks does.

The violin duett was lovely. For an encore we had the Bridal Chorus from Lohengrin.

L.T.S. did the escaping lunatic for us, and then told us the story of the tiger.

We have had "Pinafore" this year already, but so much the better. The more we have it the better it grows, because we know the tunes better.

The dramatic representation of the departure of F.I.L. was superb. First we saw G.M.I. in the title role, writing in his tent. Suddenly there came a horn, and a shout of "goodbye!" He sprang wildly to his feet, crammed the last things into his trunk, and dashed out, dragging the trunk after him.

The second scene was brief and painful. He came in with the bicycle, and bicycle and man collapsed in a heap, with the trunk more or less on top. He dragged himself from the ruins, and plunged on.



WEDNESDAY

The third scene revealed W.R.S. sitting by his faithful fliwyer, the latter as fine a machine as we have ever had in

camp. Enter the hero, staggering. A few moments of wild negotiating,

several moments of still wilder cranking, and they were off, R.I.L.

sprawling like a starfish on the top of his trunk.

The last scene showed the arrival at the station, just as the train was moving.

"Ferdinando and Elvira" was done without rehearsal, but it was full of dramatic feeling; even if Elvira had a net on, and could not in consequence tear her hair. She sobbed enough to make up for it, and her disturbance of mind was enough to send any true adorer to Patagonia, or anywhere else that he might think of. H.D., though parts of his dress suit were a little unconventional, was a gallant Ferdinando, toiling undismayed through foreign parts, till seven years had rounded their course.

J.R. was a magnificent pastry-cook, dancing and singing, with an air of happiness that was delightful to see.

We had various good choruses, ending with "What comes there o'er the hill?", and then went on with "The Voice in the Rice."

Some of the company had a faculty swim, but it was a very select one.



THE CHARGE OF OBLIVIOUS BLAKE.

(After Tennyson---some way!)

The charge of the gallant young tutor, Oblivious Blake!  
Down the hill, down the hill scurried the motors,  
Scurried the motor-truck, came to the camp there, and stayed.  
All of the Brothers were ready, the glad and the sorry,  
Hatted and coated, ready to mount and away.  
They mounted with clamor and shouting and resonant laughter;  
Tooted the horns, and the motor-cars buzzed and sque-hizzled;  
Then up the hill, up the hill, rumbled departing the Campers.  
Silent meantime in his tent, Alba Longa, the white, the secluded,  
Silent meantime in his tent sat Blake the tutorial charmer;  
Sat with his paper and pen, immersed in profound calculation,  
Sat adding hour to hour, and problem to puzzling problem,  
Changing to dollars and cents the addled brains of his pupils,  
Heard not the horns or the shouting, the laugh, the motorial  
buzzing,  
Heard not the cry of farewell, nor the rumbling hum of departure.  
Sudden he rose, he emerged, he looked and he listened.  
Sudden he cried, "Are they gone?" And back came the answer,  
"Oh yes, sir!"

"Fell like a cannon-shot,  
Burst like a thunderbolt,  
Crashed like a hurricane"  
He on his tent then, and snatched  
Suit-case and hat and umbrella,  
And 'mid the pouring of rain,  
And cries of the wond-ring left-overs,  
Up the hill, up the hill, up the hill,  
Thundered young Blake the Oblivious.

There in a shed by the roadside  
The wreck of a bicycle languished;  
Rusty and twisty and bent, a mass of odd fragments of iron.  
On it he leaped and away, 'mid shrieks of the horrified owner.  
On with a clatter and clang, as all the odd fragments together  
Shrieked and complained and lamented  
And wobbled about on the roadway.  
Onward some rods he rode, (or poles, or possible perches),  
Fill with a wail of despair, beneath him the bicycle crumbled.  
From him he cast the wreck,  
Dashed like a letter-shot,  
Flashed like a meteor,  
Broke like a water-spout,  
Snatching from out the wreck  
Suit-case, umbrella, hat;  
No glance behind him cast,  
But on through the driving rain,  
On through the splashing mud,  
Up the hill, up the hill, up the hill  
Thundered young Blake the Oblivious.

Came where there sat a man  
Calm in his flivver-car,



Pondering silently matters of moment.  
Leaped like an antelope;  
Roared like a cataract,  
Bellowed like a buffalo  
Down on him Blake, and smote him, and wildly bespoke him.  
"Start up your tea-kettle! Light up your bonfire!  
Turn on your power! so blest or accursed be your living,  
Blest or accursed your dying!  
Come up, then! Come on, then! Away!"  
Started the ruminant driver, as stung by delirious hornet;  
Sprang to his starter and chugged it,  
Sprang to his wheel then and turned it,  
Sprang to his seat; while behind him  
Hurtled the hat and umbrella,  
Banged, not un-stone-filled, the suit-case,  
Leaped, past all breathing, their owner,  
And down the hill, up the hill, down the hill,  
On to the station, and crashing  
Down on the platform bewildered,  
Scaring the brakemen, and sending  
Most into fits all the Campers,  
Thundered young Blake the Oblivious.

Glory to him, and his ride! To the flivver-man too, and his  
engine!

Glory to all, not forgetting  
The bicycle's piteous remnant.  
Glory to him, and good luck,  
And the same to all true Merryweathers!

L.N.R.

### SENIOR BATTING AVERAGES FOR AUGUST.

[illegible]

GUESTS.

J. A. L. Jr.	1	3	1	2	2	0	0	1	1	.666
C. F. B. Jr.	1	5	2	3	0	1	0	0	2	.600
C. W.	1	4	0	2	1	0	0	0	0	.500
H. F. L. Jr.	1	4	0	1	0	1	0	1	1	.250
R. F. J.	1	5	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	.200
L. T. S.	1	4	1	0	0	0	0	1	3	.000
G. L. W.	1	4	1	0	0	0	0	0	2	.000
Corning	1	3	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	.000
Hidridge	1	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	.000
Sturges	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	.000



# JUNIOR BATTING AVERAGES FOR AUGUST.

Name.	G.	A.B.	R.	H.	2	3	4	R.B.	S.O.	Ave.
W.R.S.	3	9	4	5	1	0	0	1	1	.556
Putnam	3	14	5	6	2	0	0	2	0	.428
Stackpole	3	12	5	5	1	0	0	1	2	.417
Leland	3	10	4	3	0	0	0	3	0	.300
Jackson	2	7	2	2	1	0	0	0	3	.286
Dabney	3	11	2	2	0	0	0	3	3	.182
Osgood	3	11	3	2	0	0	0	1	2	.182
Thurber	3	11	6	2	0	0	0	2	2	.182
G.M.I.	3	12	7	2	0	0	0	4	1	.167
J.H.S.	2	6	1	1	0	0	0	3	2	.167
H.Heard	3	15	5	2	0	0	0	1	1	.133
Hitchcock	3	12	3	3	1	0	0	2	3	.125
H.Bigelow	3	10	2	1	0	0	0	3	5	.100
S.Heard	3	11	3	1	0	0	0	3	4	.091
Gourd	3	12	3	1	0	0	0	0	2	.083
A.Bigelow	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	.000
Farnsworth	2	5	2	0	0	0	0	4	4	.000
Hallowell	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	.000
Hines	1	2	2	0	0	0	0	1	0	.000
Richardson	2	9	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	.000

## GUESTS.

H.Corning	1	6	1	3	2	0	0	0	1	.500
T.Curtis	1	5	2	2	1	0	0	0	0	.400
Sturgis	1	3	0	1	1	0	0	3	0	.333
J.Corning	1	4	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000

# SENIOR BATTING AVERAGES FOR THE SEASON.

Name.	G.	A.	R.	H.	2	3	4	R.R.	S.O.	Ave.
H.D.	6	24	9	10	2	0	0	3	3	.417
E.S.E.	4	17	8	7	1	1	0	3	3	.412
B.L.L.	5	24	7	8	3	1	0	1	5	.333
Hitchcock	4	17	1	4	0	0	0	2	13	.235
N.S.W.	5	19	5	4	1	0	0	4	3	.210
#Colby	2	9	5	2	1	0	0	1	4	.200
Hines	4	16	1	3	0	0	0	0	8	.188
J.R.	5	23	3	4	3	0	0	2	8	.174
Putnam	6	29	7	5	0	0	0	1	6	.172
W.R.S.	6	30	7	5	1	0	0	1	10	.167
#Ives	1	6	2	1	0	0	0	0	2	.167
Dawney	6	20	6	3	2	0	0	7	9	.150
G.M.I.	6	22	3	3	3	0	0	4	10	.136
Osgood	3	10	0	1	0	0	0	0	2	.100
Leland	6	21	4	2	0	0	0	5	11	.095
Gourd	6	19	0	1	0	0	0	0	5	.052
J.H.S.	5	18	5	0	0	0	0	4	13	.000
Farnsworth	1	3	1	0	0	0	0	2	2	.000
#H. Heard	3	13	2	0	0	0	0	0	2	.000
#S. Heard	3	12	2	0	0	0	0	0	8	.000
Jim Hutchinson	1	4	1	0	0	0	0	1	2	.000
Jackson	2	6	1	0	0	0	0	1	4	.000
Richardson	1	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	.000
#Sturges	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	.000
Thurber	3	8	2	0	0	0	0	1	5	.000

# Here for one month only.

## GUESTS.

J.A.L.Jr.	1	3	1	2	2	0	0	1	1	.666
C.F.P.Jr.	1	5	2	3	0	1	0	0	2	.600
C.W.	1	4	0	2	1	0	0	0	0	.500
E.F.L.Jr.	1	4	0	1	0	1	0	1	1	.250
M.M.	1	4	2	1	0	0	0	1	2	.250
R.F.J.	1	5	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	.200
G.L.W.	1	4	1	0	0	0	0	0	2	.000
Corning	1	3	1	0	0	0	0	1	1	.000
Eldridge	1	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	.000
W.L.P.	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	.000
Sturgis	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	.000



# JUNIOR BATTING AVERAGES FOR THE SEASON.

Name.	G.	A.P.	R.	H.	2	3	4	R.R.	S.O.	Ave.
Putnam	6	23	10	13	2	0	0	3	3	.565
Ives #	2	8	2	4	0	0	0	1	2	.500
Stackpole #	3	12	5	5	1	0	0	1	2	.417
R.S.	5	17	8	7	1	0	0	2	4	.412
Hitchcock	6	23	7	7	1	0	0	3	8	.305
Colby #	2	10	2	3	0	0	0	1	2	.300
Jim Hutchinson	3	12	0	3	0	0	0	1	0	.250
Leland	5	17	6	4	0	0	0	4	1	.235
Jackson	5	18	2	4	0	0	0	3	4	.222
Osgood	5	18	7	4	0	0	0	2	6	.222
Dabney	5	19	4	4	0	0	0	5	6	.211
Farnsworth	5	13	3	2	0	0	0	5	8	.154
G.M.I.	6	27	13	5	2	0	0	5	5	.148
Thurber	5	21	8	3	0	0	0	2	6	.143
H. Woodbridge	2	7	1	1	0	0	0	1	0	.143
Lasater	2	7	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	.143
H. Heard #	3	15	5	2	0	0	0	1	1	.133
Gourd	6	26	6	3	0	0	0	1	5	.115
J.H.S.	4	10	2	1	0	0	0	9	5	.100
H. Bigelow #	3	10	2	1	0	0	0	3	5	.100
S. Heard #	3	11	3	1	0	0	0	3	4	.091
Hines	4	16	5	1	0	0	0	3	3	.063
A. Bigelow #	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	.000
Gray	3	8	0	0	0	0	0	4	2	.000
Hallowell #	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	.000
Jack Hutchinson	2	7	1	0	0	0	0	2	3	.000
D. Miller	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	2	1	.000
Reynolds	1	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	.000
Richardson	2	12	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	.000
L. Tower	1	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	.000
Williams #	1	2	1	0	0	0	0	2	2	.000

#Here for one month only.

			GUESTS.							
H. Corning	1	6	1	3	2	0	0	0	1	.5000
T. Curtis	1	5	2	2	1	0	0	0	0	.400
Sturgis	1	3	0	1	1	0	0	3	0	.333
J. Corning	1	4	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
V.I.P.	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	2	1	.000

Compiled by A.M.R.

# LIST OF HEIGHTS.

Name.	Height.	Gain since 1919.	
Leland	6'1"	2 1/8"	
Hitchcock	5'11 3/8"		
Dabney	5'10 3/4"		
F. Miller	5'10 3/4"	3 1/2"	
Ives	5'8 3/4"		
Batchelder	5'7 1/2"	3 1/2"	Greatest gain,
Leatherbee	5'7 1/2"		Degen, 4 3/8"
A. Rigelow	5'6"	2 3/8"	
H. Rigelow	5'5 1/2"		Total length,
Jackson	5'5 1/2"	3 3/8"	108 yds.,
Colby	5'5 1/4"		1'5 11/16"
Farnsworth	5'5 1/4"	2 3/16 "	
D. Miller	5'4 3/8"	1 3/4"	
Putnam	5'4 1/4"		
Storey	5'4 1/4"		
Osgood	5'3 7/8"		
Thurber	5'3 1/2"		
Stackpole	5'3 1/8"	2 1/2"	
Degen	5'3"	4.3/8"	
Gray	5'2 3/4"		
Sturgis	5'2 3/4"		
Gourd	5'2 3/8"		
Jim Hutchinson	5'1 3/4"	1 1/2"	
Carey	5'1 1/2"		
Lasater	5'1 1/2"		
Hallowell	5'1 1/4"	3 7/8"	
H. Woodbridge	5'1 1/8"	1 5/8"	
S. Heard	5' 3/4"	2"	
Jack Hutchinson	5' 3/4"	1 3/4"	
Richardson	4'11 7/8"	1 3/8"	
W. Tower	4'11 3/4"	1 3/4"	
Fuller	4'11 1/2"		
Haskell	4'11 3/8"	1 5/8"	
Phillips	4'11 1/8"	1 1/4"	
Williams	4'11"	1 5/8"	
Sumner	4'10 7/8"		
Cheney	4'10 1/2"		
Edwards	4'10 1/8"		
H. Heard	4'10 1/8"	1 5/8"	
Hines	4'10"	1 1/2"	
Thompson	4'9 3/4"		
Macleod	4'9 1/4"		
Mann	4'9 1/8"		
Bennett	4'7 3/4"		
L. Tower	4'7 3/4"	2 1/4"	
Reynolds	4'7 5/8"	1 7/8"	
G. Woodbridge	4'7 1/4"	2 1/8"	
Wrenn	4'7 1/4"		
Wiggins	4'7"		
Hill	4'6 1/2"		
H.R.	5'11"	D.V.T.	5'8 1/2"
J.R.	5'10 1/2"	W.R.S.	5'4 15/16"
H.D.	5'9 1/4"	J.H.S.	5'7 1/8"
N.S.W.	5'8 1/2"	G.M.I.	5'10 7/8"
C.H.C.	6'1 3/4"		
P.L.L.	6'1 1/2"		
W.S.E.	5'4 3/4"		
J.G.W.	5'7 1/2"		



LIST OF WEIGHTS.

<u>Name.</u>	<u>First.</u>	<u>Final.</u>	<u>Gain.</u>	<u>Loss.</u>
Thompson	78 1/4	88	9 3/4	
F. Miller	124	132 3/4	8 3/4	
Basater	91 3/4	99 1/2	7 3/4	
Reynolds	70	77 1/4	7 1/4	
Leland	135	141 1/4	6 1/4	
Colby (J)	103	108 3/4	5 3/4	
Jackson	102 1/4	108	5 3/4	
Osgood	136 3/4	142 3/4	5 3/4	
Carey	78 3/4	83 3/4	5	
Sack Hutch.	83 1/4	87 1/2	4 1/4	
Ives (J)	132 3/4	137	4 1/4	
Farnsworth	107	110 1/2	3 1/2	
Gray	96 1/2	100	1 1/2	
Hitchcock	161 3/4	165	3 1/4	
H. Woodbridge	92	95 1/4	3 1/4	
Bennett (J)	69 1/2	72 1/2	3	
Jim Hutch.	83 3/4	86 3/4	3	
Sturgis (J)	90 1/4	93 1/4	3	
Gourd	90 1/4	92 3/4	2 1/2	
Hines	76 1/2	79	2 1/2	
Phillips (A)	77 1/2	80	2 1/2	
Ewards (A)	76	78 1/4	2 1/4	
Mann	70 3/4	73	2 1/4	
D. Miller	103 1/2	105 3/4	2 1/4	
Thurber	94 1/2	96 3/4	2 1/4	
Hill	65	67	2	
Sumner (J)	74	75 1/2	1 1/2	
G. Woodbridge	77 1/2	79	1 1/2	
Degen	99 3/4	101	1 1/4	
Fuller	93 1/2	94 1/2	1	
Wiggins	63 3/4	64 3/4	1	
MacLeod	118	118 3/4	3/4	
H. Bigelow (A)	102	102 1/2	1/2	
Hallowell (A)	96	96 1/2	1/2	
Putnam	99 1/2	100	1/2	
Williams (J)	77 1/2	78	1/2	
Dabney	149	149 1/4	1/4	
S. Heard (A)	85 1/4	85 1/4	0	
Richardson	81 3/4	81 3/4	0	
Storey (J)	116 1/4	116 1/4	0	
H. Heard (A)	82 1/4	82		1/4
Stackpole (A)	120	119 1/2		1/2
Haskell (A)	93 1/4	92 1/4		1
Wrenn	72 1/2	71 1/2		1
Cheney (J)	74 1/4	73		1 1/4
E. Tower	79 1/4	77		2 1/4
Batchelder	126 1/2	124 1/2		2
A. Bigelow (A)	105 3/4	102 1/4		3 1/2
Leatherbee (J)	147 3/4	144		3 3/4
W. Tower	113	107		6

Best Gain, Thompson, 9 3/4 lbs.

THURSDAY, A raw cold day. People went into the pond with  
Sept. 2,  
cloudy, squawks, and came out with squeaks, and the fire  
at 52'  
N.W. was hugged with enthusiasm.

L.T.S. and E.F.L. left soon after breakfast, to our great  
regret. It has been <sup>lovely</sup> to have them both.

In spite of all the rain, the bonfire was still going  
this morning, and a little putting of brands together brought  
it to a brisk blaze.

This morning five tents came down, besides the Mammoth  
Cave. The latter was hoisted on the shoulders of C.F.R., who  
took it to the agricultural department. Want to try it?

All the Shaws came down to dinner, and soon after they  
departed in the family Ford. They are to spend the night in  
Gardiner, and then go on to Groton Friday.

Afternoon was spent, more or less, in putting away the  
two boats up at Fourway, and weighing all the canoes. This will  
settle many arguments. Here is the list.

Weight List of Canoes.

Aboljockanegus.	119
Ebenezer	117 1/4
Caugheongomock	105 1/2
Ripogenus	107 1/4
Wormontogus	97
Allegash	95 1/4
Rob Roy	92
Hecuba	91
Sandpeep	88 3/4
Shagpat	84 1/4
Birch	82 1/2
Squannacook	80 3/4
Grayling	72 1/2
Pink	71 3/4
Moab	24 3/4

We can now say without hesitation that the Togus is the  
lightest of the 19 footers. There are various surprises. Perhaps  
the greatest to me was the Birch weighing so little.

Some may question whether Moab is properly a canoe. But







Now the Red Gods mix their medicine with dirt!

Who hath seen the ice-man busied?

Who hath watched dumb waiters waiting?

Who hath lain awake to hear the toasts cry?

Who hath changed the chosen water that was dirty past  
all stating?

It's a wonder that the goldfish didn't die!

Keep away-way-way away from here.

That's advice from both of us to all of you.

'Send the road is blocked before you

If the city fret comes o'er you,

And the "Movie" calls for you!

So for one the subways rushing to the city's distant hum,

And for one the recipe for pies and crust;

And for one the marble office where the "steno" chews her gum;

And for one the carpet-sweeper and the dust.

Who hath cursed the old alarm-clock?

Who hath heard the percolator?

Who is quick to read the noises of the flat?"

Let him gobble with the others

For the young men's feet get later

As the city life encumbers them with fat.

Did you ever hunt apartments, where the stairs are steep and  
dark,

And before you land one wish that you were dead?

Do you know the joy of finding one that overlooks the park,

Though a heavy-footed family's o'erhead?

It is there that we are going, with a brand new mop O-Cedar,

And a happy, sloppy negress that we know.

She must spend her Wednesdays scrubbing, while we feed and feed  
and feed her,



For the Pink Gods call us out, and we must go!

Keep away-way-way away from here.

That's advice from both of us to all of you.

Send the road is blocked before you

If the city fret comes o'er you,

And the "Movie" calls to you!

L.C.Z.

FRIDAY, Sept. 3. A glorious day, marred only by many departures. When  
Clear, you lose five out of fourteen, it is rather bad. When  
warmer,  
N.W. those four are M.P., R.F.J., N.S.W., G.M.I., and J.H.S.,  
it is very bad indeed. But families have some claim, of course.

Good letters to-day from Stack, Jimmy Hutch, Jake, Paul  
Haskell, and Chilly Leland.

The remaining tents in Bachelor's Row came down to-day,  
and the Copley is cleared up thoroughly; mattresses in the  
Infirmary, beds on the farters. They make a rather neat second  
story.

We had our own corn again to-day, and if we live long  
enough we may get a few squashes.

A.M.R. took out more devil weed this morning. But there is  
still too much.

This afternoon L.E.R., C.F.B., and A.M.R. went a-calling  
over at Gleason's shore and up Dauren's stream.

J.R., H.D., and W.R.S. went over to the Mills, to get a  
hair-cut for the first-named gentleman. Smeddy also telephoned  
to his family, to make arrangements about getting home to  
Monataka.

As for the "Snakretary", he checked the account of stock  
all day long; and in the afternoon, R.R. checked with him, till  
she got all over flour.

In the evening we had a fierce game of Mythology, and  
then followed "The Road to Endor." We are reading it three  
times a day, it is so thrilling.



SATURDAY,        It had hardly seemed reasonable to hope for another  
Sept. 4,  
Fair,        lovely day, but here it was. We breakfasted, we packed, and  
Warmer,  
N.W.        at 8-22 we were off.

EXPEDITION TO MT. BLUE.

ALEXANDER.

H.R.  
C.F.B.  
H.D.  
C.H.C.

ANDERSON.

J.R.  
A.M.R.  
R.R.  
W.R.S.

We went by way of Rome, and had no adventures till we came to the hill beyond Tracy's Bluff, where they are still mending the road, as they were the day we went to York Hill. Here it was "All hands out", and we walked up the hill, while the cars crawled over the "intricacies of the terrain." (I thank thee, John, for teaching me that word.)

At New Sharon we were glad to observe that the bridge is at last finished; no more crawling down to the temporary bridge, and then wriggling up it again.

At Farmington we stopped, so that A.M.R. might get films, and R.R. tried to buy <sup>a</sup>hat. But the only one that would do was bright pink, so it wouldn't do after all.

After leaving the state road, at the fork by the summer-house, we watched for landmarks; the red bridge, and other points that we remembered. We passed a road; we passed another road. There was a shed that did not look familiar, then two conspicuous pine trees on a steep promontory. We in the rear car were sure we were overshooting our mark. We could not catch the attention of the others, though J.R. signalled "cease firing" with all his might. They took the next turn to the left, which said "Weld 12 miles." We followed, as in duty bound, but soon they stopped. Skipper had been so deep in politics with Lloyd that he had never noticed the red bridge, or the first road.



SATURDAY. So we went back, and turned up the right road. A  
(Cont'd.)  
burnt child dreads the fire, and for a while we were afraid we  
had gone wrong again. But the hill was so bad that it encour-  
aged us, and when we came out on top, we knew we were all right.  
That view of Saddleback and Phillips is not one to forget.  
In our excitement we in the rear car shot past the turn to  
the saw-mill, but we soon got straightened out.

The saw-mill and the houses near it are abandoned. The  
white house beyond is also empty, but in good condition. At  
the culvert Anderson and Co. got out, and parked the car. The  
vanguard tried to ride up the lane a little way, but soon  
found it impossible for anything but a tank. So we all went  
up on foot to the ultimate farm. That is empty too, and the  
woodbine crawling everywhere.

Dinner was the next thing, and we dined; all but C.F.B.,  
who had been feeling decidedly sashful all night. After food,  
smokes, and photographs, five started up the mountain: J.R., H.D.,  
C.H.C., W.R.S., and A.M.R.H.R. and R.R. decided to stay down  
and prowl round the lovely fields. C.F.B. went to sleep, not  
really feeling fit for anything else, and Lloyd and Charles  
went down to the cars, where they probably slept too.

There has been a good deal of cutting along the foot of  
the mountain, which has messed things up so that we did not  
find the start of the trail. We found paths, and blazes, and  
short wood-roads, so some of them we followed, and some of  
them we didn't. We kept on going up and to the right, knowing  
that that was the right direction, and in spots we found the  
terrain decidedly intricate. We missed the spring entirely,



SATURDAY but we plugged on, with occasional stops to rest, till we (Cont'd.)

thought we were almost up. We felt very gay. Then we got a bit of a look-out, and saw the top. Not so near as we thought, by a good deal.

When we were pretty well up we did find the trail, and soon we came out on the rocks. It was not perfectly clear, but we could see the mountains rising like waves to the north and west, black, and grey, and paler grey, till they faded out in the haze. And close at the foot on the southern side, the wonderful woods.

Also we had much chocolate, and plenty of water from our canteens, till we were like giants refreshed.

Come down we had the trail perfectly, and that and the good old force of gravity brought us down in fine time. We had a drink at the spring, but except for that, and a pause to blaze one very blind place, we did not stop till we got down.

After a little food and drink we started for home. No more wrong roads this time, though Charles groaned when Skipper took the other road, instead of going through Farmington. And he probably thought it a judgment when they stopped with a flat tire. But the damage was soon repaired, and we went on.

Mindful of the road-mending in Rome, we came round through Mercer and Smithfield. Here for the first time we got separated, Anderson getting rather behind. But Lloyd had to stop and get milk, and when we passed we saw his headlights in the yard. After that we kept together, and finished as close as two cars conveniently can.

L.E.R. was looking for us, and supper was ready. So after a much-needed wash we supped.

And then, after a couple of chapters of "The Road to Endor", (ask Smeddy how much he heard of it) we retired to bed, after a glorious day.

Here are the figures of the trip, as compiled by  
Skipper.

	<u>Hour.</u>	<u>Time.</u>
Start	8-22.	
Farmington	10-12	1 h. 50 m.
Left Farmington	10-22	10 m.
Turn to Blue	11-28	1 h. 6 m., including 13 m. over-
Sawmill	11-50	22 m. run.
Uttermost Farm	12-10	- 20 m.
		<u>3-h. 48 m. up.</u>

Left Uttermost Farm	4-15	
Sawmill	4-45	30 m., including snack.
Left Sawmill	4-46	1 m.
Arr. W. Farmington	6-10	1 h. 24 m., including puncture.
Camp	8-3	<u>1 h. 53 m.</u>
		3 h. 58 m. down.

7-h. 46 m. double journey.

Up mountain		1 h. 35 m., without trail.
On top		45 m.
Down mountain	1	<u>1 h. 3 m., with trail.</u>
		3 h. 23 m. on mountain.

11 h. 23 m. whole trip.

<u>Time wasted.</u>	
Late start	22 m.
Farmington	10 m.
Over-run	13 m.
Puncture	<u>15 m.</u>
	60 m.



Sunday, Sept 5.  
Bright and Fair,  
light N.W. wind.

Nobody seemed too stiff, a bit, and the  
<sup>a</sup>Shful Ones were quite recovered.

The Last Washing was sent out-- a mountainous one--and we had  
the Last Service; not entirely with dry eyes.

Smeddy was to be conveyed to Manataka about Noon; and lo,  
all this time we had forgotten about his Royal Blood. So from  
breakfast time on he was hailed as Gustavus, Your Majesty, the  
Lion of the North, etc, etc. We meant to crown him, but couldn't  
find the crown. (N.B. He really is descended from G.A. of Sweden.)

The moment had to come, and the trio paddled away, leaving  
us very sorrowful for our last Prefect. Best luck to him! (N.B.,  
again; his Suit-case was far from un-rock-filled!)

Very soon afterwards, the great expedition to Bigelow, J.R. and  
A.M.R., set forth with Chas. Anderson. They are motoring all the way  
to Dead River, and may they have glorious weather, and everything  
to match.

After dinner Captain Jack and Mrs Cap'n came over to spend the  
afternoon, before going back to New York. It has been fine to have  
them near, at Gleason's, and we hate to say good-bye.

At 4, L.E.R. went in to Gardiner with Lloyd, to Register.

At 5 came Tudor Gardiner and Mrs Tudor, in their new Franklin,  
for a call, and it was delightful to see them. (But we think that  
they came partly to secure the family's votes, next Monday, what?)

Later came the joyful arrival of

Russell P. Chase (Chase) : Nanciebell Chase

It is a joy indeed to have them with us in Camp.



Monday Sept 6. Partly Cloudy; fog clearing in A.M.

An industrious day. C.H.C. worked all day on the 'Count of Stock, partly with R.R., in more part alone. Batchy took up the Fourway Slip, single-handed, H.R. was busy with Camp correspondence, H.D. boned up Sir W. Osler, for future use. In the A.M. Chasey, Mrs Chasey and R.R. drove to Goose Beach in R.P.C.'s Buick. --Yesterday and to-day we read much in our wonderful book, The Road to Ender.

We also played Up Jenkins in the evening (but H.D. is Hors Concours, and should not be allowed to play except with Specks). -- A post-card from Dead River told us of a fine trip for our Travellers.

Tuesday, Sept 7

Pouring rain all day! We can't be reconciled, thinking of our Bigelowers! Surely it need'nt rain!

Hal and Batch worked with pick-axes all the afternoon, getting up the most enormous stones, for the Memorial foundation; sweating and grunting, getting out boulders which seemed to call at least for a pair of oxen!

The dear Chaseys went back to Boston in the morning.

We finished The Road to Ender, that record of almost incredible endurance.

Alice Gleason made us a fine plate of Fudge, the fire, with Batchy's great logs burned very bright, and letters from E.R.C., and several of the Brethren cheered us up, but we were still a pretty subdued little bunch, thinking of the partings to come tomorrow.



WEDNESDAY (Yes, this is A.M.R. again. And C.F.B. has put me in a  
Sept '8,  
Showers, new ribbon, so I am very fierce and black.)  
Clearing.

It was a big pull to lose H.D. and C.H.C. at the same  
time, but they had to go. Mack did his best to fill the other's  
baggage full of stones, and kept his own unstoned, but we haven't  
heard yet how they came out. Clarence was doing account of stock  
and putting tags on parcels till the very last minute. Surely they  
have been right on their jobs every minute all summer.

As for C.F.B., he moved stones all day. He didn't move the big  
rock, nor Pickerei, but he moved pretty nearly everything else in  
sight.

In the afternoon B.E.R. came back from Gardiner, which was  
a great joy. We don't approve of having her away.

In the evening we began "The Gloved Hand", a most thrilling  
tale.

THURSDAY, At half-past eight all hands but A.M.R. started for  
Sept. 9,  
Fair, Dead River, to connect with the Bigelow party, and bring  
Hazy. them back. It was not a perfectly clear day, but plenty good  
enough for all but the very fussy, and the drive was wonderful. How  
do I know? Because I was on the trip back.

The arrival at the Mt. Bigelow House was very well-staged. Just  
as the car came round the last curve, A.M.R. and J.R. came strolling  
up from the river; so the two parties met at the deer-step. Could any-  
thing have been neater?

Well, we had one of Mrs. Tayler's good dinners, and they are  
very good things, and then we came back over the lovely road, stop-  
ping to look at the wonderful waterfall by the watering-trough. It  
is a wonder.

And when we got home, there was B.E.R. waiting for us, and much



THURSDAY surprised to see us so early.  
(Cont'd.)

After supper we went on with "The Gloved Hand", and some of us went to bed pretty early.

#### The Bigelow or Bust Trip.

I meant to keep this for the family log, but as we started from Camp, and came back to Camp, a brief account might as well go here.

We had a fine trip up, dining after a fashion in Norridge-week, and finding our way perfectly, thanks to the itinerary which Skipper had given us. Our only casualty was a broken valve, which we had mended at a garage in Madison.

We thought we had sighted our mountain about an hour before we really did. And when we saw it, it looked pretty formidable. We had a glorious view of it from the Mt. Bigelow house, and after a wonderful supper we walked down the road to see where the trail went in. It is a new trail, up and down which the fire-warden goes every clear day. He must pray for rain at times.

Next morning was foggy, but the fog parted, and we said "All aboard." The trail is a beautiful one, going up the east peak, through wonderful woods. No need to hunt for it, for it is perfectly clear, and the warden's telephone line runs along for company. Of course we stopped and blew at intervals, but we made the top in two hours and thirty-five minutes, which is not bad. And when we got to the top, we found that we had supposed to be a barrel on a pole, was a house on an iron frame! Not a mansion, but plenty big enough to get into and look out of. We had met the warden on the way up, so we had the top to ourselves. By the time we got there it was pretty thick, and the clouds were pouring up at us and tearing across



the ridge. Sometimes we could see the bottom, but more often we could not. It was very far away from all the world, with the whirl of white all round us.

We had dinner in front of a log cabin between the peaks, and then climbed the west peak, through wonderful blueberries, mountain cranberries, and black crowberries, to say nothing of Labrador tea. We mostly couldn't see the east peak from the west, but now and then there would be a gap, and we would get it. Then there would be a lift below, and we could see the plain, under a big shifting arch of fog.

We had to start down after a while; and when we got to the edge of the east peak and looked off, we looked into blank white fog. It might have been a straight drop to the bottom, for all you could see. But we had no trouble following our trail, except that J.R. slipped and wrenched his ankle. Fortunately it was not a sprain, and we came down in very good form, quite ready for Mrs. Faylor's supper.

Next morning, Tuesday, it rained. But in the afternoon it cleared up more or less, so we took the canoe and went down the river to Long Falls, about six miles away. The river is lovely, with fine white birches and white maples all along, and so quiet that you see where it got its name.

At last we saw a few rocks ahead; and when we listened, there was the sound of rapids. We landed at a lumber camp, and soon came to the falls. No one drop is very high, but there are about six drops, each more beautiful than the one before it. We could have stayed all day, had we come in the morning, but as it was we had to go home to supper.

Wednesday was a bit doubtful too, but John's ankle was in good shape, so we started off to follow Benedict Arnold's trail to West Carry Pond. It is a delightful road to walk over, if you are not in your patent leather shoes, but I would rather not go over it in



a buckboard, as people do. And how Arnald and his men did it with heavy wooden boats, made of green lumber, is hard to see. They say the officer for whom Mt. Bigelow was named died, and I don't wonder.

When we reached the shore of the pond, there was a boat waiting for us, and we embarked. It is only a few minutes' row to the camp; a group of pretty log cabins, with a fine view of Koxie Bald, and the most gorgeous mountain ash that either of us had ever seen.

So we ate, and saw the lovely place, and had pleasant talk with Mr. Tayler, the brother of our good host of the Mt. Bigelow House. And then we took the boat, and started home, along the same lovely road.

Thursday morning we took the canoe again, and went up river; not to any particular place, but just for the fun of exploring. We went all the way up one brook, and a good way up a second one, which was so big that we began to wonder if it was half the river, and we were going inside an island. It appears that it is an island at high water, and is called the Island, but most of the time it is a big peninsula.

Then we turned back, and paddled back to our landing. And just as we came to the hotel, there was the automobile, with the rest of us. Very well that!

So ended a most wonderful trip. And if you want to see a wonderful place, to be superlatively fed, to have jugs of hot water brought to you in the morning, and to meet the very best kind of Maine people (there are no better) go to the Mt. Bigelow house, and stay with Mr. and Mrs. Tayler.



FREDAY, In the morning it looked as if it were going to burn off,  
sept. 10,  
Misty, but as the day went on it changed its mind; and by early  
Rain  
p.m. afternoon it was raining.

In the morning J.R. went over to the mill, while A.W.R. and R.R. made calls. As for C.F.B., he and Walter, and George, a youth who appeared on a bicycle, they had a great time hauling stones, till they broke both the drag and the chain. Then Walter retired to repair damages, while the other two made a mortar trough. There is no cement to be had anywhere in the stores, but Walter thinks that Tukey has a lot. If he has, we shall do finely. The necessary clearing of branches and bushes for the memorial makes rather a gap, but the only things cut were small, and we shall soon forget all about them.

In the afternoon J.R. and C.F.B. finished getting in the four-way slip, and hauled it, with the aid of block and tackle, up into the north end of the Pine Parlor.

We are getting on famously with "The Gloved Hand." It is a great temptation to belt it at a sitting; an all-night session.

I am off for a day of school chores tomorrow, but I shall be out in the evening, for one more day. I shall take my typewriter in with me, though, so the next log will be in purple ink.

Twinkle, twinkle, little drag!

Must have caught upon a snag.

Biggest stone it ruined you;

Broke you pretty much in two.

Twinkle, twinkle, artful Thug!

Will they put you in the jug?

Finger-prints don't tell it all,

And our trust in you is small.



AT HADAY, An early start forme, as I had to be at school by  
Sept. 11,  
Fog, eight o'clock. Charlie was right on the dot, at six,  
clearing.

and off we went. But my doings belong to G.H.S., so  
they would not be interesting here.

Stone work was somewhat held up by various things. To be-  
gin with, the nearest prospect of cement is that a man in Gar-  
land named Mashall is expecting a carload most any time.  
Then Walter tried to get his drag mended, and couldn't, because  
Wesley Damron had cut his leg, and couldn't saw, and his father  
had lost his glasses and couldn't see. So it was well along  
in the afternoon before he got a jigger rigged, and got two  
stones with that. He says the trouble is that he started the  
job on a Friday.

Meantime C.F.B. had been moving stones on his own, and  
had developed the "aquarium boulevard." You can now stroll  
over to the aquarium without any fear of stubbing your toes,  
even in the watches of the night.

L.E.R. and R.R. made their annual call on Mrs. Wallace.

J.R. took various stores up to the store-room, and camou-  
flaged them under sand soap and other inedible products. We  
see no reason why our excellent painters should have canned  
fruit three times a day at our expense.

J.R. also looked for the book-trunk. Early in the summer  
C.H.C. had been troubled at the congested state of the agri-  
cultural department, and had rearranged chests etc. to remedy  
the same. And now, where was the book-trunk? We couldn't ask  
the Snakretary, because he is far away. So J.R. looked. He tried  
the "toolerium", the shop, the shop attic, the Hutch, the rest  
house, the Ouananiche house, the boat-house. Then he got his  
breath again, and tried every tent in Sunshine Alley. No go.



SATURDAY Then he investigated the south dormitory, and the attic  
(Cont'd.)

of the old north dormitory. The Copley yielded up its inmost secrets. The ice-house was not hidden from him, and even the tin-can dump knew the sound of his questing feet. Not that a trunk is a tin can; but when a thing is not anywhere, you must look everywhere for it. So he looked everywhere, except inside the big chests. At last Skipper tipped one of the chests; "And a sound as if of buckles clashed within." It hasn't been taken out yet, but evidently it is inside. It is a terrible thing to have such a tidy Secretary.

In the course of the evening A.M.R. came home, with summer squashes, writing paper, and various other odds and ends. So we went right to work and finished "The Gloved Hand", with wild thrills. It is really better than "The Beule Cabinet", which is saying a great deal.

Delightful letters, especially from J.G.W. It looks as if he might be with us next year. Rather nice?

Mrs. Ceck is cooking for us now, as Alice Gleason had to go, and her mother couldn't come. She does all right; but I wish her cow had not torn a barn-door tear a foot each way in my butch. It seemed unnecessary.

Twinkle, twinkle, little cow,  
I have not much use for thee.  
Tearing tents and stealing corn,  
I do wish you'd ne'er been born.

SUNDAY,            Early in the morning we hoped it might clear,  
Sept, 12,  
Cloudy,           but it soon became plain that nothing of that  
Showers,  
Southerly. sort was on the programme.

We had our service, the six of us, and thought of many things.

There was much writing of letters, and a good deal of tidying. C.F.B. hove rocks, and dug holes most of the day. J.R. had a session with the pump, and disinterred the book trunk from the coffin where it was entombed. Then he brought it down, and he and L.E.R. packed it.

At afternoon reading we began "The Great Impersonation"; perhaps Oppenheim's best.

A.M.R. had a final bout with the devil weed on the ball field. Here's hoping we shall see less of it next spring.

As Mrs. Cook went to meeting, we got our own supper; at least, R.R. got most of it.

And now, though I expect to come out again next Friday, I might as well say my official goodbye to Log and Hutch, to say nothing of Camp and Campers. School begins to-morrow, and I am off by the evening train from Waterville.

"God speed thee, setting sun!"



Monday. Sept 13.

Rain! A Down-pour! Floods!

The Great Event came off, however, in spite of down-pour, and, as everywhere else over the country, "Pa and Ma went down to vote together. " Skipper voted for the Democratic Governor, L.E.R. for the Republican, otherwise both for the Republican ticket. In view of the lurid representations of former days, of the Polls being as dreadful and debasing places, L.E.R. found Margaret Gardiner, and several other ladies, apparently established for the day as a sort of Receiving Committee, and a general air of hospitality, if not of Afternoon Tea.

Mrs. Cook being unable to come down, R.R. got breakfast and dinner with much help from J.R.; Batchy worked at all sorts of odd jobs;

J.R. split fire-wood for most of the afternoon, making a noble pile, enough to last for a fortnight. -- We also read on in the Great Impersonation, which is perhaps the Thriller of Thrillers.

The Wiggies still unable to move up from Pomfret, because of rain.

H.R. and L.E.R. came back late in the afternoon, and the Camp was itself again.

VOTING SONG.

---

Sept. 13th, 1920.

---

~~XXXXX~~ (Air: "I want to go home.")

---

We went in to vote !

We went in to vote !

Through rivers of rain

And through maelstroms of mud,

We didn't see Noth,

But 'twas surely a flood.

Wet, wet was our coat,

All creation afloat;

Oh me ! but next time, you see.

We'll go in a boat !

L.E.R.



Tuesday, September 14. Rain AGAIN!

No use, it just goes right on; alleesamee last year, for the Reunion, and the year that the Heaslops were here. No Walter, because of rain; also because, alas, last night he lost one of his good horses, a fine young horse named Dick, which died of a strain brought on by colic.

We finished the Great Impersonation after dinner. Batchy worked on stones all day in the rain, as usual (oh, I forgot to say that <sup>e</sup>there was sharp thunder and lightning in the night, but it only seemed to bring on more rain). And late in the afternoon, J.R. went, for two or three days in Gardiner, for dentistry, etc, before going back to St Pauls on Saturday. Camp is less good without him!

Wednesday, Sept 15 Partly clearing, and warm; but a poor sort of clear, with short showers often all day.

C.F.B. and R.R. paddled over to Gleason's, and went up to the Store. We said good bye to Chas. Anderson, off tomorrow to Boston, to begin work at the Wentworth Institute. His good parents were pretty well broken up, as indeded was Chas. himself. We also telephoned in to Gardiner, and found that the little Wiggies left for Milton this mornign; so the move has been made, after all this trying waiting.

Perfectly delightful letters yesterday from N.S.W., C.H.C., and H.D., and the Heards and others of the Brethren.

CLARENTIAN RHYMES.

---

I.

(With a copy of "Honor Bright.")

You never were a little girl,  
Clarence, my Clarence !

Yet I have seen your tresses curl,

Clarence, my Clarence !

Have seen the "have-deserving note"

In your "tempestuous petticoat";

Have seen you frown and seen you smile  
With all a maiden's witching guile;

Therefore, I pray you, kindly look

Upon my "little-girlly" book !

---

II.

Fleeting, false, and perjured,

Clarence was of old:  
So at least by Shakspeare

Plainly we are told.

Steadfast, true, and faithful,

Clarence is today;

That is why we sob and sigh

Because he's gone away.

---

III.

Oh, the Lolli-Pop is sweet,

And the Ginger-Pop is smart;

But the Cornin' Pop, the Cornin' Pop,

Is dearest to our heart.

But let me tell you, maidens,

What some day will befall;

To one he'll pop the question,

And the rest will lose him all !



CLARETIAN RHYMES.

IV.

(Air: "Pop goes the weasel !")

There was, there was a lovely Boy  
The Campers' world adorning;  
He was our pride, he was our joy;  
Pop went the Corning !

We loved him both at noon and night,  
We loved him in the morning,  
When swift into the waters bright,  
Pop ! went the Corning !

He paid our bills, he cured our ills,  
All idle leisure scorning;  
To keep us all in cheerful thrills  
Pop ! went the Corning.

But now ah me ! our joy doth flee,  
Our hearts are all in mourning,  
Since o'er the lee careering free,  
Pop ! went the Corning !

L.E.R.

Sept. 17th.

Thursday, September 16. Cloudy again, after a beautiful clear-off last night, a bright rose sunset, and the new moon showing bright. Another storm seems to be coming right on.

In spite of the threatening weather, Walter arrived with the big pair, and mighty things were done, all day: rocks as big as tables were hauled, those in the morning brought from round the Camp, those in the afternoon from up the road, as far as the big hill. It was wonderfully skillful work, fascinating to watchers, the big horses taking hold very deftly, stepping in just the right places at the word of command, the crow-bar work splendid.

R.R. went on a rather fruitless errand--all the errands being out--- to the various Gleasons, and Mrs Cook made a wondrous batch of Soap-- eighty-two nice little cakes. We followed all the directions given by various friends, putting in Borax, Brown Sugar, Vaseline, and Kerosene. It ought to be good Soap!

After dinner, and in the evening, we went on with Allan Quatermain, begun last night.



FRIDAY, The change of weather came on in the night, with a  
Sept. 17,  
T. 49, roar that blew people nearly up to the shop. It was very  
N.W.

cold, in the pond and out, and the gale kept up all day.

In spite of the weather, C.F.B. and Walter dug a big ditch for  
the foundation of the memorial, and got in all the boats.

After dinner R.R. went in to Gardiner, to do all sorts of  
telephoning, and come out with A.M.H.R. and L.E.R. gathered fagots  
in the Pine Boudoir, and mushrooms on the ball field.

R.R. and A.M.R. got out in time for supper, and mighty glad to get  
here. It was wonderful to be sleeping out under the stars again.

SATURDAY, Who would have thought that it could swing round so  
Sept. 18.  
Cloudy, soon? But round it was.  
Warmer.

S.W. Two of the big chests came down today, to be packed. C.F.B.  
Rain  
built a "curvilinear railway" for the wheelbarrow to get down to  
the beach, and cut and split various things for firewood; notably a  
big cedar stump out by the point, which burns beautifully.

The cement has come, and is in the boat-h<sup>e</sup>use. Work begins on it  
Monday. We had begun to feel as if there was never going to be any  
more cement in the world.

The decorations all came down today, and were carried up to the  
bonfire, to be burned if a good chance offers.

And all the evening it rained, just as if it hadn't rained most  
of the week already.

THE CHARGE OF THE NORTHWESTER.

(With more apologies to the shade of A.T.)

As we lay, as we lay,  
Wrapped in siesta,  
Down on the midnight camp  
Swooped the Northwester.  
Breaking the cloud-zone vast  
Which long had held us fast.  
And for ten days o'erpast  
Lingered to pester  
In with a rush and roar,  
Driving the waves on shore  
Like a Pacific "pore"  
Broke the Northwester.

Tent-flaps to right of us  
Tent-flaps to left of us  
Tent-flaps above us  
Volleyed and thundered:  
With a ferocious yell  
Boldly it blew and well:  
In on our peaceful dreams  
In on our happy snores  
Broke the Northwester.

Flashed all our things in air:  
Flashed, and then hurtled where  
Ever it blew there,  
Fell with a crashing  
Brushes and bottles flew  
Brolley and boot and shoe  
Tumbled in places new,  
Whirling and smashing.

Ne'er shall its memory fade:  
On the wild charge it made!  
~~xxxxxxx~~  
Borean tester!  
Honor the charge it made!  
Here's to you! who's afraid!  
Gallant Northwester!

L.F.R.

Sept. 16th, 1920



Sunday, Sept 19

It cleared last night, with another Roarer. 40 this A.M.!

This, with a really high W.N.W. wind, is Something Fierce! Oh you Morning Swim! ---- Showers again in afternoon, rain in evening. A huge fire kept us going indoors, but out-doors, our toes and fingers nearly broke off.

A.M.R., picking up driftwood, dropped a big rock on her little toe, and gave it a comminuted fracture! With great difficulty we persuaded her to go to Gardiner via Charles, instead of by train, with a long hobble up from the Station, at nearly midnight.

In the afternoon, she and Batchy paddled over to Snug Harbor, to telephone.--- A melancholy individual, a guest of Mr Dightman's, who had broken one of Mr. D.'s sole pair of oars, came seeking help, he didn't seem able to suggest in what form. H.R. could give him little but sympathy!

At about 8, Charles came for A.M.R., and rather a huge load, and we hope they did not freeze!

Monday, 20. Still W.N.W., thermometer 42, at 7 A.M.!

Wind still very brisk, and L.E.R. and R.R. moved into the Snoritory to sleep. We lay our fire at night (undressing by warmth and light of big lamp), leaving a cup of kerosene handy. then in the morning, lighting fire, and hopping in to the kitchen for hot water, H.R. lighting the fire in the Big Room.

The wind fell almost to calm in the afternoon, and the Cyclopaean Crew, Batchy, Walter, George Nutter, and Cubby and Danny, the two fat horses, did wonderful things on the Cyclopaean Wall, with Skipper as Overseer, and occasionally as Fellow Cyclops.



Tuesday, 21,  
Bright and Fair,  
T. 40  
W. W.N.W., light.

This was the coldest morning, by thermometer  
but one; but it warmed up very fast, and  
was soon lovely, and we began to open the  
doors.

The Artificial Stones ( burlap bags ~~###~~ filled with cement,) were all <sup>3</sup>pl<sup>a</sup>ced in the ditch yesterday, making the bottom layer, and to-day the ditch was all filled in above them with cement, making an underground wall as hard as stone, to hold against the shove of ice and frost.

The Cyclops, in the afternoon, got more rocks from Harry Bickford's woods.

It appears that Danny is the leader of the two horses. Chubby gets lonely, down by the water, if Danny is up on the bank, and wants to go to him. Danny is a little the better at the big stones, Chubby with the "taykle". Both are very skilful.

In the afternoon L.E.R. and R.R. went with Anderson for two delightful calls, on Madam Alexander and Mrs. Bert, and on Miss Taylor, who was interesting and delightful. She told how the evening train was stuck in a drift for twenty-four hours. at NorthBelgrade Station, and of how she and her farmer (she is sixty-nine), put on their snow-shoes, and carried food and hot coffee down to the unfortunate passengers and crew, assembled in the waiting room, after assembling the neighbors to do likewise.--- We learned that the Stone House is built of stones from seven different counties; and there are English Flints in it, and also sea shells.

In the evenings we read "A King In Khaki", a very pleasant story.



Wednesday, Sept 22,  
T. 49  
W. S.W., light.

A perfect day, warm, still and soft.

We finished the "King in Khaki", and

began "The Illustrious Prince."

The biggest single feat of the whole Cyclopaean wall was accomplished, when "Batchy's Pill", a great rock which George and Walter estimate at 4500 lbs, was put in place, almost completing the semi-circle. It was the utmost limit that Chub and Danny could do, with their four helpers.

A Great Horned Owl hooted close by in the woods, for over half an hour, last night.

Mr. Bickford makes no more trips to Waterville, for beef and mutton; but with chickens, liver and bacon, fresh eggs, soup, fresh apple-sauce, and Mrs. Cook's delicious Pandowdy and Corn Dodgers, we do very well indeed, thank you.

Thursday, Sept 23  
T55  
W--S, almost none.

Another warm, soft perfect day.

It seems incredible that this is the same place as through all the wild, rough, bitter weather of the last fortnight.

Jack Frost painted the swamps.maples, ours and MillardStevens on Tuesday night, and they are very brilliant.

The Cyclopaean Circle, Stone Henge, was completed early to-day, and backing it, and filling in ~~###~~ the chinks with mortar got well ahead.

L.E.R. and R.R. spent most of the afternoon, as they did yesterday, lying in the elbow of the West Beach, close to the point, while friendly Sand Peeps walked almost over them.

Friday, Sept 24. Not only warm, but much too hot, to-day!  
T., at noon, 80! Not a breath on the Pond, so the families  
Clear, no wind. of loons sail about, and can't get off  
the water, and talk and quack about it all  
day and most of the night.

Last evening we lay on the Float, and watched the stars  
through the fog, after a wonderful paddle to Gleason's, for  
telephoning, through soft low curling walls of fog.

The backing of Stone Henge was finished to-day, and then  
there was a halt, as the two fat horses, who had been taken  
to Oakland to be shod, took all the afternoon getting back.  
It was quite tryingly hot, being very muggy; but the Four got  
a mighty collection of cobble-stones, etc, and everything  
ready to make up lost time on the morrow.

The Partridges are walking about in the pines behind the  
Hutch, like so many chickens; and Black\_birds and White-throats  
are having great gatherings.

L.E.R. and R.R. are absorbed in Henry James' letters; and  
The Illustrious Prince keeps our hair right on end, at after-  
-noon and evening reading; but this evening we spent on the Float  
again.



Saturday, Sept 25  
T. 76, at noon  
Clear, calm.

We have never had days of more utter calm;  
a little breath of South west wind came for  
about an hour this afternoon, and refre<sup>h</sup>sed  
the workers, but otherwise not a ripple.

The Great Work was finished! The board facing, to hold the  
Cement -- no, the Concrete-- in place, was all fixed and ready,  
yesterday. The extra cement had come; and to-day, Baddy and George  
mixed first <sup>ce</sup>ment, then Concr<sup>e</sup>te and pebbles, in the trough, then  
shovelled each b<sup>u</sup>ch into the trough to Skipper, who fed it down  
to Walter, who combined Concrete and Cobble-stones into the Wall.  
It did not seem possible that the whole thing could be finished;  
especially as more sand and pebbles had to be hauled, but it was,  
the entire lower wall, at five minutes past six! The Four ~~ag~~re tired  
men, after this really terrific week of work, but triumphant; and  
everyone has calculated that it would have taken an ordinary "city"  
crew two weeks, for the same work, and that they would have demanded  
a Derrick, at that!

Another day of perfect, golden weather, and the Moon almost  
full. Good Swims, these days!

Sunday, Sept. 26.  
T. 74, at noon  
Clear, calm!

Was ever such weather! Still perfectly clear, and perfectly golden! The loons, however, remonstrate with ~~increasing~~ emphasis. The Partridges like it.

In the afternoon, a little North-west breeze sprang up, but for a few minutes only, then perfect calm again.

In the morning, the Parapet Wall was hard enough for all hands to stroll around it!

We read The Illustrious Prince, in the morning, then all fooled about picking up and packing. Emma Stevens came down to help, and to go in town with us, and May Gleason put the Oil Stove in shining order for the winter. -- We had Chickings for dinner, and after dinner a long read of the Illustrious Prince, till we were breathless with thrills, out on the Point.

No fire at all, these last three days!

Later, Batchesky took the Pink, and went over to the further side of Ellis Pond, to look over and "dope" out a big stone that Walter found out for future use; and on the way back made a new record; from the further side of Ellis to the Camp Float, one man, one small canoe, 41 minutes.

In the evening, we finished the Illustrious Prince, taking about an hour and a half, straight, to it; and then the ominous whirr of Charles' wheels came, and our dear Batchesky went, starting out in wondrous full moonlight.



Monday, 27                      The day began with the same blue perfection;  
T. 64, at noon  
Clear; later cloudy. but there is a bright breath from the East,  
Calm.

                                 and soon after breakfast light clouds came  
piling in, till all was softly overcast. -- Colours wonderful,  
a sort of fire carmine. in all the little swamps.

Packing--sorting-- cleaning (much! as all this last week!) H.R.  
measuring and listing for next years' repairs, etc. Last trip to  
Four-way; last Town Meeting, with the Alexanders; George and Walter  
carrying and stowing; Partridges; Loons; more Packing; last pages  
of H. James; last walk over the Ridge;

AUF WIEDERSEHEN!

